PICTORIAL REVIEW

An article that comes straight from the heart

"The Lonesome Time"

by KATHLEEN NORRIS

MAY
1930

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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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VOL. XXXI. No. 8

MAY, 1930

Announcing

"THE SILVER SWAN"

By E. BERTRAND COLLINS

(Author of "The Rome Express")

BEGINNING next month in Pictorial Review is a courageously frank novel that is sure to create a great deal of discussion.

It is a story of international marriage that just had to be written. In it Mr. Collins gives us an unforgetable portrait of a spoiled young American girl who knows exactly what she wants and how to go about getting it. After several romantic escapades in Egypt, Italy, and France she marries an English officer who belongs to an aristocratic family of ancient lineage and incrusted traditions.

The struggle that goes on between the ultramodern young wife with her sophisticated smart-society ideas and the upholders of the British conventional view-point makes a story of intense dramatic interest. This serial also contains a description of English country life that has seldom been equaled in American fiction.

"The Silver Swan" begins in Pictorial Review for June—out May 15th.

"THERE IS LITTLE QUESTION IN MY MIND THAT NEARLY EVERYTHING I TOOK IN COLLEGE HAS AIDED ME, NOT ONLY IN MY MUSICAL WORK, BUT IN MY GENERAL LIFE"

DID COLLEGE HELP ME?

By RUDY VALLÉE

I HAVE occasionally been asked whether or not I thought that my college training was responsible for my success.

Like most questions, I believe that it is a difficult one to answer with a single negative or affirmative, since it requires much discussion and explanation.

There has always been animosity on the part of many people who have never attended a university toward those who have. This is probably subconsciously prompted by envy and regret, as there are very few who will not admit that if they had the opportunity they would go to college.

It is true that in the past the requirements for entering college, for remaining within its walls, and for finally securing a degree were not as exacting as they are to-day. There were not so many applications for admission as the average college receives to-day, and there was a looseness about the times that was felt in the classrooms and on the campus.

But to-day the average college can accommodate only one-third of the men who apply for admission each Fall. Therefore the board of admission and the faculty feel that in justice to the thousands who are turned down, those admitted should give the best in them in an effort to utilize all of the wonderful advantages that the college affords. In other words, among those refused admission are many who perhaps would give anything to have been admitted and who would work very hard; and for the more fortunate ones who are safely in to rest on their oars and become, as it were, slackers, is an injustice to these others.

I do not know a great deal about the requirements of other colleges, but I do know that to enter, stay within, and graduate from Yale requires work—hard work and plenty of it. Neither money, family prestige, nor athletic ability will keep a man in Yale University; and I have seen some of the "biggest" athletes severely penalized, and even expelled, for misdemeanors that seemed comparatively slight. In fact, the faculty at New Haven has just as high a regard for the fifty per cent. of the men who are working their way through as it has for the remainder.

IT IS an absolute impossibility for a young man to remain for the four years of a college course within this university (and I firmly believe such is the case in nearly all of our other American universities) without being tremendously affected by his classroom and social contacts. It is unreasonable to suppose that one could associate with the eager, fresh, and talented minds of students and the cultured, highly specialized minds of the faculty without receiving some sort of impression.

It is impossible to cheat in the classrooms, and it is impossible to pass most of the courses without reading and study.

Therefore it is an unavoidable fact that those who march in cap and gown at commencement have, perhaps in spite of themselves, received a great deal from their college life.

There are also the social contacts that come from rubbing shoulders with all the types that are found in classrooms. The mind is like a camera-plate, unconsciously receptive of accents, manners, customs in dress, expressions of thought. And of course especially when an individual seeks to pattern himself after the most popular men on the campus, and the natural leaders, within this period of four years he can transform himself in manners, speech, thought, and action. There must be a contact in the classrooms and at meal-times; therefore, no matter how much a student may intend to live the life of a hermit, he must be affected by his classmates.

THE text-books, written as they are by great minds and expounded to the students by specialists in the various subjects, help to mold the thoughts of the students who must read them. The college courses of to-day are so regulated that one must take a well-balanced group of subjects. Even tho the student may have a leaning toward the sciences, the faculty has learned that a sprinkling of the arts in a scientific course gives a more rounded education; and very often those who thought they wanted scientific subjects have found out, through being compelled to take an artistic course, that they prefer the arts.

I took a course that gave me a little of everything.

There is little question in my mind that nearly everything I took has aided me, not only in my musical work, but in my general life. My biology has helped me in my mode of living through the knowledge and understanding of my physical self which it gave me. My courses in English have assisted me to express myself more fluently, sensibly, and entertainingly. My economics and courses in history have made it possible for me to understand and appreciate every-day events that I read or hear about.

The several courses I took in the Yale Music School have aided me in an appreciation of dramatic music and the development of music which have resulted in making my life's work all the more interesting. I had majored in Spanish with the intention of using it in South America as a stage-band director or a night-club orchestra-leader; it has helped me in the vocal rendition of several tangos that have made our programs all the more unusual.

But it is the study of psychology that has really aided me in my music and contributed to my success in the various lines in which I now find myself. In the handling and treatment of those under me and those above me, my study of the various branches of psychology has been of great use to me. Just one little psychological talk on speechmaking, by one of the department heads who had made it his pet subject, has assisted me in my delivery, not only on the stage, but at various formal and informal functions at which I have been asked to say something.

Moreover, psychology has been extremely valuable to me in my judgment of what to play, when to play it, and how to play it. It has helped me in my selection of tunes that look like successful songs, and in my judgment of the crowds we play to.

Altho for my own part the native talents that came to me through inheritance are greatly responsible for my achievements, I feel that my college training has aided me in many ways that I know of and many more that I am not directly aware of. Certainly a college training has never hurt an individual.

The boy who does nothing but carouse and dissipate at college will probably be even worse out of college, as, after all, that is a question of character; and I really believe that the requirements of college in classrooms and in sports make for the betterment of the individual and equip a man with a certain something that marks him apart from the rest of the community in which he continues to work after graduation.

I suppose my classmates at Yale often wondered why, on the nights that I did not play, I did not loll on the campus, gossip on the fence, or go down to the theater with a crowd of them. They could not put themselves in my place. If they had they would have understood why, on the nights I was not out playing my saxophone to earn the wherewithal to remain in college, I would

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ANYONE who deliberately ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush" is storing up a future crop of troubles for teeth and gums. Anyone who goes on day after day using a tooth paste that merely cleans the teeth is shutting his eyes to the past ten years' progress in the field of oral hygiene. For we doubt if there is a dentist in the land who won't tell you that your gums as well as your teeth must be cared for—that no matter how white and perfect your teeth may be, they are faced with danger if your gums become tender, soft, unsound.

Ipana is the newer type of dentifrice specifically made to meet this need. For with it, your teeth are white and shining. Your mouth is cleansed, refreshed, invigorated. And your gums are strengthened, toned and stimulated.

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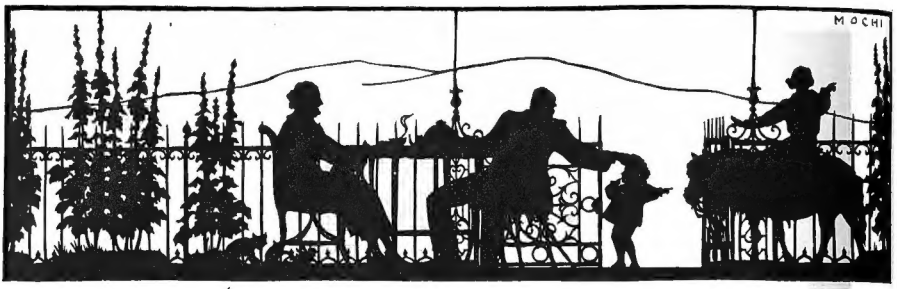

THE LONESOME TIME

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Decoration by UGO MOCHI

It is up to the individual to make it either a desert or a flower garden . . .

Copyright, 1930, by Kathleen Norris

OLD age is always terrible for women, lonesome and hard, isn't it?" a woman asked me some months ago.

She is about forty-five, an age, I discover, when for the first time a chill breath from the deserts ahead is apt to blow across feminine consciousness. Her expression indicated that she had never given this thought an instant's consideration before.

We don't, somehow, in youth and early middle age. The only persons who are old, then, are other persons. Not ourselves! Never ourselves!

"Old age—" she said, and fell silent. Perhaps she thought, as I did, of her son, who has finished college and is engaged to be married; of her pretty daughter of twenty, who will follow suit. Life moving on and going away from her—service, love, activity, going away from her.

It comes to one with the violence of a shock—the pathos, the emptiness of old age. Between thirty and fifty, years wheel by faster than months used to pass in childhood. Christmas parties with turkey, Fourth of July parties with flags stuck in the ice-cream—why, they tread upon each other's heels! But then life slows down again. There is a long stretch left.

Many women go into a sort of melancholia contemplating it. The nursery is empty. The mirror is no longer a solace. The house runs itself. Only a few years ago there was a gay, animated woman here, taking care of an ambitious, hard-working young man, buttoning on children's coats, eagerly discussing the new car, the Summer outing.

Now there is a gray-headed lady sedately reading a seed-catalog. Seated opposite, a serene, stout, silver-headed man is concerned idly in dividends, concerned acutely in golf-scores. It is so amazing, it is so startling, to be old! "Darling old Doctor Brown and Mrs. Brown" —that can't mean *us!*

Fool the truth with phrases if you like; say gallantly that you are not going to get old, that you feel just as you did twenty-five years ago, that in many ways you are younger than the children—yet it is still the truth. The world belongs to the young, they and their children; their ambitions, their plans, are crowding you aside. Your desperate determination to keep the place you have lost only clogs their wheels.

But it does worse than that. The fear of age, the reluctance so many of us feel about facing even the thought of it, blinds us to its beauty.

Age—say the years between fifty-five and seventy-five, and ten years more than that in many cases—could be as sweet as youth. It could be, on some counts, sweeter than youth.

Looking back at youth, we fatuously deceive ourselves with the idea that it was all roses. Beauty, love, expectation, ambition, they all seem to have vanished with youth.

But as a matter of fact, youth is far from being a cloudless time. It has more anxieties, humiliations, disappointments, mistakes than belong to any other period in life. There is an uncertainty, a vagueness, about youth. The girl of twenty, who marries, is conscious of fears that she has sacrificed years of "fun" in prematurely settling down. The girl of twenty-five, unmarried, is acutely afraid of old-maidhood.

The gay parties that look so utter'y care-free to us elders are really times of jealousy, doubt, fatigue, dissatisfaction. Boys have not enough money, and don't know how to get more; girls are eternally comparing their lots with the lots of other girls; the absence of one man, even if he is hardly known to the crowd, will spoil a brilliant dance for a dozen other youngsters. The non-arrival of a new gown will darken a girl's whole week-end, even tho the old gown is prettier and more becoming than the new.

"Well, that's because they're fools!" we say indulgently, or impatiently, from our wisdom of the forties.

Fools because they are blind and young. But we rarely see the equally surprizing truth that we are fools, too—fools because we are blind and old.

Youth, truly, is often powerless. A girl's home has a tremendous effect upon her destiny, upon what others think of her, upon the sort of men who call upon her; but she has not often had much influence in forming that home. A boy may be deeply in love with some girl who works beside him in college, but he has to take another year in medical school, he has no money, he has no definite prospects. What can he do?

Love-affairs are bitterly anxious matters. Young husbands worry about rent, about doctors' bills. Young wives worry about cooking, about the babies that either will not come at all or threaten to come too fast. Even beauty is troublesome. "What good does it do me?" the burdened young mother asks drearily. No movie fame for her, with Junior just cutting stomach-teeth. Yet if she sacrifices marriage for movies what about Junior?

NO, YOUTH is really a hard business if we would regard it honestly. So many of its trials seem jokes to us, so much of its fretting unnecessary, that the one thing we can not do, and will not do, is see it clearly.

Age need have none of this. Age could be a serene harbor into which we would sail with all the confidence of babies arriving in the world. In the sixties and the seventies we could return to all that made babyhood and childhood wonderful. A fenced garden, with kittens and hollyhocks, simple meals, deep, long nights of sleep in a room looking into tree-tops, the books we like, the games we like, the peace and security and charm of real babyhood, only with sensibilities developed a thousand times more keenly to enjoy all this—why should not age have these things?

Age could if age would. But too often age has exhausted itself nervously and mentally in reaching for other things. Age has drugged itself with bridge and movies and vain trips to beauty-parlors; its palate is cloyed; it can not taste real youth again, real childhood, only robbed of childhood's terrors and penal punishments, shames and doubts and despairs.

To have—if we are to make it ideal—the companion of thirty years' voyaging beside one. To have a little garden, a few chickens, an oak-tree. To have a fireplace, books, a radio, a phonograph, a kitchen not always in some other woman's hands, a comfortable white bed with a drop-light. To wear the clothes one likes, to eat the food, to read newspapers and magazines, to take an affectionate interest in a few old friends, and to occasionally entertain a troop of grandchildren.

WHY not? Looking over the lives of all the humans you know—the decaying kings and queens, the movie stars, the luckiest and handsomest of the younger generation, the children—looking over them all, who has more than that?

Any woman who is traveling toward that particular bourn has nothing to fear, even tho the chickens be reduced to three goldfish in a bowl, and the cottage be altered into one comfortable room, with a kitchen pantry and a two-plate gas-stove for domestic equipment.

And any woman who *can not* foresee that much, in age, should be about securing it without the loss of an hour. Whether you are fifty or twenty, think about that lonesome time, that really need not be a lonesome time at all, to-day. Thirty thousand dollars secures it for all time. Thirty thousand dollars means one hundred and twenty-five dollars every month, and it can be managed on that. Not on Park Avenue, perhaps, but only a few blocks away, if it has to be in the city, and easily, easily if it may be in some country town.

But if the thirty thousand is not feasible, there are plenty of other ways of making sure of independence and peace of mind when the sixties set in. If you happen to have a rich son, or a rich brother, or even a rich friend who will arrange it, look into the matter of annuities.

What a glorious way that would be for some multi-millionaire to distribute his property, by the way! Let him leave his children their five million apiece if he will. But let him take the odd million, the eleventh million, and see how many of his less prosperous old friends he can make happily independent for life, with annuities.

Just what regulates the getting of an annuity, I do not know. But an old couple in our neighborhood had a Christmas present from a doctor son about three years ago—five hundred a month for their lives. It did not cost him very much. They are buying a fascinating little

Continued on Page 92

Do you know Kotex is inconspicuous even under the closest fitting gowns?

Costume from Jay-Thorpe

The lasting softness of Kotex; the fact that it deodorizes; the way it absorbs so quickly and so thoroughly are other reasons you will prefer this sanitary protection.

YOU can't imagine what a relief it is to know that your sanitary protection is inconspicuous, that it is fashioned to fit correctly, leaving no revealing outlines. That is just one of the many reasons why smart women prefer Kotex. Then, too, it deodorizes, and gives a feeling of perfect daintiness. It is soft—a lasting kind of softness that means comfort through hours of wear. It won't bulge, or twist about because it's made scientifically to answer your needs in every respect.

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Kotex is so exceptionally comfortable because it is made of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding . . . the very same material used today by 85% of America's leading hospitals. Cellucotton is a cellulose substance that performs the same function as the softest cotton with five times the absorbency.

Cellucotton is laid in many thin, air-cooled layers, each one a quick, complete absorbent in itself. These layers take the moisture quickly away from the surface. That's why Kotex stays comfortable for so long a time in contrast to ordinary pads.

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And, of course, the reason most women first used Kotex is this: it is disposable, instantly, readily. That, alone, has made a difference in the hygienic habits of women all over the world. There are other advantages which you will discover for yourself, once you use Kotex. Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

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KOTEX

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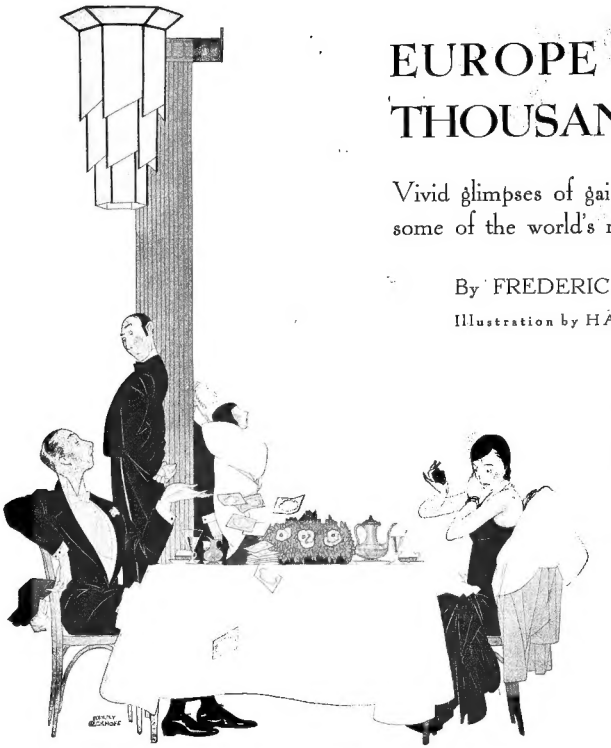
EUROPE ON FIVE THOUSAND A DAY

Vivid glimpses of gaiety and extravagance in some of the world's most fashionable resorts

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Illustration by HARRY BECKHOFF



"WHEREVER THESE PEOPLE GO THEY SPEND MONEY—PILES AND PILES OF MONEY"

ONCE in the trustful twenties I wrote a magazine article entitled "Europe on Five Dollars a Day." A good many writers have penned similar stories under similar titles. And thousands of American tourists have taken passage for the other side with every confidence that their Summer-vacation money would spread that thin.

It can be done even to-day. I know dozens of comfortable little hotels scattered over Great Britain and the Continent where food, lodging, tips, and taxes still come to a very moderate sum. But if it is a long time since any such rate of living has been the rule for the great bulk of our European travelers. And in recent years a considerable number of them have contrived to spend ten, a hundred, and even a thousand times that much.

These are the people who are in Biarritz for the Fall, in Rome for Christmas, in St. Moritz for New-year, in Cannes for February and March, in Seville for Easter, in Paris for the Grand Prix, in London for the Season, and in Aix for the Baths.

They are the people who crowd each August into a small village on the Norman coast and fight twice a day for tables in a small, triangular, "up-one-flight" restaurant on the village's main street; who spend the sunlit Norman afternoons jostling touts and plungers and manikins in feverish forays at the near-by race-track; who spend the moonlit Norman nights sitting around the green-cloth tables of the casino behind piles of purple bank-notes which grow smaller and smaller and smaller as the Deauville sunrise comes at last to end a Deauville day.

And wherever these people go they spend money—piles and piles of money. They spend it for clothes and jewels and motors and hotels and villas and dinners and wines and taxes and tips. More than everything else, they spend it on gambling: on the turn of a card, on the roll of a ball, on the run of a race. Not just a little money, as we spend when we go to the movies or a theater, or when we buy a suit or a dress or a motor-car or a house, but money in community-chest lots.

American tourists spent $200,000,000 in France during 1928; they spent other huge sums in England, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and Spain. The French Government has just set aside 30,000,000 francs for the further encouragement of tourists. Other countries, especially Germany, are already advertising heavily for our trade.

And it is a safe assumption that a good part of the money that is being spent, and will be spent as the result of all this new propaganda, will go into the bank-accounts of the comparatively small group of men who own and operate expensive hotels, restaurants, casinos, *wagon-lits*, dressmaking establishments, theaters, night clubs, and bars—a group which is known throughout the pleasure world as the "sucker trust."

One of its leaders, Eugène Cornuché, has just died. For years he was master of play at Deauville and Cannes, a sort of general manager for the gambling interests. Cornuché was a kindly, stumpy, little old man who started as a dish-washer in a Rue Royal café and just happened to own Maxim's at the time of its musical-comedy fame.

ANOTHER magnate is Georges André, director of Paris's biggest gaming club, and now Cornuché's successor at Deauville and Cannes. A third man is Jacques Carmona.

And still another very useful member is Georges Aubert, the genius who consolidated several of the big Paris dressmakers and boasts that he has a stitch in every modish gown in Europe.

These four and Frederick Zographos, a young Greek who is considered the best baccarat-player in the world, were said to comprise the famous Greek syndicate whose spectacular winnings are often the subject of newspaper comment.

Closely allied, at least in spirit, is Pierre Wertheimer, perfumer extraordinary, who makes the dainty needs of women pay him so well that he could afford to sink a fortune bringing Épinard, the French colt, to America in a royal suite.

AND in the background, towering above them all, is Henri Letellier, considered by some the most interesting man in France.

Letellier's adventures have been both frequent and dramatic. But they have never been allowed to interfere with business. Talented, cultured, born to wealth, Henri has devoted his life to a study of what he frankly calls "sucker philosophy." To-day he is the owner of newspapers, cafés, casinos, resorts, *wagon-lits*, vineyards, bathing-pavilions, and what nots. He is mayor of Deauville, dictator of Cannes. In short, he is the head of the syndicate which puts on the great European show.

Extraordinary fellow, Henri! He is an epicure and sartorial exquisite, a connoisseur and a patron of the arts. He is surrounded by the gayest court in Europe—and he is the saddest man I ever saw.

Letellier and his friends know to the last penny how much the average American tourist spends in Europe and how best to separate him from it. And in acting on this knowledge, they have strewn Europe from Riga to Monte Carlo and from the Channel Coast to the Black Sea with alluring reasons for spending money.

Tex Rickard, the sports promoter, used to say, "Give them a run for their money." Henri Letellier goes him one better, "Give them a run," he says, "and give them the most luxurious places in the world to do their running." And he does. There is nothing shoddy about him or his crowd. They give the ultimate in everything—and then charge four or five times what even the ultimate is worth. That is the principle on which the sucker syndicate operates, on which the great pleasure cities of Europe have been built.

Personally, I do not gamble. I go to a casino, which is invariably the center of European resort life, as I would to a show. And it *is* a show! I will never forget the thrill I got the first time I entered the famous one at Deauville. It was the *entr'acte* of the casino opera.

Women in toilets so magnificent that they would have stopped the traffic in front of the Metropolitan on a Monday night, and men with bulging, banker-like shirt-bosoms and coat-tails of ambassadorial length were pouring into the many-columned, high-ceilinged promenade. It was like a movie mob-scene with an all-star cast!

I didn't know then that every casino of any size has an opera-house—sometimes both an opera and a theater—whose stage is graced by the finest artists of our time. That night, at Deauville, the theater offered Cecile Sorel; the previous night, Cora Laparcerie; the next week, Max Dearly and Gemier. The opera program was quite as brilliant.

Of the casino operas, tho, the one at Monte Carlo is the most satisfying, perhaps because Mary Garden lives

Continued on Page 64

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To Rid Teeth of Destructive Germs

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FREE . . . 10-day tube of Pepsodent

It will cost you nothing for 10 days' supply of this special film-removing tooth paste. Discolorations disappear. Teeth find new protection.

HAVE you noticed what you believe to be symptoms of pyorrhea- — spongy, pale, soft gums, frequently bleeding. Or aches and sensitiveness to hot and cold drinks that usually spell decay? If you have, it is time to see your dentist.

It is also time to change your method of tooth cleaning, for decay results from germs — pyorrhea from germs and tartar. Now germs can be effectively combated by a special method that removes from teeth the cloudy film in which they breed. To show you what happens when germ-laden film is removed regularly, please accept a free supply of the scientific tooth paste, Pepsodent.

80% of common dental ills now laid to germs

Certain germs are present in tooth decay. Other types in pyorrhea; still another kind in trench mouth. Authorities believe that 8 dental troubles out of 10 are caused by bacterial infection.

Germs are covered and imprisoned by a dingy, clinging coating on the teeth and gums called film. There they breed by millions in contact with teeth and tissues.

Germ-laden film fills every tiny crevice in enamel. It clings so tightly that you may brush until you harm the teeth and gums without dislodging it effectively. That is why all ordinary methods fail in combating film.

Remove film a different way

To reach and remove these germs, film must be combated. To remove film dental authorities developed the different acting tooth paste, Pepsodent.

First, Pepsodent curdles film, then light brushing easily removes it . . . safely, gently. No pumice, harmful grit or crude abrasive, but a fine creamy paste commonly prescribed for soft teeth and tender gums.

When shall we send your supply?

You can tell that Pepsodent is different from all other ways the instant it touches your teeth. Can see the difference in results before your free tube is empty. Here is a way to lovelier teeth plus far greater protection from these serious diseases. Write to nearest address immediately for your supply to try.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.

Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program

AMOS 'n' ANDY

America's Favorite Radio Entertainers

Laughs and tears make the experiences of these two boys part of your own daily life. Children will enjoy them, too. Tune in every night except Sunday over N. B. C. Network.

7 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time
6:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time
5:30 p. m., Mountain time—4:30 p. m., Pacific time

FREE 10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 135, 919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

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Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St. . . . . Toronto 2, Ont., Can.
8 India St. . . . . London, E. C. 3, Eng.
(Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave. Sydney, N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family

8627

KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

By
CORINNE LOWE

A Poet's Love

SUPPOSE that you were a cute little kitten playing with your spool of bright thread. Suppose that in the midst of this graceful, albeit light-headed, pastime a lordly eagle spied you from above. Imagine him saying, "Ah, thou art the earthly tenement of the spirit of beauty. Thou art made of fire and dew. Thou art one with the melodious spheres. Come, thou wonder, thou terror, thou beauty. Come."

Naturally you would be flattered by such attentions. You would doubtless promise to go off to the eagle's aerie. Then gradually your spirit would sink. The eagle got all wrought up if you ever played with a spool. He reproached you with being frivolous. He threatened to die if you would not return his love in his own skyey measure.

More and more wistfully you thought of nice earthly things—spools, saucers of cream, comforting laps, petting voices. To go off to that eagle aerie, all alone, with nothing but a big eagle voice thundering "Thou beauty"—it was too much to expect of a cute little kitten. You failed.

This is no Æsop's fable. It is literally the story of Fanny Brawne, the seventeen-year-old English girl to whom John Keats gave his mad love. And it is this tragic association which is brought into relief by Albert Erlande's "Life of John Keats." An excerpt from one of the numerous letters given in this volume is sufficient to paint the situation.

"For you to love me as I do you," writes Keats, "you must think of no one but me. If you would really what is called enjoy yourself at a party—if you can smile in people's faces and wish them to admire you now—you never have nor ever will love me. For God's sake, save me—or tell me my passion is of too awful nature for you."

Thinking of the divinely gifted Keats, of his distracting passion, of his exiled death, it is hard to contemplate gently this slight, unworthy girl who loved her balls and her flirtations more than she did her poet's soul. Yet Fanny Brawne never pretended to be anything which she was not. She was merely a kittenish lass when he fell in love with her, and she is hardly to be blamed that she could not live up to eagle heights. Only in Keats's imagination was she a miracle.

Nursery Disarmaments

IN POSTWAR Germany the women of a very poor district started a children's crusade of peace. They inspired their children to write letters to an equal number of French children. Wisely these parents realized that understanding between nations prevents war between nations. More wisely still, they knew that understanding must begin in the individual, not after he has been poisoned by early teachings of hate, but during his childhood.

This story is one told by Lady Clare Annesley, daughter of the Earl of Annesley, who has given this Winter a series of stirring peace talks in the United States and Canada. Throughout her tour Lady Clare has urged upon all mothers the duty of educating a child for peace.

To this end she advises that tales about heroes of peace be substituted for those glorifying heroes of war and that the toy guns and soldiers of the nursery surrender to games interesting the child mind in their brothers and sisters of other nations.

Miss Sally at Home

JACK pays rent to the old folks and keeps the rest of his wages. Sally gives all her wages to the old folks and keeps for herself only the barest necessities. Jack gets married, irrespective of any obligations to the home. Sally feels too burdened to do the same.

Such are the facts revealed by Miss Agnes L. Petersen, assistant director of the Women's Bureau, Department of Labor, who has dug up all available data on the position of the woman in gainful occupations. The foregoing conclusion regarding the difference between sons and daughters is reached, according to her, after a survey of the shoe-workers of Manchester, N. H.

Granting that this is so, it is to be feared that the unmarried daughter is earning her economic "freedom" at the expense of her brother's character. To remove his old feeling of financial responsibility from a man seems to be a dangerous psychological experiment. The stamina of many a brother and husband is imperiled by finding that woman can support, not only herself, but others.

Estimating Femininity

MISS ROTRAUT VISCHER, estimater on window-frames, Truscon Steel Co.? Could anything strike more eloquently the chord of our modern day? Could anything transport us more conclusively from the honeyed heroines of the Victorian age?

One reflected this as one leafed over a program of a symposium arranged this Winter by the American Woman's Association. Before this meeting, which drew together on the platform some of the most eminent professional and business women of New York City, one visualized Miss Vischer. She would be big—perhaps even raw-boned. She would wear a four-in-hand. She would tug at her cuffs as a conversational obbligato. Yes, that was the way one fancied this woman engineer would be.

Imagine, therefore, the bewilderment when there stepped into the foreground a slight woman in a demurely printed frock, one who looked out over her audience of a thousand women from burnished hair coiled high on her head. Miss Vischer, in spite of her titles, had walked straight from the pages of Charlotte Brontë or Jane Austen.

And when she spoke, where was the strident feminism which so many people expect from the woman who has made good on a man's job? Quietly, with a simplicity that went straight to the heart, she related her career.

She had started life as an artist. But, tho she had taken prizes in art schools, she had soon realized that her talent lay in drawing "neater" than most people.

She had entered therefore a steel company where she had learned to make blue-prints and estimates—with a precision promised by her neat drawing. Once when her boss had been away she had ventured to make an estimate for a client. That had meant her first order. Now she has ten men working under her. They don't resent working for a woman. They seem to like it.

One can't help taking Miss Vischer as a text. For with masculine initiative and poise she seems to retain the art of being a woman. In other words, she knows how not to give offense to men by her ability.

Help for War Sufferers

HOW many of us realize that there are to-day 37,000 disabled veterans of the World War? And how many realize the need created by these for an intensive program of unforgetting service?

Such a program has been consistently carried out by the American Legion Auxiliary. Regular visits to keep the incapacitated men in constant touch with the outside world, provision of comforts not assured by the Government, the maintenance of convalescent workshops, and the employment of making memorial poppies—all these are to be traced to the Auxiliary.

Its service includes, too, not only the veterans themselves, but also the families of dead or disabled soldiers. Almost every unit has several such families to which it gives regular assistance. Especially are the children in these crippled homes the objects of solicitude. To keep them in school, to create scholarships in their behalf, to give our war orphans that higher education to which their fathers' sacrifice entitles them—to such great-hearted service nobody can be dulled.

The Auxiliary now has 333,000 members, but it needs 500,000. What woman eligible to its ranks—these are relatives of Legion members or of any man or woman who served in the War—can resist the Auxiliary's appeal?

A Play of Conviction

USUALLY a play with propaganda is a play without drama. Not so Mr. Martin Flavin's "The Criminal Code." The story of a poor young man who kills unintentionally a rich young man, and who, without money to employ adequate legal defense, serves a long prison sentence, is developed without any sacrifice of interest in the characters. With almost unbearable intensity the spectator is led to the point where the tragic young hero—on the eve of his freedom and in possession of the love of the warden's daughter—takes his terrible revenge on society.

The stage sets are among the most effective New York has ever seen. The acting, especially that of Mr. Arthur Byron, is very good. As for the message, this is indelible. Nobody can leave this play without feeling how unjust is the justice which destroys a potentially useful human being. Place any comparatively uncorrupted young man among murderers, gunmen, and drug-addicts, make him feel that these are his only friends, and you often find him at the last joined with them in a common cause against society.

The Plight of the Indian

WHEN John L. Snyder, attorney of Irving, N. Y., presided over a meeting at Mohonk, N. Y., not long ago he presented in his conventional appearance a drama of our national life. For Mr. Snyder is a Seneca Indian, a descendant of those stately feathered warriors who 130 years ago met the whites at the Treaty of Big Tree. Until last year there had been no other conclave of whites and Indians in the Genesee Valley.

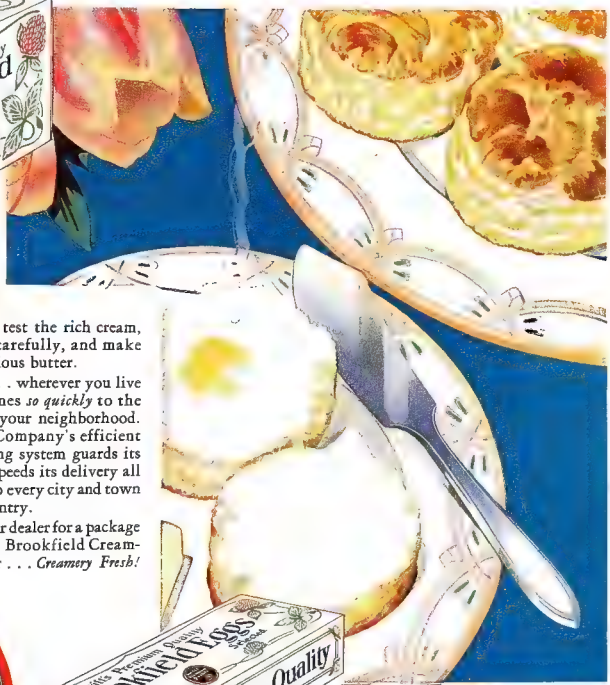
But, altho Mr. Snyder and his fellow Indians were dressed in the prevailing fashion, this congress brought into relief the great bridge between the two races. Many of the Indians on the six reservations of New York live in squalor. Their schools are not adequate. They need bigger appropriations from the State Legislature.

This statement holds good for the entire country. Too apt are we to salve the national conscience by remembering some Indian brave in his high-powered car. Yet those enriched by the fortunate geography of their reservations shrink before the average.

Often distressingly poor, even diseased, bewildered by a modern world in which they are untrained for competition, the majority of this dispossessed people cry to us for long-delayed justice.

Original from

Nation-wide . . . the same sweet Freshness



"UM-M—biscuits and butter!" Eyes brighten when you serve them, hot from the oven.

And with *this* butter—*Creamery Fresh*—they're specially good, as millions of women know. All over the country they're depending on its unvarying sweetness of flavor for the table and for cooking.

Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter is churned at spotless creameries, located in the best dairy regions. There trained workmen test the rich cream, grade it carefully, and make this delicious butter.

Then . . . wherever you live . . . it comes *so quickly* to the dealer in your neighborhood. Swift & Company's efficient distributing system guards its quality, speeds its delivery all the way to every city and town in the country.

Ask your dealer for a package of Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter . . . *Creamery Fresh!*

Swift's Premium Quality seal identifies a complete line of foods of superior merit. Let your guide to unvarying excellence.

Swift's Brookfield Eggs, carefully selected for uniformity and freshness, are brought to your dealer by Swift & Company's nation-wide distributing system. Rigid care assures you of their excellence everywhere, always. You will find the same superior quality in Swift's Brookfield Butter and Cheese.

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Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS—BUTTER—EGGS—CHEESE

A new dish-

for women who know about

Amazing new form of Chipso washes dishes a new 1, 2, 3 way. *Chipso Granules* are special rich suds in steam-dried form—ready-prepared for a speedy dishwashing. No waiting for suds—no scrubbing at food particles—no wiping! Chipso Granules can easily save you 10 minutes each dishwashing.

THESE tiny soap particles look almost like a powder—but aren't a powder. They are really a brand-new form of the famous Chipso flakes which millions of women use on washday.

This new form of Chipso gives suds that are just as *rich*, just as *lasting*, as the original flaked Chipso. *But*—Chipso Granules have been *specially prepared for dishwashing*.

The speedy 1, 2, 3 way with dishes

Chipso Granules are rich suds in steam-dried form, ready-prepared for dishes by a wonderful new process. They practically do your dishwashing *for* you as you will discover. Here is the 1, 2, 3 way to save time with Chipso Granules:

1. You add water to Chipso Granules and put your dishes into a fluff of rich, lasting suds.
2. A few moments' soaking in these rich suds will melt food particles and grease away like magic. A swish of your mop and your dishes are clean!
3. Stack your dishes and pour hot water over them. And you're through! You needn't wipe. Glass and china dry themselves with an extra sparkle.

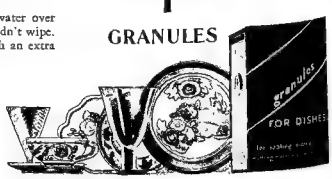
Your actual dishwashing will be a matter of a few brief minutes. And what a saving for your hands!

A compact soap—thrifty to use

Chipso Granules are not bulky—they are compact steam-dried suds—no waste. You can get from your grocer today a big 25¢ box that will do all your dishes for a month. Isn't this a very economical way to save your time and your hands?

Chipso now

GRANULES



washing story

Chipso's help on washday

You find Chipso washdays shorter and easier for two good reasons. (1) These thin flakes actually do *more work* per minute because the suds are so *rich*. (2) Chipso suds *keep on working until you rinse,* because the suds are so *lasting*.

CHIPSO, in the original thin, snowy flakes, is the most popular packaged soap in the world, and washes more clothes every Monday than any other flaked, powdered or similar soap. Women have discovered that Chipso really does make washdays shorter and easier.

Richer, more lasting suds

The difference between Chipso and other soaps you may have tried lies in the *Chipso suds*.

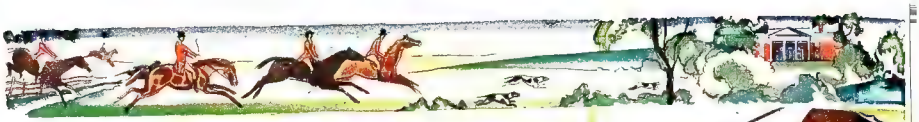
The suds of many soaps fall when you put your soiled clothes into them. They may even disappear entirely, and then your soap has practically stopped working. But Chipso suds are *lasting* suds. Even extra-soiled clothes don't wear out their rich, dirt-loosening energy. Chipso begins to work the moment you put in your clothes and keeps on working until the last garment is ready to rinse. *You* work less, because Chipso suds work *more*.

Chipso has been made of materials carefully chosen to give extra-rich suds. That's why Chipso suds last so long and loosen *all* the dirt so quickly. That's why you can hang a Chipso wash on the line by 10 o'clock. That's why your clothes have a better color.

And because Chipso is such a *rich* soap, it goes a long way. The big box will do four or five washings, at a great saving of your time and labor. And what a beautiful wash! You'll even notice that colors are fresher because Chipso suds are rich, not *strong*.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

in 2 forms



I brought back from the "blue grass country" Fritters with a future ... Gingerbread with a past

I've seen the beautiful women and horses, and tasted the marvelous food, that have made Kentucky famous. And I've brought back some marvelous Crisco recipes from the very heart of the "blue grass country."

A mantle of hospitality hangs over the nice old hotel in Lexington where I stayed. For more than a hundred and fifty years (it used to be a tavern on the Cincinnati post road) cooks in its kitchen have sent travelers on their way happy and well-fed.

The jolly apple fritters I had with my Sunday morning bacon even *looked* different. Round honey-colored puffs of goodness with a hole in the center—strung on a slice of crisp bacon like golden beads on a cord, the kind of fritters that should have a brilliant future in any home. The inspired cook had pared the fruit whole, removed the core and sliced it *cross-wise*.

What good food does to your disposition

And the taste! They almost set me singing. Try them for YOUR breakfast, too. (I've given you the fritter batter with suggestions for other things you can do with it.) But don't try to fry them in any fat but Crisco. For nothing else can wrap fried foods in such a delectable crispness. Every "smidgin" tastes good.

And why shouldn't it? Crisco is so fresh and delicate-flavored itself. Just taste it the next time you're cooking. You'll know then why it actually improves the flavor of foods. It *never* smokes at the right frying temperature (and that's certainly a blessing if you like fried foods as well as I do). And you can use it over and over again for frying because it never carries the flavor of one food to another.

I had tea in the old Kentucky farmhouse where LaFayette was a guest when he visited Lexington in 1825. And, as I sat in front of the fireplace and munched the most wonderful gingerbread I've ever eaten, I heard stories of famous race-horses bred on the farm . . . of a gentlemanly ghost in an upstairs room . . . of recipes that have been used for eight generations in this home.

This gingerbread recipe is one of them. My gingerbread tastes every bit as good as that I ate in Kentucky, when I make it myself in my kitchen where all your Crisco recipes are tested.

The shortening I use is Crisco, of course. I never use anything else. Crisco is now so fluffy that there's no tedious process of creaming. Just put the sugar, Crisco and eggs into the mixing bowl together and blend with *one operation*.

Each speck of "spice and everything nice" gets fair treatment in this gingerbread, for Crisco is so delicate in flavor that it allows every ingredient to have its full share in the flavor of the finished cake.

The best bakers, too—I've found—are using Crisco in their cakes and baked goods. And when a baker is so particular about his shortening, you can be sure he is careful about his other ingredients, as well.

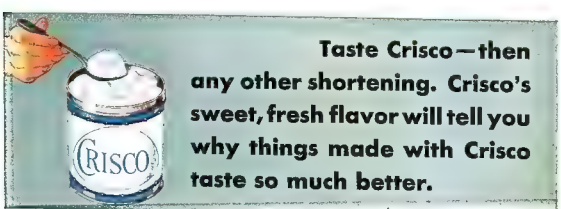
I have a little cook book, "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes," which I will send you free, if you write me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XR-50, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

GINGERBREAD WITH A FAMILY TREE

½ cup Crisco	1 teaspoon cinnamon	1 teaspoon soda
½ cup sugar	1 teaspoon cloves	3 cups sifted flour
1 cup molasses	1 teaspoon ginger	¾ cup hot water
2 eggs	1 teaspoon salt	

Put Crisco, sugar, molasses and eggs into mixing bowl together and blend with one operation (Crisco is as fluffy as whipped cream. No laborious creaming necessary, now. It mixes instantly with the other ingredients.) Stir in hot water. Add flour previously sifted with salt, soda and spices. Pour immediately into Crisco-ed shallow baking tin (about 8 x 12) and bake in medium oven (350° F.) for 30 minutes.



Taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor will tell you why things made with Crisco taste so much better.

FRITTERS WITH A FUTURE

1 cup flour	½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder	1 egg (beaten)
3 apples, pared, cored and sliced thin cross-wise	1 teaspoon lemon juice
	½ cup milk
	1 tablespoon melted Crisco

Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt. Add egg beaten with milk. Mix well, stir in melted Crisco and lemon juice, then fold in apples. Drop by slices into deep hot Crisco (360° to 370° F. or when inch cube of bread browns in 60 seconds). Fry to golden brown (about 2 minutes). Drain on unglazed paper. Dust with powdered sugar to serve as a dessert. Serve plain with meat. Other fruit and berries (the juice is used instead of milk) can be substituted. You can omit the sugar and use cooked left-over vegetables with the same batter. There's no end to the things this batter will "dress up."

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter and Gamble Co.

THE DEAD HAND

What strange pranks Fate sometimes plays in an endeavor to be kind!

By RITA WEIMAN

Illustration by FRANCES ROGERS

"CASPER THRESSEL REPEATED UNTIL THEY HAD TO STOP HIM: 'CURSED. THIS HOUSE IS CURSED. LET NO MAN EVER AGAIN CROSS ITS THRESHOLD!'"

THE flicker of light touched the women's hair, their jewels, the crystal and silver on the table. Subtle light that seemed rather part of sooty shadow, like a fringe of sun round dark clouds. It came rom tall candles back of us, and from the flame of logs n the deep fireplace. It was soft and solemn, hinting of trange, hidden things.

I still wonder whether in any other atmosphere Stephen ram would have flung into our midst the key to an experience so unreal that often I doubt its actuality. Cram about forty, an attorney whose success has been of the onservative kind; a man of law, disinclined toward sentionalism of any sort. The last man, I should have aid, to reveal the details of any case he was handling.

But we were just six at dinner, the season's final house-arty at the Cochrans' place on Long Island. And hrough the floating haze of smoke and candles came a ense of intimacy. Autumn had turned the countryside rom a playground into an island of isolation surrounded y gray waters.

Dependence upon one another for entertainment inited communion and confidences. Hence, when I reharked, casually enough, that men strove stupidly for reat wealth, only to lie empty-handed as the last count as taken, Stephen Cram gave me a curious look and aid tersely:

"You think so? You think a dead hand can't hold a ortune in its grasp?"

"Can it?" asked Eve Cochran eagerly.

"Not in perpetuity, of course, but long enough to rust into abject poverty those who might have bene-ted by its inheritance. A man to-day is grinning in his rave while his daughter works in a department-store, nd property worth approximately three hundred thou-and dollars goes to rack and ruin."

"Sounds absurd," observed Cochran.

"The truth frequently does," Cram jerked out, and his teresting brows came together in a scowl. "I happen be attempting now to break one of the craziest wills ver made. A man gives away his money during his life-me, so that he dies practically penniless, meanwhile aving gained the reputation of being a great philan-hropist. All he leaves is a country estate which has ever been occupied. And he ties that up so that it's no utter use."

"What do you mean—'never been occupied'?" came n incredulous query.

"Just what I say. A magnificent house was built on an state covering some two hundred acres, and never lived n."

"I see—he died before he had it completed."

"Not a bit! He lived for twenty-five years after it as completed."

"But I don't get you," came back Cochran. "You mean to tell me he put up the place for no reason at all?"

"Oh, he had reason enough. He built it for his bride. He was well past middle age when he married a young girl. The house stands ready for her. To my knowledge she entered it only once."

"When was that?" asked another guest.

"On the return from their honeymoon he took her out for the day. They were to occupy it the following Summer. She died before then—when their baby girl was born."

He paused, glanced round the table at the faces seen through circling, lazy smoke. The expression of all was concentrated, intent, curious.

"Oh, I see," murmured Eve. "He hated the child because she cost her mother's life. But that happens often, doesn't it?"

"Your deduction is quite right as far as it goes," answered Cram. "He sent the baby away to be brought up by strangers; never even attempted to see her. Still it hardly accounts for the fact that he seemed determined to leave her destitute. With all his kindness, his charity, devotion to helping the poor, his own flesh and blood must go hungry. Sounds inhuman, doesn't it?"

"Insane," added Cochran.

"That's precisely what I'm trying to prove. I say he was mentally unbalanced when he made the will."

"You also say property can't be held in perpetuity. How long can it be legally tied up?" I asked.

"For two lives in being and one minority."

"Which, in simple, every-day English means—?" Mrs. Cochran supplied the question occurring to all of us.

"Well, the man who makes the will names two people who have to die and another who has to reach his majority, before the person ultimately entitled to the property can dispose of or even own it."

"Did your man do something of the sort?"

"Yes. And with fiendish cleverness. He named three people so deucedly young that my client may be an old woman or pass away herself before she can come into her own."

"But can't she use the property during her lifetime?"

"No. The will provides that the house itself can not be touched, but that enough farming be done on the acreage to pay the taxes and supply the daughter with one dollar a year as income. Consequently there's an old farmer who lives on the grounds, but you couldn't get him to go near the house for money."

"What is she like—the girl?" asked one of us.

For answer Cram took his wallet from an inside coat pocket and from it a folded newspaper clipping. This he

Continued on Page 31

Original from

"'I THINK IT'S THE MEANEST THING I EVER HEARD OF! FATHER, I NEVER DREAMED THAT YOU COULD BE SO BRUTAL!'"

FATHER KICKS OVER THE TRACES

You can't always be sure of just what the younger generation will do . . .

By E. WALDO LONG

Illustrations by SEYMOUR BALL

WARREN MACOMBER was breathless. He was usually breathless and excited—he had so much to do and so little time to do it in. He galloped up the stairs in mad haste and burst into his father's study—came to a jerking halt, then whirled and dashed out again into the hallway.

"Pa!" he yelled. "Hey, Pa!"

He listened a moment, then stepped to the threshold of his sister's room. Madeline, dressed in a sheer, silken slip, was unconcernedly rummaging in a heap of stockings on her dressing-table.

"Where's the old man?" Warren demanded of her.

She shrugged her shoulders. But Warren did not notice the motion.

"Where's the old man? Do you know?" he demanded, his voice rising with impatience.

"Oh, for crying out loud!" she blazed at him. "Don't you suppose I've got something more important to do than follow *him* around?"

"Well, where the heck is he? I never saw such a guy. When you want him he's always missing! Hey, Pa!"

"Hello!" came a muffled, answering hail.

"Where are you?"

"Up here."

"Up where?"

"In the attic."

Warren sighed with disgust, and looked in at his sister. "In the attic," he commented. "Worshiping that stack of fishing-lines again, I suppose."

"Second childhood," Madeline remarked in a pitying tone.

Loping up the flight of stairs, Warren found his father busy at a trunk, with a glorious disorder of fishing-gear scattered about him—hooks, lines, nets, gay-colored flies.

"I've had a heck of a time trying to get hold of you!" the youth complained accusingly. "It's always when I'm in a hurry that I have to waste time hunting you."

"Sounds like a dance," grunted Mr. Macomber. "Where is it this time!"

"Do you really want to know?" Warren inquired with a pained expression on his face.

"Not if you don't want me to know," Mr. Macomber replied calmly, still busy with his lines.

"Say, listen, Pa! I'm not ashamed of where I go! So don't insinuate that I'm ashamed to tell! I'm no hypocrite!"

Mr. Macomber looked up at his son.

"You go off the handle pretty easily, Son," he remarked quietly.

"Well, it's enough to make anybody go off the handle—what has to be put up with in this house! This cross-examination every time I go out the door makes me sick!"

Mr. Macomber studied the angry face of his son for a moment, then turned again to his fishing-gear.

"If it's of any importance to you," Warren snapped, "I'm going to the Plaza to-night. And I'm taking a darned fine girl. But Madeline's going to use the car, so I've got to use a taxi. That'll cost money."

"The trolley goes right by the door," Mr. Macomber suggested.

Warren groaned.

"On the level, Pa, would you actually have me take a girl on the trolley? Mixed up with all those laborers in overalls, truck-drivers, plumbers, and—and——"

"And college professors and lawyers and doctors and bankers," continued Macomber. "No, indeed! I wouldn't even think of suggesting such a horrible ordeal for a poor girl! What ever made you think I would?"

"Pa, I really haven't time to chew the fat, much as I'd enjoy it!" His sarcasm was wonderfully withering. Warren had no doubt. "But I've got to have some money. They won't let me in on my face, you know."

"Maybe if you gave 'em a line of your lip, they'd present you with the building," observed Macomber, eying his son. "How much do you want?"

He reached into his hip-pocket.

"I guess my wallet is down-stairs in my coat," he remarked.

"Good gosh!" Warren groaned, glancing at his watch. "Go down and take what you want—I mean what you *need*. What you need, and no more than that."

Without a word Warren galloped down the stairs, into the den. He searched wildly for a moment.

"It's not here!" he howled. "Pa! That blasted coat is not here!"

"Well, then look in the coat-closet. Maybe it's down there."

"Doesn't even know what he does with his own clothes!" Warren yelped as he passed his sister's door again on the way down-stairs.

In a moment his outraged voice filled the echoes.

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"The wallet's not in the coat! For cripe's sake, where is it? Do you know or don't you know? I'm late now!"

"Ho, ho!" came his father's hail. "Here it is—right here!"

Up the stairs stormed the youth again.

"It had slipped right out of my pocket," Mr. Macomber explained with a chuckle. He handed the youth a five-dollar bill.

Warren looked aghast.

"Pa!" he gasped. "Think, will you please? If it takes five dollars a person for a cover-charge and costs something to eat and costs something to get there and get home again—well, what *earthly* good is *that?*" He held the bill in his hand as if it were a scrap of useless waste-paper.

Mr. Macomber studied him a moment, then extended the wallet. Warren opened it, grinned an instant, promptly extracted some bills, folded the wallet quickly, handed it back to his father, and was poised for a dash from the room.

"Hold on a minute!" warned his father quietly. "How much is this going to cost, according to your figure?"

"Pa, can't we do the bookkeeping afterward? I'm late now. And I've fooled around here an hour already trying to get this measly money!"

Mr. Macomber examined his wallet, made a mental calculation, then glanced up at his son.

"How in thunder do you figure to spend thirty dollars on one dance?" he inquired. "Where do you think money comes from anyhow?"

"Don't worry! I won't spend one penny on myself! I'll bring back all the change. And for your sake I'll be nice and big-hearted—I won't tip anybody for anything!"

Unimpressed by this sarcastic sally, Mr. Macomber said, "Better hand me back about ten dollars of that, Warren."

Warren ran his hand across his forehead and groaned.

"Pa, if you must know—the girl is Ruth Wheaton. And I hardly think that you'd like to have Mr. Wheaton know that the reason his daughter couldn't go to the Ritz party was that his best friend, Mr. Macomber, didn't think she was worth it."

Macomber twinkled.

"You win!" he commented. "Anybody that can muss up common sense like that is entitled to all he can get from us suckers! You win! Beat it!"

"The things people have to put up with in this house!" moaned Warren as he tore off down the stairs again.

The door had barely slammed behind him when the telephone-bell began to jingle persistently.

Macomber remembered suddenly that his wife had stepped across the lawn to a neighbor's. Warren had just gone. Evidently Madeline, too, was out. Macomber went down the stairs hurriedly, along the hallway and toward the second flight.

Passing Madeline's open door, he was surprized to see his daughter calmly ministering to her complexion. It was a habit of Madeline's to permit others to answer the telephone. If she were wanted she could be called. Far be it from her to waste her precious time running to the telephone—taking the risk of discovering that some other member of the family was the one sought for.

"Didn't you hear the telephone, Sister?" Macomber asked.

"Sure I did!" came the prompt retort. "I'd begun to wonder if everybody but me was stone-deaf!"

Macomber said nothing; merely paused to look at the girl's back. There came a slight tightening of his lips as he passed on down the second flight of stairs to the impatiently ringing bell.

"Yes?" he said, taking up the instrument.

"Madeline there?" came the curt inquiry over the wire. It was a male voice.

"Why, yes. But she's—who shall I say it is?"

"It's a friend of hers!" came the impatient reply. "Is she there?"

"Who wants to know?" demanded Macomber, thoroughly incensed.

The reply was lost to him because there sounded the hurrying patter of bare feet on the stairs. In a jiffy Madeline was beside him grabbing for the instrument.

"I know who it is, Pa!" she said in an excited stage-whisper. "Give it to me! I know who it is!"

Macomber yielded the instrument and walked into the living-room.

"Hello," he heard his daughter's dulcet voice say. "Oh, Will, I'm so sorry! . . . I apologize! . . . What? Of course, I'm sorry! If I'd only been thinking, I'd have known it was you, and I'd have answered myself. . . . But you honestly can't hold me responsible for my relatives, can you? . . . You're a good sport, Will!"

Macomber listened to no more. He went on through the living-room, and out onto the side porch, where he stood scowling into the gathering darkness. He stood there until the trend of the conversation at the telephone indicated that it was about to come to a close.

Then he strolled back; and as his daughter set down the instrument he spoke to her.

"Madeline, I want to talk to you a moment."

"I can't talk now. I'm in a hurry."

"I want to talk to you right now!"

"But I tell you I'm in a hurry! You can deliver the sermon after the ball!"

MACOMBER was thoroughly angry. He blocked his daughter's path at the foot of the stairs.

He glanced at her flushed, defiant face as she found her way blocked. She had nothing on, he noticed, but the transparent slip which revealed rather than concealed her young body.

"I want you to inform your friends," Macomber announced firmly, "that unless they can use ordinary courtesy when they call my telephone number, they are specifically invited not to call. And I don't want you in the company of any man who is such a boor—such a consummate, impudent boor—as that whippersnapper that you have just been talking to!"

"I WAS IN A MOOD TO THROW HER DOWN-STAIRS WHEN SHE APPEARED AT MY OFFICE."

Madeline did not say a word. Her lips trembled with anger. Her eyes flashed defiance.

"And one thing more—I want you to stop running around here with the shades up and you with no clothes on. It wouldn't take a moment to put on a kimono."

She smiled and courtesied low.

"I am honored by your high-minded commands, King Victoria!" she mocked.

Macomber's anger had cooled. He studied his daughter's face. "I'm not sure that you'll go out at all tonight," he remarked. "Anybody who is so lacking in judgment as you are is badly in need of some rest."

"Father! You needn't start bullying me! You can't scare me! Don't you know me well enough to know that I can't be frightened by threats? Don't you think my soul is my own? What do you mean by insulting my friends? What do you mean—and—and——"

Her voice had risen to a hysterical pitch. From sheer breathlessness she paused a moment. Then her mother's quiet voice sounded behind her. "Sister!"

Madeline whirled and flung herself into her mother's arms.

"He'll drive me crazy, Mother!" she wailed excitedly. "I can't stand it any longer! I *won't* stand it any longer! I can't have my friends come here! I can't even have them telephone—for fear they'll be insulted by my father! And now he thinks he can bully me!"

She whirled out of her mother's arms.

"Let me by!" she cried at her father.

"Madeline!" Macomber said quietly, taking her by the arms as she rushed up at him. "Get hold of yourself! You should see your face. Why, you're acting like a savage."

"Take your hands off me!" she shrieked. "Oh, Mother! Make him take his hands off me! Make him take his hands off!"

Mrs. Macomber touched her husband's arm.

"Let her go, Mark," she said. "Can't you see she's almost hysterical?"

Macomber obeyed. The girl flung off up-stairs, sobbing. Her door crashed closed behind her.

"I think it's dead wrong to let her get away with that," Macomber remarked. "I think it's dead wrong to let either one of them behave the way they behave."

"Remember your own youth, Mark," his wife urged.

"And must I forget yours?" he asked pointedly.

"But times have changed," she said, still excusing her daughter. "Young people are very different nowadays."

Macomber grunted.

"If you ask my opinion," he said tartly, "I don't take any stock in that argument. I don't think the times have anything to do with it. I knew Madeline's type when I was a kid, and I knew your type. And there are both types to-day—just the same as there always were."

"Mark, all in the world that is the matter is this—you simply don't understand Madeline! And they *are* that way nowadays. I've watched her friends. They're all alike. You can't change a generation."

"All alike nothing!" scoffed Macomber. "I've got some young fellows in my office that are worth something. And

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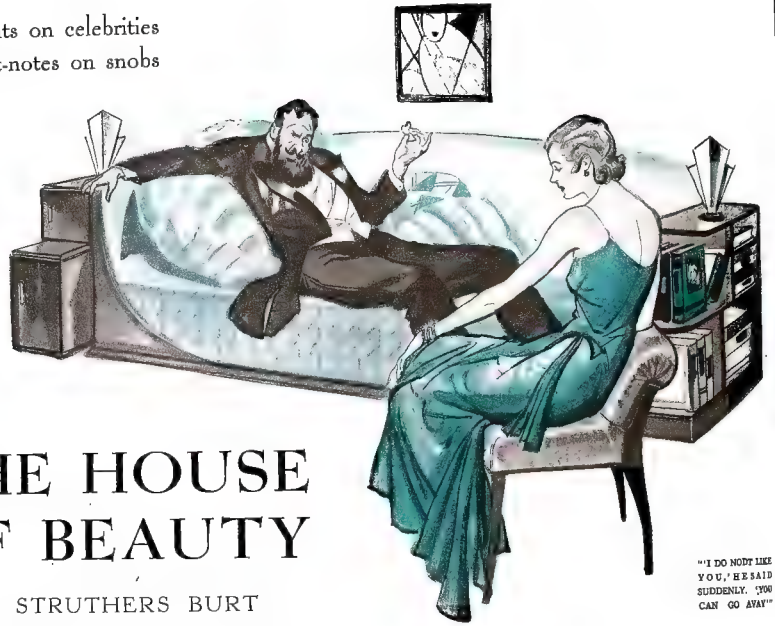
Side-lights on celebrities and foot-notes on snobs



"I DO NODT LIKE YOU,' HE SAID SUDDENLY. 'YOO CAN GO AVAY'"

THE HOUSE OF BEAUTY

By STRUTHERS BURT

Illustrations by CLARK AGNEW

THERE was a little, lame man who came to the Farrels' house. He had broken his leg years before and it had been badly set. A small, lame man with thick blond hair turning white, and large, speculative, at times faintly humorous, eyes. Mrs. Farrel did not like him. He was a friend of her husband's, John Farrel, and his name was Erskine Davis—Professor Erskine Davis. He held a chair in the city's university—metaphysics, Mrs. Farrel had vaguely heard.

He had gone to college with her husband, and now, once or twice a month, turned up, usually after dinner, and he and John Farrel would talk for hours. Very boring. They talked a great deal about politics in a large, philosophic way, and economics, and life in general. Always in this large, philosophic way. At least that is what Roberta Farrel supposed her husband and Davis would call their method of conversation had they been questioned. But she didn't question them.

On those rare nights when she happened to be in she left them alone as soon as possible. She went to her own quarters, where she could distract her mind with a book, or by writing letters or by something else.

Their idea of philosophy wasn't her idea of philosophy, and she knew a great deal about philosophy; she knew a great deal about everything that had happened since—well, let us say, the date of the Armistice. She belonged to clubs that discussed such matters; divided the Winter into this philosopher and that philosopher, this poet and that novelist.

She wasn't in the least the frivolous, purely social creature that her husband's wealth, her beauty, and her comparative youth—she was only thirty-two—might have made her. Indeed, a great many people, really frivolous people, thought her a bluestocking. Life was a serious business, and part of its seriousness consisted in knowing what the great minds of the world were thinking.

Neither her husband nor Erskine Davis seemed to care what, well, at any rate, fifty per cent. of the greatest minds were thinking. The more interesting fifty per cent. Her husband was charming and good-looking, and she liked the fact that he was ten years older than herself, but he was a business man pure and simple.

As for Erskine Davis, she didn't know what he was and cared less. A hanger-on of her husband's to outward appearances. At all events, neither of them knew what the word "philosophy" meant, altho Erskine Davis was supposed to teach it. But, then, he taught metaphysics, which, as every one knows, is the dullest and most old-fashioned form of the subject.

Nowadays, philosophy had almost entirely to do with the relationships of men and women. It was supposed to straighten all that out. Not that Roberta wanted to be an exploring philosopher herself. She was not adventurous, and she loved her husband, and, in certain well-marked ways, was afraid of him. She was content with her rôle of an observing and commentating philosopher, provided, of course, no great man came along to sweep her off her feet toward an indescribable spiritual experience. Meanwhile, for the most part, philosophy consisted of conversations, which, in the search for truth, permitted you to say a hundred things you couldn't possibly otherwise have said.

Seven years before, just after her marriage, Roberta, meeting Erskine Davis for the first time, had attempted to probe his mind and draw him into the salon she was thinking of forming. She handed him a cup of tea across a priceless Louis XV. table and looked at him with wide, gray eyes.

"It must be wonderful," she said, "to teach."

ERSKINE sat opposite her, in front of a fireplace of tinted marble, in a large Louis XV. chair; a stocky, graying, somewhat careless, rather miserable-looking little man. His thick tweed suit was baggy and his hair never would stay brushed. He looked especially miserable at the moment because he had been anticipating this meeting with his friend's bride. He had been overjoyed at her beauty, and now he wanted to be gay. For the most part his appearance and his job prevented any great amount of incidental gaiety. It always took him hours to persuade people that just because he was a philosopher he didn't always want to talk about philosophy. He adored beauty and gaiety. And he had a definite theory about conversation strengthened by observation.

One of the greatest men he had ever met had once defined wisdom as the ability to talk nonsense brilliantly, and, in a large way, Erskine had discovered that to be true. The greater a man or a woman was, the less he or she talked shop in leisure moments. Only little people were obsessed publicly by their own preoccupations. The big people were so obsessed privately that they put everything into their jobs while they were about them, and for the rest of the time wanted relaxation. It was almost an infallible rule.

He aroused himself from melancholy.

"You were saying—?" he asked.

"It must be wonderful to teach."

"If it's so wonderful"—Erskine's voice was drier than he intended—"it's odd more people don't do it—especially rich people."

"Maybe they haven't the opportunity."

"OH, YES, they have. People usually do what they want. It's like the ministry. People talk about what a beautiful profession it is, but I notice that meanwhile neither the clergy nor the teachers can recruit their ranks. I wish people would say what they mean. The search for truth and the passion to express it are the only things worth while."

A dry, disagreeable little man. But Roberta decided she would not give him up yet as altogether hopeless. Extremely few people failed to succumb eventually to her charms. Already she had exerted a very beautiful influence over a number of John's banking and steamship company friends. She had broken down their reserve, their ignorance; had got them to become interested in numerous subjects which she knew until then had been foreign to their minds.

Just the other night she had told a very old person, one of the vice-presidents of John's steamship company, all about psychoanalysis, and Freud and Jung, and Keyserling and James Joyce. He had been a very difficult person, a stumbling, silent man, with the most childlike ideas.

"That is very beautiful," she said softly to Erskine Davis, "and true. 'The search for truth and the passion to express it.' Some day you'll speak to us, won't you?"

"To whom, Mrs. Farrel?"

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"To one of my clubs—to us women. You are, you see, so famous. By and large, I suppose, as famous a person as I know."

She did not tell him that she had never heard of him until she had met John.

"I—oh, yes. Well—well, I'll talk that over with you some time later." But he never mentioned it again.

A most obdurate little man. At the end of three months Roberta gave him up utterly. Why bother with a person obviously so insincere? Roberta didn't believe he was famous after all. What did John know about such things? Dear stupid—in every way except business— Overjoyed to his friends, but a lamb of a husband.

At all events, his wealth enabled her to do everything she wanted to do; among other things to have the house she had always longed to have—a house that changed its interior about once every three years, but retained unaltered its spiritual import. Through its mutating halls and rooms, as time went on, began to pass every one of importance in New York. Every one who was doing things, except a few thousand recalcitrant ones who lived in the country and wouldn't come in, or who lived in provincial towns such as Chicago and San Francisco.

ESPECIALLY were the mutating halls and rooms filled with foreign celebrities: English novelists, French critics, German theatrical producers, Russian dancers, East-Indian pundits. They came and went, formed themselves for a few days into fixed patterns, and dissolved like the colored fragments of glass in a kaleidoscope.

John objected to none of this. He did not even object when an English poet, asked to spend a week-end, spent all Winter and burned, beyond repairing, with neglected cigaret-butts, the woodwork and furniture in the rooms assigned him; nor did he object when a beautiful Russian dancer, after numerous secret attempts to attract his attention, for three months acted openly as if he had more than acquiesced in these attempts. He only laughed a great deal.

"My de-eer John," the dancer would say, touching his hair lightly "don't you eber lofe your Marnia?"

"No. Why should I?" John would laugh.

But it was with perceptible relief that he subscribed to a fund, got up by Roberta and several other women, to send the dancer back to Paris.

"You see," Roberta explained to him, "she can't expand in New York."

"No, I've noticed that."

"She's not like the ordinary Russian artist. She's a more spirituelle type. Many of the others do very well here. But Marnia's a noblewoman, and her dancing is not what Americans understand—it is an interpretation of the psyche."

"I never knew the psyche shook the stage so much when it landed," observed John, interested.

"Don't be stupid."

Afterward John explained to Erskine Davis that, foolish as this subscription to send the dancer back to Paris might seem, he had come to the conclusion that it was a patriotic act.

"I am interested in the future of American art," he said.

Erskine Davis sighed. "I wish more rich men like yourself were," he concluded; "also rich women. Also, I wish every one was more interested in the mere physical beauty of their country. Why not? We have the money to do all these things now, but not enough are interested. What are we going to do about it?"

"Nothing, I suppose," decided John somberly, "so long as our women are so darn sure of themselves, and our men so complaisant. Look at me."

The Louis XV. chair in which Erskine had once sat so uncomfortably, all the Louis XV. legacies left from John Farrel's mother, had long ago departed from the Sixty-third Street house and had been sold at auction at a great loss. In fifteen years or so somebody like Roberta would buy them back again at an immense profit to the dealer. But at the moment Louis XV. was definitely out.

At first Roberta had been undecided whether to choose Early American, French Provençal, or English Eighteenth Century, but she had chosen the English period because it was more fitting for a town house and because it was hardly decent any longer to enter your dwelling save by a basement front door as in London. An areaway marked your social and artistic standing. So a South-British façade and entrance it was, and remained; but inside, within two years, subtle traces of modernism appeared, and grew, and finally conquered. A great deal of black and gold, a great deal of glass, everything in angles, cubes, and spheroids; carvings of men and animals that resembled blocks of stone.

Roberta was very happy. She wore long, clinging draperies and parted her hair in the middle. Her expression became sphinx-like. Her magnificent gray eyes were childlike, but, at the same time, unfathomably knowing. All this was modern, too. The decorator of the house called the total effect "the search for tranquillity." It was an answer to present-day restlessness.

Only John's own rooms were untouched. He had looked at Roberta with a defiant, laughing glitter in his eyes.

"Not one inch beyond the threshold," he had commanded. "I die defending it. Yes, I know. I've lots of ugly things. They belonged to my mother and father. And there's no plan. That's the way I like it. A house ought to be that way—an accretion. That's where the English are so much wiser than we."

Roberta shuddered every time she passed John's library.

IT WAS about this time that Zinzindorf—the great Baron Zinzindorf— burst upon the world. The world had been waiting for him ever since the War, especially Roberta. In a not altogether explainable way, since he was the gloomiest of prophets, Zinzindorf answered a crying need. Perhaps he was so altogether gloomy that he provoked a certain catharsis of despair.

Zinzindorf was a Ukrainian who had fled to Austria a year before the Russian Revolution, and was living in Austria now. He had saved most of his wealth and all of his dignity; two facts, among others, that made him peculiarly irritating to the ordinary man. He boasted that between 1914 and 1918 he had retired to his estates—first his Ukrainian, then his Austrian—and had read the papers only once a month. He was not interested in war.

John, when Roberta first described Zinzindorf's history to him, reflected that lots of other people hadn't been especially interested in war; but war, when it happens, is rather a large and absorbing business, miserable as it is. Among the ten million or so men killed, the fifty million or so involved, there must have been a large percentage who hated war, even were bored with it.

Certainly a great many potentially fine artists had been killed, also potentially fine philosophers. John knew that he, John, had been bored with war. Roberta, who, during the conflict, had dashed about in uniform persuading every young man she could to go and get killed, did not seem to think

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"IN A FLASH OF GLORY ROBERTA BROUGHT THE BARON HOME"

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"HE FERRETED OUT ONE AUTHENTIC EL GRECO, BUT HIS MONEY COULD NOT BUY IT"

JOSEPH AND HIS MILLIONS

A rich man's search for the city that abides

By JENNETTE LEE

Illustrations by DOUGLAS DUER

THE auction-galleries were packed to the door, with an overflow into the vestibule, where hushed attendants placed chairs for late comers to the sale of the personal effects of the late Samuel Brockmeyer. The sale had been running three days, and reports had brought in a crowd eager for sensation, as well as the habitual buyers who knew the exceptional value of items in the catalog they held in expectant hands.

Joseph Wardell was not an habitué of auctions. He had, indeed, never attended a sale at the galleries before, but this morning his wife had expressed a wish for a piece that was included in the day's sale, and he had dropped in on his way to the club.

His physicians had prohibited business or exercise. He might as well spend an hour or two in the comfortable chair provided by the galleries, listening to the mellifluous voice that floated over the room. It was as good a way as another of killing time.

The beguiling voice rose, "Fifty I have! Will no one make it seventy-five? Seventy-five—eighty—eighty-five." The bids came briskly for a few minutes, then again the auctioneer's persuasive voice, "May I not say two hundred?"

It reminded Joseph Wardell vaguely of New England prayer-meetings far in his past, the black-clothed minister pleading with his hearers to be saved ere it was too late. The galleries faded. He was sitting in a dim room with cracked whitewashed walls, smoky lamps on brackets casting their yellow glow on the bent heads, the minister pleading, wrestling with them, for one more soul to rise and come forward to the mourners' bench.

Often had Joseph gripped hard on the seat of his wooden chair lest his heavy shoes of themselves start on that perilous journey down the aisle to salvation, bearing him with them willy-nilly.

Joseph had never wanted his soul saved. He had other, inchoate, plans for his soul, but he could not keep away from the prayer-meetings. It was the one excitement in the stifled village life—no movies, no dancing—only gossip and prayer-meetings.

"Five hundred dollars offered for this magnificent specimen of Florentine art! Only five hundred. May I make it fifty? Five-fifty—good! Six hundred. Six hundred I have."

Joseph returned from his journey to the past. The magnificent specimen was a table heavily carved, nothing that Elsie would care for, still—Joseph's eyebrows barely lifted a telegraphic signal to the adjutant, who sped it swiftly before the auctioneer drew breath. "Six-fifty!" he chanted.

"Six-fifty!" The auctioneer's voice caught and blessed the bid and scattered its largess over the crowd. "Six-fifty I have. Going at six-fifty. Last call and fair warning——"

Joseph's heart sank—a sick feeling at the pit of his stomach. He had no use for the specimen of Florentine art. He had thrown in the fifty bid for the sake of the auctioneer's voice, to keep going that persuasive, gentle draft on his sympathies, and he ought to pay something for the comfortable chair he sat in. But he was dubious about the magnificent specimen, and six-fifty was a tidy sum to pay for a chair, or for the privilege of sitting in one.

"Seven hundred I have——" The voice boomed again, and Joseph sank back with relief. The adjutant cast an inquiring glance in his direction, but Joseph kept strict control of his eyebrows, thankful to have escaped the carved specimen.

The auctioneer's voice lulled him again. It was like his father's voice now, calling at the pasture-bars at milking-time—"Co-boss—co-boss—co-boss"—and the laden cows moving slowly with swinging udders up the lane, ready to give down their streams of milk. "Co-boss—co-boss—co-boss," it floated on dew-laden air. "May I not say a thousand now? Nine hundred, then. Make it nine hundred, then! And now a thousand—two thousand—two thousand five hundred—three thousand! Going at three thousand dollars!"

"Sold!" The word came gently and reluctantly.

Attendants glided on to the stage. They removed the tall chest reverently. From the other side a wing-chair slid gently toward the center of the stage. The auctioneer cast a careless eye.

"Here we have a unique specimen—lot number 637." Leaves turned and catalogs rustled. "Shall we start this piece at one hundred? One hundred I have. Now how about fifty? One-fifty—seventy-five—two hundred."

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The adjutant's swift glances caught the bids and bombarded him. He gathered them in with his wonder-evoking voice and called for more.

Joseph Wardell's outer ear took in the voice, but his inner ear followed other sounds—the farm life waking at daybreak, cattle and fowl sounding the dawn—a tousled boy, on the edge of his bed, groping with sleepy hands for his one garment, a ragged pair of overalls—the boy slept in his shirt. Out to the barn, a dash at the watering-trough—then work, a stop for breakfast—hot sun, sudden showers, the wind blowing cool.

"And for this splendid sofa, what am I offered? Shall we start it at two hundred? Number 643—started at two hundred—*and* fifty."

Joseph blinked and sat up. Number 643 was Elsie's sofa. The adjutant caught his eye. "Three hundred."

"Three hundred I am offered," crooned the auctioneer, "Does some one say three-fifty? Three-fifty I have——"

Joseph Wardell was awake now. In the back of his mind he was seeing Elsie at breakfast, bending to the catalog.

"There's a sofa here, Joe, I'd like to have."

"Get it, then."

"It's going to be auctioned. I never go to auctions."

"Want it very much?"

"I believe I do. Yes, I really *must* have it. The doctor said, on no account to go out till I feel quite well. You can't fool with the flu." He knew the flu was only camouflage, but if she wanted her sofa she should have it.

"Four hundred," said the auctioneer persuasively.

Joseph raised an eyebrow—to four-fifty.

A man across the room promptly sent it to five hundred, then to six hundred in response to Joseph's return bid. The battle sped briskly. People craned a little. Joseph bid another hundred. Perhaps the man across the room had a wife with the flu who had instructed him. They battledored and shuttlecocked it up to twenty-two hundred and fifty, the man across the room raising and lowering his hand, Joseph trusting to eyebrows.

He bid twenty-five hundred. There was silence across the room.

"Sold"—the word came softly—"to Joseph Wardell for twenty-five hundred dollars." How did the fellow get his name? They knew everything—these dealers! "Sold," all right! Twenty-five hundred for a shabby old sofa; but if Elsie wanted it——"

He watched the attendants slide the sofa from the stage. He hoped they would handle it with care.

He didn't mind the twenty-five hundred, but he did hate to be made a fool of. Still, the other man had wanted it. He dismissed an unworthy thought that suspected the galleries of bidding against him. No, they were straight. It was probably worth twenty-five hundred.

A canopy-topped bedstead rolled on, and the bidding began. Joseph almost regretted that Elsie had not specified a bedstead. It was certainly a pretty thing. He liked the slender, fluted shafts. He threw in a fifty bid as a tribute to the fluted posts and sent the bidding briskly on.

His thoughts wandered—he was seeing her pleasure, her quick glance of affection when the sofa arrived. He would not tell her he had bought it.

IT HAD been the crucial moment of his life when Elsie listened to his wooing. Looking back, he often wondered—he could not quite see how he had dared—a raw lad, with nothing but his courage. Elsie had everything—money, family, education. He could see the boy in the twilight—hear his very voice, embroidered by the auctioneer's.

"If you will marry me I shall be a big man." And she had not spoken. She was looking at something far away.

"I shall be a big man, even if you don't," he said stoutly. "But I shall not be——"

Then she held out her hands.

"All right, Joe!" Her smile blessed him.

He had kept his promise to her. He might not be the biggest man of them all, but he knew he was big in ways that counted. The Government was pretty likely to consult him before taking an important step. People did not call him a captain of industry, he did not make speeches, and his picture was not in the Sunday papers. He paid his publicity man well to keep him out of the papers. He could walk down the street without people turning to look.

So Joseph flattered himself. He would have been quaintly surprized to learn that every member of the force of the auction-galleries knew who he was—knew all about him and the number of ciphers he stood for. The stock of the galleries went up with that lift of his eyebrow.

A new millionaire interested in sales meant higher prices. The galleries knew they all came to it sooner or later—not always in person, but through agents or correspondence. They began to speculate in paintings and tapestries, then rugs and furniture and curios, and finally in books. It gave them an interest in life—made them feel important, their wealth tangible. New worlds to conquer. Something the other fellow wanted and couldn't get while their money and shrewdness kept him off. Joseph felt a little premonitory glow sitting in the auction-room.

He had never thought Joseph Wardell would come to it. Too often he had seen shrewd men of business going dotty over snuff-boxes and pictures and pewter. Joseph intended to keep to business—he would carry on in business till he dropped—probably die in harness. Business, as usual, was good enough for Joseph Wardell.

There was more real thrill in a deal in copper or coal than in all the old chests and chairs and tables in the world! Then something in him had snapped—sagged—that was the better word. Joseph found himself no longer interested in copper and coal. Business bored him. The savor had gone out of it—or out of him.

His doctor pounded him and listened, and sent him to another doctor, who sent electric lights traveling all through him and over him, searching hidden trouble. They held a conference. Nothing wrong—take a rest. Business shut off—six months, a year perhaps. Active exercise tabu. Even travel frowned on. Just vegetate a while, they advised; let the machine readjust itself. They looked wise above their pointed beards. Absolute quiet—get up, go to the club, home again—a fine life for a man of sixty!

He was glad Elsie had wanted the sofa. For at least an afternoon he had not been bored, and the auctioneer's voice alone was worth the price. Joseph had a grim,

Continued on Page 62

"'IMAGINE! TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED, JOE SAYS HE PAID!' THE CONVERSATION FLOWED. EVERY ONE HAD AN AUCTION STORY"

NICE GIRLS DON'T

Still another proof that times have changed since mother was a girl . . .

By
GERALD MYGATT
Illustrations by C. R. CHICKERING

"'DON'T BOTHER TO STAND UP. THEY SAID YOU WERE A GENTLEMAN, BUT IT'S QUITE PLAIN YOU'RE NOT!'"

THE floor-nurse, trim and slim-waisted in her starched white uniform, smiled up at the tall young man who was lifting a pile of shirts from the chiffonier.

"We'll all be sorry to see you go," she said. And then, perhaps because he was straight and broad-shouldered and easy for feminine eyes to look upon, perhaps simply because he had become a romantic figure in the hospital on account of the strangeness of his case, the quality of her smile softened. "You won't forget us, will you?" she suggested.

The young man laughed easily. "What—me forget! Fat chance!"

It was then that his forehead furrowed itself, as at an unpleasant recollection. He straightened perceptibly. Simultaneously the girl's smile froze, giving place to a look of utter dismay. Her mouth opened with the intake of a gasp. Her face flooded red. "Oh, please," she whispered, and stretched out a tentative hand. "I—I didn't mean that—I mean the way it sounded."

The tall young man laughed abruptly. He plumped the pile of shirts down next to his open suitcase, which lay yawning upon the bed, and took a single step forward. He cupped the girl's cheeks between his two-hands and kissed her, briefly but roundly.

"There," he said, backing away. "I've been wanting to do that little thing ever since five weeks ago, when I woke up and found you bending over me. I've been pretty patient about it too, if you ask me. And speaking of forgetting, if you have any idea I'm likely to forget the first good-looking girl I've seen in twelve years, you're cuckoo."

Visibly the nurse didn't know what to say She tried to smile, then instinctively shot an appeal to the corner of the tiny hospital bedroom, where a second young man, crisply mustached and idling with a cane, sat in a wicker chair, eying the tableau with quiet amusement.

"Sir Wallace," she pleaded, "do tell him to be good."

The second young man said, drawling, "You may take it as a great compliment, Miss Stebbin, I fancy. I can go my oath he's never given any indication of being a Don Juan."

The taller man frowned faintly, but contrived a smile of his own. He hesitated, then he said, "When I'm saying good-by to a girl I like I always knight her with a kiss You conservative Britishers wouldn't understand, naturally." He forced a quick laugh. "It's the snappy American technique, that's all."

The girl said something, and presently she was gone. The two young men, alone now, observed each other with a certain vague constraint The Englishman, who sat in the chair, sighted carefully along his cane, as if it had just occurred to him that the stick might not be perfectly straight With his head cocked and one eye closed he revolved it slowly, pursing his lips as a faint imperfection in the polish rolled into view.

The American said, "I guess I spoke out of turn, didn't I, Wally?"

"Certainly not," the other said promptly.

"Oh, come now, Wally—I could see it in your eyes. I can see things in your eyes all the time; things I do that jolt you. Believe me, it's tough on you, being my friend and all at once finding me a total stranger." Now the American shook his head soberly. He said with deliberation, "I can tell you this, tho, I'm going to try to be the kind of guy you've known instead of the kind I used to be. I was a bum, Wally—you might as well get that through your head."

"I don't believe a word of it," murmured the Englishman kindly. "You volunteered for the air service, didn't you, almost two years before the States came in?"

"Sure I did. What did I care then? I was looking for a new kick. I'd been fired from Princeton, Cornell, and Dartmouth in sweet succession. And on top of that, after giving me a couple of good tries, my old man booted me out. Yes, I was a bum—just a plain well-dressed bum." Abruptly his face hardened. "I don't want to go back to it, either," he muttered.

"Well, you don't have to, do you?"

"NO, I don't. I can handle the liquor thing all right. I'm done with that for good. But the girl end of it that's been worrying me, Wally. It's on my mind the way it used to be, and not the way you say I've been for the last twelve years Of course it may just be this newfangled nurses' uniform—and that's a deuce of a way for nurses in a hospital to go around, with their skirts almost up to their knees! I swear I haven't seen anything like it since my last chorus-girl."

The Englishman blinked at him. He half whispered as if to himself, "Great Scott, I'd forgotten that in your day silk stockings were a treat to the eye."

"Not to my eye, Wally, because I was Heaven's little gift to Broadway. I don't know why I went in for chorus-girls; probably to spite the old man. But I certainly went in plenty. Kid stuff, of course, but I did

a thorough job. And when the old man got tired of buying me out and balling me out I got brave and enlisted. That's my history to date—concluding with my stepping up to bat just now and swinging at the first ball pitched."

Sir Wallace shook his head interrogatively.

The American smiled wanly. He said, "My gosh, hasn't England learned baseball yet? Or maybe they don't even play it any more back home. How should I know? What I meant was simply that the first girl I see I manage to kiss, which is the way I used to be and not the way I want to be."

"Piffle, old chap! She's pretty. I'd have kissed her myself in your place."

"Maybe yes, maybe no," the American mused. "Just the same, that uniform's all wrong, and somebody ought to tell 'em about it. The thing may be sanitary or efficient or something, but it gives people wrong ideas. Nice girls don't go around with skirts that short."

"Don't they, tho!" the Englishman remarked. "The funny part of it is you've seen millions of 'em."

"Not that short," the American persisted doggedly. Now he peered at his companion and promptly rounded the foot of the bed to lay his hand upon the other's shoulder. He said, "There go your eyes again, Wally –that funny look. Don't you think I know you're getting the short end of this? Here you've been my best friend for twelve years——"

"Seven years we've lodged together," the other corrected him.

"Well, seven years! What's the odds? You've been my closest friend for seven years, and in all that time we've roomed together and worked together and played together, and I don't remember a blessed minute of it, nor of you, nor of anything. Here I am, a different person; back where I was twelve years ago, with not a recollection of a thing that's happened since that nose-dive of mine into the German lines—and I find I have a friend. That's you. Only I don't remember you.

"All I know is that you've been my right arm for the last five weeks, since a day you tell me about when I let my horse bungle a jump—and I don't even remember that, as you know—and then that surgeon, Lord Something-or-Other, starts reassembling my skull and comes across a little old splinter of bone from twelve years back that's sticking into my brain. And he takes a pair of pliers or something and yanks it out. If he hadn't done it both you and I would be perfectly happy to-day, only I wouldn't know it. But he did, and a lobe of my brain, or whatever they call it, started functioning again—and you, Wally, are out of luck."

"Boloney!" said the Englishman. He smiled widely. "That's good American slang, too. Recognize it?"

"NEVER heard of it. Boloney's a kind of sausage. 'Hot dog' is what you mean, I guess. What I'm trying to say is that you've wasted seven years of fine and loyal friendship on a man who can't appreciate it—and I mean just that. Because no matter how much I want to appreciate it, how can I? The things we've been through together—as far as I'm concerned I wasn't there." He dropped his two hands to his sides, extended them helplessly. He was very much in earnest.

The Englishman said, "Piffle! It will all come back to you some day. And what if it doesn't? You're still my friend, aren't you?"

"You can have my shirt."

"They don't fit, old chap. I found that out seven years ago. Just the same, if a friend of mine wants to turn into a blooming Yank overnight, cheerio is all I say. If a friend of mine wants to forget a few rum times we've had together, cheerio all the more." Now the Englishman chuckled. "Great Scott," he said, "if you want to hop up on that bed and flap your wings and crow and then turn into a Mesopotamian or a bloody New Zealander, go to it. The empire will still carry on.

"Probably if I'd come a cropper against a stone gatepost the way you did I'd turn into a Chinese mandarin or something equally difficult. And then where would we be? Really, Gargoyle Old Court, was really very simple:

"'YOU DON'T LIKE GIRLS, DO YOU?' SHE ASKED. 'I LIKE YOU,' HE SAID. 'DO I HAVE TO LIKE ANY OTHER GIRLS?'"

be, with me talking Chinese? Which reminds me," and he pulled out his watch, "if we want to make the boat-train we've got to be stirring."

"Allay oop," said the American. Abruptly he grinned. "I'll wireless you the minute I find her, Wally."

"Find who?"

"The most spinsterish dame on board the boat. I'll have my chair moved next to hers, and we'll discuss Shakespeare or whoever it is that people discuss, and then I'll propose to her, and anyway we'll walk down the gang-plank together and into dad's waiting arms, and I'll say, 'Dad, this is the future Mrs. Rodney Gannet. How do you like my taste now?' And dad'll be so glad I haven't brought home a chorus-girl that he'll weep with joy and kill the fatted calf and—gosh, Wally, I hate to leave you this way."

The two young men eyed each other with a wistful sternness. The Englishman resumed his inspection of his walking-stick. "Better toss those shirts in," he mumbled. "By the way, isn't that blue scarf mine?"

Rodney Gannet did not need to have his deck-chair moved. By a stroke of fortune he found her sitting next to him, and he so reported by wireless at once. The businesslike wireless-operator of the *Tridentia* read the message dubiously, but he sent it without emotion. It was either the raving of another crazy American or else it was some elaborate diplomatic code, and the operator, who was paid by the month, didn't really much care. He shot the message out into space, and yawned, and lighted another cigaret. The message, addressed to Sir Wallace

SHE IS ON BOARD AND NOT TOO PRETTY BUT BETTER THAN EXPECTED WILL PROPOSE MARRIAGE IN SELF DEFENSE TOO MANY LEGS FOR COMFORT MOSTLY AMERICAN BY VOICES WHOLE SHIP LOOKS LIKE FOLLIES CONVENTION BUT NEVER FEAR MY LITTLE COUNTRY MOUSE WILL SAVE ME CHEERIO ROD

The little country mouse sat in the next steamer-chair and gazed straight out across the English Channel. Her profile was rather nice; straight nose, firm lips, neat little chin. It was somewhat difficult for Rodney Gannet to decide whether she really was at all pretty or not because quite obviously she wasn't the kind of girl one could stare at. Surreptitiously and with the elaborate unconcern of turning to look the length of the deck—but never at her, of course, except from the corners of his eyes—he managed to give himself the assurance that she was at least average in looks.

Her eyes he could merely guess at, since eyes have to be looking at you or you can't do much with the business of appraising them; but he noted with satisfaction that her eyebrows were natural and not plucked, and he liked the way her brown hair was drawn straight back from her forehead and over her ears and then coiled in a neat old-fashioned knot at the nape of her neck.

She sat in her chair and looked out at the waves, and her skirt didn't blow up over her knees because it was long enough not to, and, anyway, she had it tucked in. Walking about the deck, Rodney had noticed already that it took only the merest breath of a zephyr to flip back an entire battalion of skirt-hems, revealing such length of hosiery as he never had witnessed in any public place except the musical-comedy stage. But hers stayed down just where a skirt belonged, and he approved.

HE APPROVED too of the fact that she sat quietly in her chair, sometimes looking out at nothing and sometimes reading, because all the other girls on board seemed to make a business of trooping up and down, giggling in twos and threes or else looking soulfully into the eyes of such sappy-looking young men as might be accompanying them; and they shrieked and were noisy, and they dabbed at their faces with rouge-pads and lipsticks, and quite plainly—for the sun was bright and the breeze fitfully boisterous—none of them had spent much money on underwear.

All Rodney Gannet thought was that it was funny there weren't more ladies on board. But there didn't seem to be very many. He must ask somebody about it. Perhaps to-morrow he would speak to the girl in the next chair.

He did.

He came up from breakfast that next morning well pleased with life as a result of a sound and blissful sleep. The land might change, men and women might change, the world itself might change, but ships of the sea were things eternal.

Always, as long as the sea endured, ships would smell the same—that delicious, nostril-filling cocktail fragrance of rubber tiling and brass polish and fresh, clean paint and good old-fashioned tar—and ships would sound the same, with muffled voices coming from nowhere and soft padding footsteps and the friendly creak of wood and metal bowing inevitably to the will of the waves; and, above all, ships would always pitch and roll, up and down the cradlewise, with the slap and swash and hiss of living salt water as an endless lullaby to those who loved it.

The sun was shining again this morning, and whitecaps were chasing one another across the blue Atlantic. Rodney breathed deeply as he gained the deck.

The girl was already in her chair, and it was only natural for her to meet his eyes. She smiled tentatively, and Rodney said, "Good morning."

"Isn't it just?" she said.

But he was still peering at her, for he had made the abrupt discovery that her eyes were lovely. Brown they

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Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

"THE CHILDREN, ALL TALKING AT ONCE, TOLD OF THE FIGHT. RALPH STILL HAD THE STRAP. JUNIOR HAD NOT BEEN TRIUMPHANT"

IDA

Here is a story that will plant new hope in the hearts of thousands of poor relations

By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Illustrations by MAGINEL WRIGHT BARNEY

IDA DILLON awoke, as she always awoke, when she heard the baby crying in the next room. She jumped up mechanically, grabbed her cotton bath-robe, which lay on the chair near her bed, threw it across her shoulders over her white-cotton night-dress—she didn't have time, really, to put it on—and hurried down the long hall to the bathroom. If she was quick enough with her dressing she would be able to take the baby from Mary by the time Mary had nursed her.

Ida Dillon "made her home" with the Harbergers. Mary Harberger was her sister. She had lived with them ever since the unfortunate termination of her own marriage eleven years before. And it seemed to Ida that during those eleven years there always had been a baby to take from Mary in the morning. Of course that wasn't exactly true, for there were long stretches in between babies. Mary and Jim had been married over twelve years and there were only five against the Lemsons' eight and the Brodwicks' seven. Still even in Daleford folks were getting more stylish. The Henry Ewalds had only one baby and the Simpsons only two.

Ida, even as she stood in the old tub and rapidly sponged her body—there was no shower-bath at the Harbergers'—smiled peculiarly to herself, and it was not the smile of a woman of thirty-nine who had been widowed for eleven years. There was a peculiar lurking mischief in the smile, as if Ida Dillon knew a secret, and it was not the smile that Ida Dillon's folks were accustomed to.

She dried hurriedly with a little bath-towel—she must [illegible] to work, and got married and settled down there, remember to mend it before it was washed again—and hurried back to her room. The smile was still on her face as she brushed her hair back into a tight little knob, as she put on her gingham house-dress. She'd tell them to-day—the first chance she'd get—breakfast- or dinner- or supper-time. Eleven years—a long time—

For eleven years Ida Dillon had lived with the Harbergers. It had been a long eleven years, and it had not been the way she planned her life at all. Not that she had actually planned it any way, of course, but she had had little dreams about what she had wanted her life to be—sentimental dreams—and they included a rose-clad white cottage and babies—her own babies—and she herself singing old songs in the twilight while he himself listened appreciatively. Of course even the man had been a part of the dream, and he had gone the way of the dream, too.

The Dixons—Ida and Mary had been Dixons before their marriages, and Howard had been at home then, too—had lived in a neat frame cottage in Elm Street. Ma Dixon had been a busy worker and a good cook. She hadn't gone in much for new things, thought card-playing a waste of time and perhaps a bit alined with the devil, but she had done all of her washing and baked bread every Tuesday and Friday. Father Dixon had worked for the glass-factory until his rheumatism got too bad.

When she was nearly twenty-five Ida had met Rudy Dillon. Rudy had worked "with the railway" rather indefinitely, but because she was twenty-five—which is old for suitors in Daleford—and because Rudy possessed a sort of lazy charm and was good-looking in a tall, lean sort of way, Ida had imagined herself in love with him. She had never been exactly popular, but then eligible men were rare enough, and Mary, who was three years younger and much prettier, hadn't had a suitor either.

Ida and Rudy had married and had "lived at home," partly because Rudy's salary was small and partly because there really was no use for them to have their own home, what with Rudy away at least half of the time. Howard, the only boy in the family, went to Kansas City to work, and got married and settled down there.

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When Ida had been married about a year Mary married Jim Harberger, who had sold his farm near Daleford and gone into business there. Jim was a red-faced, heavy German, nearing thirty, who seemed a great deal jollier than he really was. He had inherited the farm from his father, but after his father's death he sold it because the work was hard, and he preferred living in Daleford.

He wanted to marry a Daleford girl and was pleased with Mary, who was slight and pretty and had curly brown hair and was quite different from the girls on the farms. He bought the old Marberry house, a huge and even then rather old-fashioned place on the edge of town.

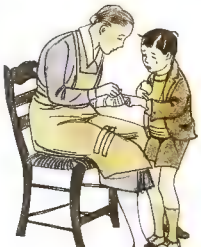
Every one thought that Mary had done well because of Jim's money and his new mercantile position—he had bought out an already established dry-goods store. Jim Harberger had quite a standing in town. He was determined, steady, a bit stupid, slow, but he was dependable and thorough.

After Mary married, just when the family seemed so nicely settled and in order, given to family dinners alternately at the Harberger and Dixon homes, Mrs. Dixon, for the first time in her life, did a disrupting and unusual thing. She died.

Six months later another unusual and even more disrupting thing occurred. Rudy Dillon, tired of the domesticity which half of each week in Daleford gave him, decided that he was never intended for marriage, anyhow, and disappeared altogether. Ida had been married just three years, and, while her ardor for Rudy had cooled, still she had rather liked having him come home, having him belong to her, walking down the street clinging to his arm.

He had proved rather a taciturn fellow, none too good about bringing home his wages, but too ready to get into quarrels with his superiors, which would mean periods of "laying off" without any salary whatever. Still when he was gone she missed him. There had been something comfortable about having a man around, even if he had been a half-time man into whose past and even into whose present amours she had dared not inquire too closely.

Since her mother's death she had had entire charge of the household, and Rudy's arrival had been the most pleasant event of her week. It was months before she could persuade herself that he did not intend to come back again. She inquired about him among the few acquaintances of his whom she knew "down at the yards," feeling dreadfully humiliated as she asked, and they had answered vague things about Rudy having changed jobs or "working out of Kansas City."



"FREDDIE HAD TO BE PETTED"

She finally got used to knowing that he would not come back, and, when eight years later, she was notified that he had been killed and was given a small amount of insurance that he had kept in her name all the time, she did not even grieve much about him.

When Mary and Jim had been married about a year Junior was born. Of course it had not been altogether selfishness on Mary's part—tho a first baby is a lot of work, and Jim didn't believe in hiring outside help; there had been nothing altruistic in Mary's and Jim's suggestion that Ida and her father sell the old house—it was pretty badly run down, anyhow—and come to live with them. Plenty of room in the big house—room enough for all.

So the Dixon cottage was sold, and Ida moved into the little back room next to Mary's and began to be awakened each morning by the newest baby's cry. The babies had come rapidly enough, so that there was nearly always one of them to cry in the morning and to hold tiny arms out for Aunt Ida. Of course Junior was a big baby, six months old, when Ida moved to the Harbergers'. May had followed two years later.

JUNIOR was eleven now—going to school—and so was May, who was nine. Freddie was six and nearly big enough for school, too. Lulie was three, with brown curls like her mother's had been, and the baby was six months old. Ps Dixon had seen only his oldest grandchild, for he had died a year after he had moved away from his old home.

Ida knocked at Mary's door, hurried in and took the baby from her, and bathed and washed it quickly and efficiently, as she always washed babies. She put the baby in its crib and hurried into the room where May and Lulie slept. May, at nine, was a big girl and could almost wash and dress herself, excepting the buttons; but Lulie had to be taken care of.

May had a sty on her eye just now which needed special attention. Ida washed it with boric acid while May howled—she was rather a cross child, a bit anemic and always had something the matter with her. Lulie was round and rosy and good-natured, a child who wiggled and jumped and was no easier to dress because she was healthy. Ida had them both finished before long—you do a thing pretty well if you do it every day. May ran down-stairs, still whimpering on account of the sore eye, and Ida carried Lulie down on her arm. She was a heavy child and she did not like to walk.

IDA was in time to help Mary get breakfast as she had planned. Mary had taken care of Junior and Freddie, and now was busy over the oatmeal. Ida set the table with a practised hand; arranged fruit, bread and butter, a dish of preserves for Jim, who liked something sweet in the morning. Jim was already seated at the table reading the morning paper.

"Good morning, Jim," said Ida brightly as she always said it.

"Um—m-m—morning," muttered Jim into his paper.

When breakfast was ready Ida took care of Freddie and Lulie, while Mary served Jim and saw that Junior and May got away in time for school. Freddie was a good boy and should have been neater, but he let the oatmeal run down his chin and onto his bib in little dribbles in spite of Aunt Ida's careful, "Watch out now, Freddie; be a good boy."

When Jim and Junior and May were gone and Freddie was out playing in the yard—he'd be in school six months from now—and with only Lulie underfoot, the two women did the housework together. They worked almost in silence. Mary had grown a bit querulous through the years. Child-bearing had not helped her physically; she was much thinner than when she was married, and sallow, too.

Jim had spoiled her, in a way. That is, while he would not hire adequate help he would fill her mind so completely with the tales of his own importance and, by reflected glory, her importance, too, that she had grown to think of herself as some one far different from the little Mary Dixon of years ago.

Wasn't she the wife of Jim Harberger, one of the biggest men in Daleford? Only three months ago there had been a photograph of her and the children—all but the baby, who hadn't been born the year before, when the picture was taken—in the Daleford *Leader*, captioned "One of Daleford's most charming matrons and her lovely family."

She was a member of the Young Matrons' Bridge Club and the Tuesday Afternoon Club—each member read a new book each year and told the club about it—and Jim belonged to the Daleford Country Club and was going to play golf there every Saturday after the club-grounds were finished. They had a car, which Jim drove and which Mary thought she would learn to drive some time when Jim wasn't using it and when she wasn't so nervous.

Of course Mary looked down on Ida. How could she help it—she the mother of five and wife of a prominent citizen? Ida meant well, of course, and was a great help with the children, but she had no—well, no style and she never seemed to keep up with things or have any outside interests.

Mary never took Ida with her to any social gatherings, and sometimes when she was with one of the more fashionable women of the town she was almost ashamed of Ida when she passed her on the street—Ida getting a little fat with the years and hurrying along in her funny round-shouldered way. When Mary had company for dinner she sometimes managed to persuade Ida, without actually saying anything, to eat in the kitchen with the children, and then stay in the kitchen to help with things.

"It's so nice of you," she would say, "and you know how the children love to eat with their Aunt Ida instead of having dinner all alone."

When the bridge club met with Mary, Ida had to be around of course. She didn't play bridge herself—somehow there just hadn't been any opportunity for her to learn—but she didn't care much about games anyhow. Ida would work all morning cleaning the living-room and getting the refreshments ready. Then she would hurry into her best black-silk dress, on which she had so carefully stitched new white-lace collar and cuffs earlier in the week, and would do what work she could.

SHE would bob around unnecessarily when the guests came in, not knowing quite what to say to them, altho they were all women she had known all of her life. Then, while they played cards, she would disappear in the kitchen and, with her gingham protecting her best dress, she would finish getting the refreshments. She would serve most of them, fluttering a bit excitedly toward the end. Needless:

"Can I serve you anything more, Mrs. Crimpson?" or "Everything all right, Mrs. Ely?" and passing, too many times, cream and sugar. Mary would push her away and say, "Everything is all right, Ida," or smile, with a glance at Ida, to one of her friends.

Mary and Ida washed the dishes first.

"Some one's nicked another of the blue fruit-dishes,"

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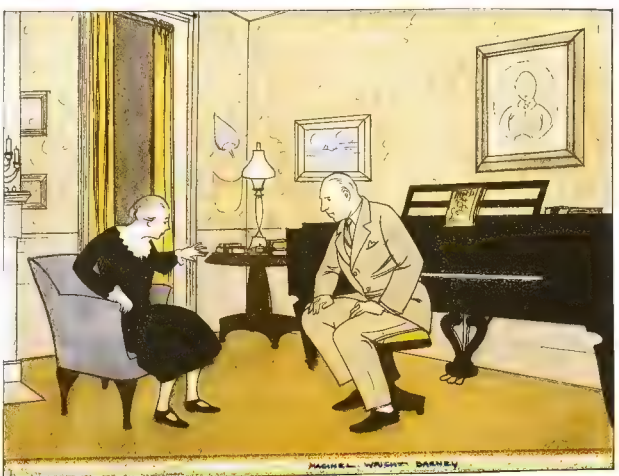

"I TELL YOU THE SETTING IS REAL TASTY. I GOT THE STONE FROM ERNIE CONDON FOR A BAD DEBT"

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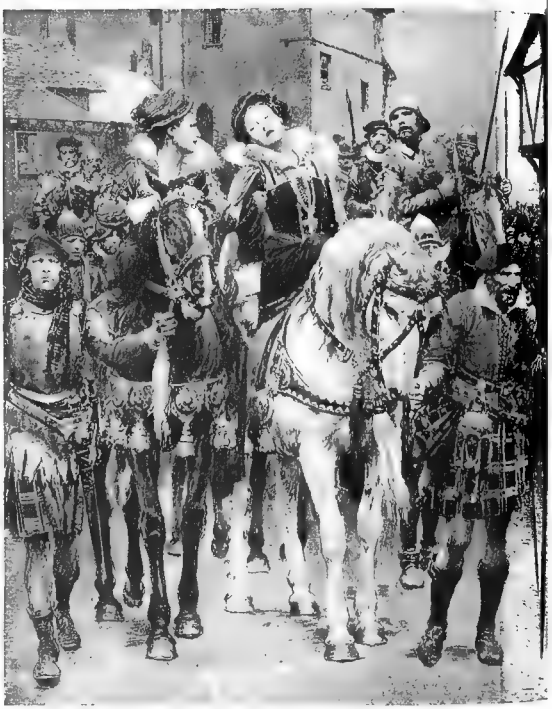
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

THE DUEL OF THE QUEENS

By
E. BARRINGTON

Illustrations by
FORTUNINO MATANIA



"WITH CRIES OF 'BURN THE MURDERESS!' RINGING ABOUT HER, THEY MARCHED

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

In the preceding instalments much has happened to the tragic Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, and for a little while Queen of France. Her young husband Francis, King of France, has died, and Mary has abandoned the land of her adoption to the intrigues of the Queen Mother, Catherine de Medici, and sought safety in Scotland.

But she has found the country of her inheritance intolerant of her religion and the Scottish lords embroiled in political plots inspired by Lord Moray, her own half-brother, who is a traitor to every cause but his own. She has seen Chastelard, her favorite poet, who accompanied her from France, dragged to his death. She has become an unwilling party to the schemes of Lord Henry Darnley, who will win her in spite of general disfavor and the objections of Elizabeth of England.

She has had the handsome, vacillating Darnley crowned King of Scotland. She has turned a deaf ear to every insinuation that her brother plots against her. She has seen Rizzio, her little, deformed Italian secretary, stabbed to death before her eyes, and she with child. And she has been forced to flee for her life to the stronghold of the Setons on the east coast of Scotland, whence hails Mary Seton, her loyal lady in waiting and constant confidante.

She has summoned all Scotland to her rescue, and so subdued the rebel forces. She has forgiven her spineless husband all his perfidy and accepted Moray's protestations of loyalty. But Moray still plots with Bothwell to do away with Darnley, and so one night they blow his house to atoms and kill him and his attendants when the queen is making merry in the castle at Holyrood. To whom will Mary now turn for protection for herself and son? It appears that dour Bothwell has designs upon her.

THE King of Scotland had been killed and the mob raged and roared in Edinburgh, wild with excitement. But Lord Moray had left the city, true to Lethington's assertion that he would look through his fingers at a deed, yet never be caught in it.

Within Holyrood Mary Stuart, stupefied with shock and horror, struggled to realize the magnitude of the blow that had fallen upon her. She had known through all difficulties that only one way was possible for her, that of union close and sure with her husband, the father of her son, the man in whom the blood royal of Scotland and England met and strengthened her claim to the English crown. Therefore she had clung to him when all love was dead and only stern necessity and their union in the child were left to hold them together.

A fortnight after the murder she sat long in twilight, with Mary Seton silent beside her, but not even her faithful heart could plumb the depth of the queen's unmeasurable wo. And all day long and far into the night they sat. Until finally Mary Seton slept for sheer exhaustion. But the morning found her wakeful with dim eyes fixed on the dawn.

Now she could endure it no longer. Human nature could not stagnate forever in such dull passivity. Also there was a bitter secret to tell. And so she spoke.

"Madam, sweet madam, speak to me. I beseech you remember me that love you and speak."

A wan smile flickered on Mary's lips and was gone. Mary Seton persisted.

"Madam, shall I not know your inmost grief? Do you fear my Lord Moray for your prince and you?"

At that name a quiver passed across the queen's face.

"I had forgotten him," she said, and returned to her dream of pain.

"Madam, I am half dead with fear and grief. What shall I do if you shut me out of your thought? for I am yours—the creature of your hand. Have pity on me."

That was the plea to touch her; the royalty in her nature replied instantly to any cry of grief. For the first time she looked at the girl, and stretched out her hand. Mary Seton cherished it between her palms.

"What ails you, Mary Seton? I am well. I think there is no grief or fear can kill me. I shall live to be an old, old woman, gazing backward always at dead days like the Jew who reviled our Lord Christ."

"But you have loved Him, madam. You have served Him. For you there is no fear. Tell me your heart. What do your eyes see?"

Mary spoke at first as if laboring for words against a weight in her bosom. Then more swiftly:

"I see England lost. What should the English want of a country that murders forever for policy? and he was royal English as royal Scots. I see the cause of our faith cast down in Scotland. I see my brother regent if I die, and the child——"

There her voice broke, and the silence was so long that Mary Seton ventured a trembling question.

"Madam, does your grace now distrust my Lord Moray? Oh, for the sake of the living God tell me you do! Where has your trust led you?"

She answered wildly:

"Whom can I trust? They have led me from hell to hell. I was too young. I was not fit to rule. They killed my mother. They have killed my husband. They will kill me—and my son——"

She checked herself suddenly.

"But, madam, if my Lord Moray has fled how shall your grace find a minister? And the people cry in the streets for an inquiry into the king's murder." The queen spoke bitterly.

"I ask but for a few days to mend my broken heart, and then I will shoulder the burden until it breaks me. I have offered great rewards to the man who reveals the plot and the murderers. I have kissed my husband's face and laid him to sleep by my father, the king, and, oh, I loved him once, Mary Seton, and the bitterness of death is less bitter than broken love. Help me, Mary Seton—help! I must write to France. Have they written to England? What has happened while I lay dead? Tell me of the world?"

SWIFTLY Mary Seton possessed her of the chief events. France had been written to immediately by the council. England also. That answer was now awaited. Darnley's servants, greatly terrified by their master's fate, desired to return to England with speed, but wished to take a loving farewell of the queen.

Fourth instalment of one of the greatest romances in history, portraying the bitter struggle of two extraordinary women who happened to be queens

THE QUEEN INTO EDINBURGH TO MEET THE YELLS OF THE MADDENED PEOPLE"

Edinburgh was in great tumult, crying out for the murderers that they might be found and done to death. Here she halted, then continued swiftly on Moray's flight, and much more, most urgent for the queen to hear.

"I have been a coward, Mary Seton, but you shall see. Go—ask if the English letter of condolence is come. I must know my good sister's mind in this great matter. God send it does not gladden her, for she hated him; but surely she will pity me in this great anguish, and I will tell her that I lean on her now, for what else have I? Go. But darken the room. Killigrew shall not see my face."

Mary Seton ran to the door and was gone. This might be anguish, but it was life, not death, and hope winged her feet. It seemed long before she returned, preceding Killigrew, the English ambassador, in deep mourning and walking silently. At the door he paused and bowed. Again, in the middle of the room, and then advancing, knelt at the queen's feet, holding in his hand the packet, folded, sealed, secured with silk, bearing the inscription which had sent it flying through England, through Scotland, to Edinburgh to comfort the queen.

Mary took it from his hand with a faint word of greeting, and did a strange thing. She lifted it to her lips and kissed it.

"We are of one blood, your mistress and I, and I am most utterly alone. This shall bring me her good heart and cheer me. I thank you, sir, for a hope. Now I shall not keep you. I will read it alone, and you shall know my thanks to-morrow."

She stretched her hand for him to kiss. Then, rising, he bowed and moved backward to the door. In the dark of the black room he had not seen her face.

Her lips moved as the seals fell apart and yielded their folded treasure.

The queen unfolded it and read:

MADAM: My ears have been so much shocked, my mind distressed, and my heart appalled at hearing the horrible report of the abominable murder of your husband, my slaughtered cousin, that I have scarcely as yet spirits to write about it, but altho nature constrains me to lament his death, so near to me in blood as he was, I must tell you boldly that I am more concerned for you than for him.

Oh, madam, I should neither perform the office of a faithful cousin nor that of an affectionate friend if I studied rather to please your ears than to preserve your honor; therefore I will not conceal from you that people for the most part say that you will look through your fingers at this deed instead of revenging it and that you have not cared to touch those who have done you this pleasure as if the deed had not been done without the murderers having that assurance.

ELIZABETH. R.

She gave it to Mary Seton, mute as death. Then, choosing each word, she spoke with dry lips:

"There are worse murderers than those who take life, and this woman is one. I believed I had sounded the abyss, but there is a deeper. She brands me with my husband's murder. On your allegiance I charge you, Mary Seton—tell me, is this the rumor in Edinburgh?"

Mary Seton's knees tottered under her as she answered:

"Madam, it is."

Standing with her hand resting on the table, the queen spoke:

"To-night I will be alone. Let none come near me."

With tears and prayers Mary Seton fell on her knees.

"Mary Stuart, my darling, my heart's heart—no, not alone."

She had clutched the queen's black dress, but Mary passed into her bedchamber and locked the door. All night Mary Seton sat outside on the ground, her head leaned against it, praying. Not a sound, not a movement, answered from the woman within. In the morning Mary Seton rose and called for the French maids to help her. Jane Kennedy appeared.

"They have fled. Rizzio's fate and the king's have broken their courage. They fled to Leith last night, and a ship sailed this morning for France. And, oh, Mary Seton, there is a placard set up in the town where all may read, 'Farewell, gentle Henry, but a vengeance on Mary.' In the light of day! It is Moray's doing."

"He destroys her good name because the people love her. Better stab her at once and fling her beautiful body into earth and forget her. But vengeance is sure. In a waking dream last night I saw one that pursues him—one of the many he has worse than murdered."

She spoke like a fury—white face aflame. Jane Kennedy stared at her in alarm. This was not the Mary Seton, sweet-voiced and merry, of the old dear days in France. France—it lay like a land of heaven, kind and hospitable, bathed in sweet sunshine and rejoicing rain—a memory.

THE door opened, and Mary Stuart came out and stood looking at them. Pale from her night's vigil, she was calm and self-controlled. She spoke with the simple grace that was a part of her charm.

"I was weak yesterday, Mary Seton and my Kennedy, and I grieve for the trouble it brought your loving hearts. Now I would have you know that I am recovered. Strength has come back to me in the shock of the queen's letter, and this battle must be fought not only with courage but wisdom. Thanks be given to God that we have many proofs of our innocence that needed no proof, and these shall be set forth for the world's judgment.

"It is likely that many suspect the murderers. Those who could contrive Rizzio's murder may well be guilty of this. I say no more as yet. To-day and to-night I spend in prayer. To-morrow to my business. My brother will return when he knows the English ambassador is here. The English are his true friends." She spoke with irony.

That day was given to prayer and fasting, the night also until the gray of dawn, and that day the queen met her council. The chief business was consideration of the bitter placards posted up in secrecy at the street-corners. Several were brought in and laid before her. One especially was sinister and dangerous.

"Because proclamation is made that whosoever shall reveal the murderers of the king, I, who have made inquisition, affirm that the queen assented thereto through the persuasion of the Earl of Bothwell."

A rough cartoon represented the queen as a siren crowned and with a fish-tail scepter in her hand. One after another they were laid before her. One after another she received them, and then laid them down.

She spoke presently with composure.

"My lords, we are met for the discovery of the authors of a crime so horrible that the whole world stands aghast; and on me, who most suffer, and on you falls the burden of discovery. The Earl of Lennox, father of the king, my husband, demands this inquisition. I most of all demand it. If further reason were wanting than the natural affection, these infamies give it to me."

She held up a bill with the letters "M. R." upon it, and a hand holding a sword, and near it the letters "L. B." for "Lord Bothwell," with a murderous mallet above it. Displaying it, she put it down and continued:

"Thus I find my name aspersed in company with that of my Lord Bothwell as art and part in the deed. If he be innocent as I the more foul is the injustice. I call upon all good men and true who have any knowledge of the criminals to disclose the same on pain of death and dishonor."

She had risen energetically, and so stood a moment. Bothwell, seated at the end of the table, facing her, looked up and round the table with his sullen gaze. In Moray's absence the highest position in the council fell to him, and beside him sat Argyll with Lethington, the subtlest of them all, rejoicing at the success of the plot

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which was to catch Bothwell with the queen and doom them both to ruin.

Bothwell rose clumsily, and leaning both hands on the table, spoke unafraid. No doubt, he thought, Moray would come riding back to Edinburgh and set the matter straight. It was beyond his wits.

"Madam, your majesty says well. I am a man guiltless and unafraid, and if any person of honor come forward to make this scandalous charge upon my good name I challenge him to mortal combat, and to this I throw down my gauntlet before you all."

The steel glove rattled on the table. Argyll half rose, but under it Lethington's foot secretly touched his. Argyll reseated himself. Not a word! Silence, until they could confer with Moray—unless indeed it were left to Lethington himself. He only was fitted to deal with it. A pause, and Lethington rose to his feet.

"Your majesty and my lords, one would suppose that Scotland had troubles enough to bear in the sorrowful loss of her king without cruel aspersions cast upon the characters of the highest in the land, such as my Lord of Bothwell. Yet when the greatest are charged they, even they, must for their own sakes and the peace of the public mind submit to strict inquisition, and in my humble opinion my lord does not act wisely in flinging down a gage of battle in defense of what should be tried far otherwise if his fame must remain unstained. This thought I commend to his consideration."

There was silence, all faces addressed first to the queen and then to Bothwell, who sat flushed darkly with the effort to concentrate his wits on the meaning of Lethington's literance. Would they denounce him and save their own skins, or was Lethington giving him a lead?

He stared helplessly at Lethington's fine-cut features and fair, pointed beard. The perfumed leather boot pressed Bothwell's lightly under the table. Aha, then it was a lead! He must take it with a high hand, and if not a lead so much the worse for them. He rose again clumsily.

"If a man is to be denounced for the sake of placards stuck up on the town walls, unsigned, unsupported, and if decent folk take such for true, then denounced I am, tho hitherto her majesty and the late king were pleased to honor me. But let that fly stick in the wall, for I care not, and if fools demand it or the lords or her majesty, again I care not, and I will stand my trial like any Tom, Dick, or Sandy of them all. Therefore in full council I say this: I, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, being charged with abetting a foul crime, refuse so dirty a blot on my good name, and I demand my trial."

He paused a moment and looked round defiant. Under the table Lethington's foot touched Argyll's. "And I hereby offer myself a prisoner, to remain in ward until after the assize."

He sat down, and men were silent, Mary looking at him stedfastly. She thought him honest tho repulsive. Charged as they were together, knowing her own innocence, why should not he also be the prey of ruthless enemies? Her look had something of pity in it—of the mutual understanding of fellow sufferers.

Lethington rose again.

"My Lord Bothwell's tender does him honor. Certain it is that the public mind must be satisfied. Certain also that, he having offered his person freely as surety, there is no need to hold him in ward until the assize. At which, God send him a good deliverance!"

SO IT was agreed. As the council dispersed and Lethington stood alone in the great window looking out to see whether his horses were in readiness, Bothwell swaggered up to him.

"Aha, Master Lethington, so you thought I might be used and then disused, as the saying is. Fine dealings and safe, if I had not thought of it also!—I who know you and Moray naked to the bone. Do you recall a certain bond for the murder of Darnley?"

Lethington paled and stiffened.

"Yes, a bond plain written enough for a court of law and Sir James Craig's eye—the judge's—upon you, Moray's name, your own, and many another goodly fellow's. Well, you did not know where that bond was gone. But *I* know who has it, and **I** give you his name—James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell—and he holds it dearer than life, knowing it will save his life and honor at a pinch."

Suddenly his tone of jesting changed.

"I tell you this, William Maitland of Lethington—you have all of you forced me upon this trial. Am I a fool that I do not guess where the placards come from? Or recognize your hand and Moray's? Take this warning: If I swing for it or lose my head not a man of you all but shall swing beside me. And so, good day to you."

He strode off, triumphant, to ride through Edinburgh and tear down the seditious placards. He shouted and denounced his enemies, but held back his knowledge for the trial, then returned to Holyrood.

Straightway he went to the queen and fell on his knee.

"We are charged with foul murder, madam, you and I, and the one of us as innocent as the other. But I tell your majesty that my sword is yours, my heart is yours, and you have no more to fear from the lords than from a lamb's bleating. I know that of them in former plots that shall blast them in men's eyes. Make good cheer and wait the good days that are coming fast upon you."

A feeble glimmer of hope struggled through her cloud. She eyed him with the wan look which made her beauty so touching to Mary Seton. But that was not how it moved Bothwell. His was a very mundane passion to clasp her in rough arms with all the lands and baronies she represented and all the power and state, together with the beauty which stung unslaked desire. He was meditating a divorce now from bonny Lady Jean Gordon, to whom he had given ample provocation. Suppose the queen could be induced to consider him her only bulwark, what then but his dream at Hermitage come true?

She answered firmly:

"My lord, I believe your innocence as I believe my own. My eyes are opened. I see that if I had followed your counsel years since in distrusting my brother and his band I had been a happy woman and queen. Thus I trust you for myself, my son, and the kingdom, remembering your true service to my mother, now with God."

She stretched her hand, and he kissed it. She thought him moved by her speech and left him, herself the happier for what had passed.

LETHINGTON rode hard to Moray in Fifeshire, and arrived breathless and all but fordone with his journey. Forgetting his courtliness, he thrust himself into the room where Moray sat with his sallow countess. She disappeared at once.

"What, are we all but fools in the hands of bloody Bothwell?" demanded Lethington. "Could we not trust your lordship for that one service to hide the bond where no interested person could find it?"

"And so I did!" cried Moray. "And what then?"

"Bloody Bothwell has it, and he defied me to my face after the council, and dares the trial and what not, as knowing he can ruin us one and all. And what *then*?"

After his first startled movement Moray relapsed into quiet, deep thought after his fashion. Finally he spoke.

"I could have wished it differently, but being as it is, it must be met. Bothwell must be acquitted. Until that is done we can not link him with the queen. That done, there is nothing we may not hope from her confidence in him. We may ourselves propose their marriage. Bothwell at least will take the bait. And once swallowed we have them fast! Sleep here this night, Lethington, my right hand, and ride back to Holyrood to-morrow."

Moray resolved that no power on earth would induce him to be present at the trial of Bothwell. His detestation of him grew daily, and yet at the present moment he could neither countenance nor discountenance him, for the deeper, more intricate parts of the game had yet to be played. Bothwell must not be too much discredited by the lords, for they had resolved to marry him to Mary and overwhelm them in common ruin. Yet he must not be too openly countenanced, for afterward they must represent him as the blackest of murderers.

Lethington would have had Moray remain in Scotland, tho in the background, but Moray, trusting none of his associates too well, preferred rather to advise them through messengers who could be disowned if occasion arose, and to seek Elizabeth's ear for the furtherance of schemes which only Lethington guessed.

Accordingly he betook himself to Edinburgh, held the necessary conferences with Killigrew, the English ambassador, and announced to Mary that he was leaving the country for five years, shocked to the heart's core with the murder of the king.

"But if I am brought low and the country so deeply troubled surely now is the time to support me, brother," she said, looking stedfastly into his eyes and with an expression new to him. He found her indeed much changed since the tragedy of Kirk o' Fields, graver, calmer, but above all slower to speak.

She had not clasped and kissed him on his arrival. But she could know nothing! His alibi had been perfect, and for his own sake Bothwell could never produce the bond. Again she repeated:

"Would you be a fair-weather friend? Darnley's father is set on this trial of Bothwell, tho I would be loath to think a man so trusted capable of so foul a deed. What is your own belief, brother?"

"My belief matters little, madam. Bothwell, like most, has his virtues and faults. I believe you have found him faithful in his rough fashion—as did her grace, your royal mother."

"That is truth," she answered slowly. "The Earl of Lennox has been warned to appear at the trial and give evidence against him as the accuser. But, end as it will, the trial will shake Scotland and England. I need help and guidance. Have you nothing for me?"

Her manner was strangely quiet. And Moray thinking her cowed and broken, took a higher tone.

"Madam, you ask what is impossible. I am in deep debt, weary of public business where I can not have my own say. Yourself knows that no mortal man could tell whom to obey or follow, yourself or the late king, for you would sooner at all times please him than follow the kingdom's good or your own——"

She interrupted him.

"Yet now he is gone, if you consider my helplessness, if I were biddable and docile, would you stay?"

"Not for the world's wealth!" His answer was abrupt as a bullet.

"Then I will plead no more. But I make a request. Or say, rather, a command. I desire that you do not enter England or France. If you will go, let it be to Flanders. There you shall serve me best."

"That, madam, must be as God wills and events direct," he answered coolly. "But you may rest assured that, go where I may, Scotland's good and yours will be the subject of my endeavors."

He took her hand and kissed it, and she did not offer to kiss his cheek. Women's whims! But when he looked back she was weeping with hidden face. After all she still loved him. He dropped the curtain over the door and went away content.

But Mary, having made her last test, wept for dead love, dead trust, the belief of her whole life.

A WEEK later, as she sat forsaken, the loneliest woman in all her kingdom, a letter was brought her from the Archbishop of Glasgow, her ambassador in Paris, with a second warning, more deadly than the last. The good archbishop wrote:

I ask your majesty's pardon that I write thus, but I must write that all may come to your knowledge. It is needful that you should show now the great virtue, magnanimity, and constancy that God has granted you, by whose grace I hope you shall preserve that reputation you have in all godliness acquired so long. It can appear in no way more clearly than that you do such justice that the whole world may know your innocence, and witness forever of their treason who have committed so cruel and ungodly a murder.

So she was on her trial with Bothwell! So all the world would judge her by the result, and the only hope of her acquittal in the world's eyes was that he should be found guilty and mercilessly punished. But what was in her power? Of her own knowledge she knew nothing against him. Could it be that Lennox held such proofs? If so he must produce them at the trial. Moray and Lethington were darkly silent. None had openly charged the man but Lennox. All depended upon the evidence he must have against him.

Mary Seton, who had come in on Moray's going, sat on a low stool, looking up into Mary's face. She read the fear in her eyes. Mary laid the letter in her hand.

"Madam, the good archbishop is right. Yet it is certain Bothwell will escape. The lords must have it so. He knows their guilt!"

Mary caught her hand.

"You know it, and how?"

Mary Seton knelt beside the great chair, drawing the queen's head down that she might whisper in her ear.

"Madam, I was in the great curtains by the window when my Lord Bothwell spoke with Lethington after the Privy Council, and I heard him tell Lethington that he has a bond signed with the names of the murderers and——"

The queen's hand gripped her wrist like steel.

"Whose?"

SHORT SHORT-STORY CONTEST

On account of the tremendous number of manuscripts received in this contest the names and addresses of the prize-winners that we intended publishing in Pictorial Review for May will not appear until the June issue—out May 15th.

"I heard two only—my Lord Moray's and Lethington's, but he taunted Lethington with many more. And Lethington made no answer. He is a secret man, and his face I could not see. So I knew I must know what he did next, and I went to Mary Fleming and talked with her at embroidery, and her brave Lethington came in, his face as white as flour, and he said, 'Dear, my love, I ride to the country this day. Have my saddle-bags made ready.'

"And she said, 'Love, again? To Fifeshire again? What use to be a new-made wife?'

"And he laughed, saying, 'Fifeshire? No, my pretty one. It is only to Wemyss and back.'

"But I knew it was Fifeshire, madam, and I watched him go. He was gone to tell my Lord Moray, and it is because of this that my Lord Moray leaves the country. And, madam, they plot to say you knew and encouraged the murderers."

HER eagerness matched the queen's. Drawing back, they stared at each other. Then Mary whispered in Mary Seton's ear:

"Was Bothwell's name to the bond? Did Lethington taunt him with his own danger? Think well, for he is the only man I may trust in my despair. A ruffian, but maybe true."

"And these men need ruffians to fight them, for no gentleman can. Madam, as God lives I think Bothwell's name was not to the bond, for most surely Lethington must have taunted him with his own danger. Madam, my Lord Bothwell is a ruffian. Yet if he is true it may be you can use him now to break these murderers. I can not tell. And, madam, England is in it—England! Mary Fleming told me this thing—incredible in that queen's wicked statecraft, but true."

Mary gripped her hands.

"Her very words?"

"Madam, Mary Fleming is honest, tho for her sins she is Lethington's wife. She said, 'Mary Seton, remember how Rizzio's murder was plotted with the English. Randolph knew it. He let that slip to Mary Beton after it was done. I tell you this for truth, that the king's murder was known and approved there also before they struck him.'

"And I said, 'How? Who ever can believe such things?'

"She said, 'That I may not tell you, but I know well.'

"Madam, she is Lethington's wife. If the day ever comes when you would trust England and the cruel queen, remember this and die sooner! That murder took root in England." Her body trembled with the energy of her speaking. Who knew so well as she Mary's greatest peril—her open, trusting heart and quick impulse to believe men and women what they seemed? Always she threw some glamour of belief over the ugliness of the seared and hardened rocks where no flowers of love could grow. And nothing but her reckless courage to back her confidence.

"What am I to do with her? How can I terrify her into wisdom?" thought Mary Seton in despair as she watched the fair face that was to lead so many to ruin.

"But Bothwell is true!" the queen repeated as if meditating on the man. "He is not a deceiver; nature has not so made him. His face is coarse and displeasing; his voice matches. Yet if his blockish nature is true—Lions, they say, can love a master, and I think he loves me."

"But how, madam, how? Men like him may love to rend and ruin for their delight. I dare not say you can trust your hand is not for a man who stands in suspicion of foul murder. With my own will I would be a prisoner this day until I stand forth a cleared man or go to the heading-block as one shamefully condemned."

She looked him in the face, her own twisted with emotion.

"My lord, my mother and I trusted you, and not in vain. Your sister and my brother Stuart were man and wife; therefore we are akin. I honored your mother. You are warden of the Border, Lord Admiral of Scotland, and my chief minister, now that my brother has left me. Also you are a sworn knight of great orders. You could not lie to me if you would. If I question will you answer as before God?"

In moments of fear Bothwell had a stutter that impeded his words.

"M—Madam, have I failed in truth that you ask this solemnly?"

"I can not tell. You have failed me more than once."

"Never again, madam. I swear to your grace, never. I will answer in all that breaks no bond with others."

She caught at the word "bond," forgetting all else. Unbidden to rise, he still knelt before her.

"Tell me then in God's name, are you innocent of the death of my husband—innocent in thought, word, and deed?"

Again the words caught in his throat, but he looked her in the face.

"I am innocent in thought, word, and deed, madam. How else should I come in your majesty's presence?"

She said very low, "Thank God," and offered him her hand again.

He kissed it, bowing his head over it so that his face was invisible.

"And now be seated beside me. My questions are not yet done."

SHE pointed to a chair before her, and he rose and took it gracelessly.

"My next question is, Innocent yourself, do you know the doers?"

He reflected hurriedly. Dangerous alike to say or to deny! To gain time he parried.

"Madam, a man may suspect who were the king's enemies. Surely your majesty knew them. Cast your mind back to Rizzio."

"That is true. And you did your utmost then to drag me from their toils. That too is a debt from me to you. Still, since I can trust you, and you me, again I say, Have you certain knowledge?"

His fate hung in the balance then. Had he denied knowledge she who took Mary Seton's word for gospel would have distrusted him forever. He could not know that, but he saw a bold stroke needed, and struck.

"Madam, if I trust your majesty with a matter of life and death have I two promises from your grace? The one is to reveal what I tell you to no man or woman. The other is to ask me no more than I may tell with honor. One day you shall know all, but now my will is to be secret until I can strike. Have I your royal word?"

Trusting him wholly, she made answer:

"I pledge my word as a queen. I will keep faith."

He leaned forward, with a rugged hand on either knee, and stared at her with his dull, smoldering eyes.

"Madam, I know who they are, one and all. No—not suspect! I know. By a strange chance, not to be told, a paper fell into my hand which is damning evidence. And I tell you this: I do but live to get power in the country sufficient to take every man of them by the throat and

"THE QUEEN STRUGGLED LIKE A MAD WOMAN, LIKE A DYING ONE—DESPERATELY, SILENTLY"

The Spanish ambassador, when I thanked him in your majesty's name for the knowledge he gave me of the plot against the king, trust him. But I think that, however accused, he was not in the king's murder, nor in the English queen's pay."

Again Mary reflected; then, drawing a long breath, she said:

"I will see him, and alone. Send for him."

Mary Seton's heart fluttered.

"Madam, I fear you must, and the more because in the archbishop's letter we did not read the sentence following. I have it here. He says:

answered, "Even if it came too late yet tell her majesty that I am informed by the same means that there is still some notable enterprise in hand against her of which I wish her to beware in time."

Madam, we must have help, and it may be my Lord Bothwell knows of their evil-doing there as in the other matter."

So Mary Seton, all unknowing, opened Bothwell's way for him.

When Bothwell came it was with no surprise. He had perceived that slowly events were driving the queen into his hands, and told himself that with her trust in him he would be King of Scotland within the year. Not as Darnley had been, but master and more.

With more wits than men credited, he could, however, play the waiting game, and when he entered, it was with an air of humility. She offered her hand that he might kiss it as he knelt, but he looked up surprised.

"Madam, I thank your highness, but to have the

Continued on Page 108

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Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

ELMIRA'S IDEAL OF SERVICE

By JEANETTE EATON

Drawings by PHILIP KAPPEL

PICTURE to yourself a little lake surrounded by graceful trees. On its bordering greensward, full in the green-gold sunshine of early Summer, move figures robed in white and garlanded with flowers. The still water trembles with the bright reflection of dancing maidens whirling their gay scarfs. Through the hush of late afternoon clear young voices are ringing out that gamut of merriment, anguish, rapture, defiance, and joy which constitutes the dramatic range of human emotion. For it is June at Elmira College, and before the assembled audience of faculty and alumnæ, students and guests, the Thespis Society is giving the annual outdoor play.

This is perhaps the chief event of that sad and thrilling period, commencement time. Yet almost as delightful to the onlooker is the class-day pageant, when sophomores carry the endless laurel-chain for the seniors or the final *défilade* itself of girls in caps and gowns marching along the winding paths.

Because the college is surrounded by the city of Elmira the campus is not large. But its charm more than offsets this fact. Historic Cowles Hall, with its octagon shape and its vine-covered walls, adds to its unique architecture the gentle spell of age. The library and the newest dormitory are beautiful buildings of English Collegiate Gothic style. And what with its iris path, its fine trees, and the picturesque little lake, the college has the kind of setting which inevitably enshrines it in the memory of loyal alumnæ.

Moreover, the countryside is particularly lovely. The near-by hills offer opportunities for Autumn hikes and Winter sports—hills loved by Mark Twain, whose charming country house is always kept open to pilgrim students. Not too far away for special expeditions is Watkins Glen, wild and glorious, where the May-day celebration usually takes place.

Elmira College with its six hundred students is almost exactly as large as Bryn Mawr's combined graduate and undergraduate groups. Its faculty, however, is not so numerous as that of the latter college and has a much smaller proportion of men. Therefore it is especially felicitous that the president, Dr. Frederick Lent, is a leader of forceful personality and strong convictions. A graduate and postgraduate of Yale, he has always maintained close relations with that university, and was instrumental in securing William Lyon Phelps as a member of the board of trustees.

Between Elmira and other institutions for the higher education of women exist certain marked differences. The most noteworthy of these is a definite accent on religion. The catalog states that the college, "in its atmosphere, aims, and teachings, is consistently and dominantly Christian. While it imposes no test upon professor or student, but accords religious freedom to all, its avowed purpose is to develop in those coming under its instruction an intelligent but unequivocal faith, to surround them with the most wholesome spiritual influences and to send them forth into the world with earnest and consecrated womanhood."

Consistent with this purpose are compulsory chapel attendance, required Bible courses, a strong and active Young Women's Christian Association, and the sending of student delegates to all collegiate conferences concerning missionary and other religious work. More than this, within the last decade nearly a dozen girls have gone out to distant lands as missionaries. Many students also have taken training in Bible-school work at the School of Religious Education directed by the college in the city of Elmira.

Even more strikingly in contrast with the ideal of most women's colleges which dedicate themselves to pure scholarship are the vocational features of Elmira's curriculum. Here is an institution of learning which believes that its graduates should be not only cultured but prepared. The minute she steps from the commencement platform an Elmira girl can go out and get a job. Just take the matter of typewriting. Other colleges of the same standing wouldn't dream of crediting that skill toward a degree. But Elmira does so. Typewriting, stenography, office practise, and accounting are taught and credited just as are Latin and Greek. It's the same with home economics. A graduate of this course can take a position at once as a designer or assistant dietician.

All the preliminary training for nursing and social work may also be acquired by these undergraduates. As for teaching, preparation for it is so carefully worked out that Elmira in this respect has the standing of a professional school. Those graduates who have taken certain work in pedagogy are provisionally granted by the University of the State of New York a professional certificate. This permits them to teach for three years in any grade of any school in the State. Then if the teaching has been successful during this probationary period the certificate is made permanent.

Don't think for a moment, however, that Elmira is exclusively vocational. In every case general and cultural instruction goes hand in hand with special training. And, of course, a girl can be as strictly cultural in her studies as if she were at Wellesley. Candidates for the B.A. degree must present four years of Latin or Greek for entrance and must take a one-year course in the same language at college. All other graduates are given the B.Sc. degree, no matter what the major may be.

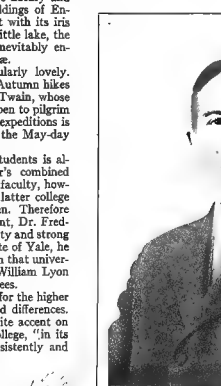
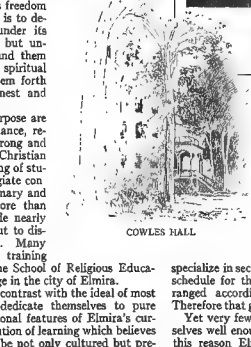


Photo by Fred T. Loomis

FREDERICK LENT
PRESIDENT OF ELMIRA COLLEGE

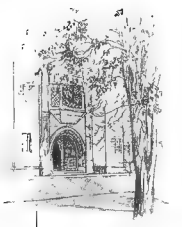


COWLES HALL

Music students and those who specialize in secretarial work alike are so classified. Every schedule for the first three years is very definitely arranged according to the individual's ultimate goal. Therefore that goal must be clear from the very beginning.

Yet very few young people under twenty know themselves well enough to choose their life-work wisely. For this reason Elmira has organized its Personnel Committee. Altho most women's colleges have developed a system of advice for freshmen, Elmira is going a step further. Its personnel work has an official status and a completeness of organization which are most unusual. The director devotes his entire time to these complex duties, and is assisted by the dean, the college physician, a psychiatrist, and a number of the faculty particularly interested in this problem and qualified to help in its solution.

"We all think Elmira's personnel work is a decided contribution," said one student. "Every freshman is interviewed at length, and if she's on the wrong track she's set straight. I came to college influenced by my family to prepare for teaching, and I didn't realize how I loathed the idea until that talk with the personnel director. What I really wanted to go in for was chemistry, and now I'm specializing in it. I had to revise my program quite a bit. But the director arranged that for me, as he does for everybody who has chosen wrong. He's also head of the Appointment Bureau, and not only gives us vocational information, but helps place the seniors and keeps in touch with graduates."



NEW DORMITORY

Such a practical and all-around system of guidance affects not only the individual's adjustment at college, but affords perspective for the future career. The vista is further extended by the course on mental hygiene given by the psychiatrist. Altho elective, the lectures are enormously popular. "They're the most fascinating discussions in college," commented one student, "and serve as a mighty useful supplement to the term of psychology which we all have to take."

OTHER requirements constitute twelve hours of a modern language, physical education, and, unless two units of science are offered for entrance credits, twelve hours in that subject, half of which must be in laboratory sciences.

Furthermore, the study of the Bible required of all freshmen must be followed before graduation by further religious instruction. Here a choice is allowed between a study of the Greek or German Bible, a course in ethics, in Jewish wisdom literature, in the history and philosophy or in the problems of religion.

Only when she is a senior and has passed off her required work does a student have many free electives. Those who "read for honors," however, are permitted more scope. This group consists of students of exceptional aptitude and merit selected at the end of the sophomore year. They can not escape required studies, but have considerable liberty in regard to class attendance and to the arrangement of their work. Honors of distinction are, as usual, *summa cum laude*, *magna cum laude*, and *cum laude*. Assignment is determined by the final thesis and the comprehensive examination.

A tribute to the academic excellence of Elmira was paid by Dr. John Finley when he was president of the University of the State of New York. Said he, "Elmira College is one of the best women's colleges in this State. Its standards for admission and the integrity of its courses of study, both in content and thoroughness, have the unqualified approval of this department."

Since that statement was made the college has added to its luster by introducing several significant and progressive experiments. Chief among these is the play-production course. It is enormously popular. And why not? Work is play when it consists of painting scenery, making costumes, arranging lights, and coaching rehearsals. While they are having the time of their lives these girls are learning a technique good enough to make their productions a source of pleasure and pride to the entire college. As far as possible the group co-operates with the play-writing course and puts on student dramas. Even here the ideal of service predominates.

The girl who takes this course is prepared to take charge of the dramatic work in schools and settlements. For as a senior member she helps directs the freshman

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THE DEAD HAND

Continued from Page 13

passed round the table. A rough cut of a girl in a dark dress with transparent collar, the impression was yet strangely that of an old painting. I think I have never seen eyes more sad. They seemed gazing at me almost in appeal for help. Not loneliness was etched in that face, but aloneness. So sensitive, so hurt, one knew instinctively that love had never touched it with smiles.

"Miss Jane Thressel," I read, "daughter of the late Casper Thressel, philanthropist, who died penniless."

"What a lovely face!" murmured Eve, and unconsciously her voice lowered to the tone one uses near a sick child. "What a crime!"

Stephen Cram silently took the clipping, folded and put it away.

"What's the story behind it all?". I prodded.

"There's no story," came crisply. "The man died only a short time ago at the age of seventy-eight. If I can prove he perpetrated such a will without time or reason —in short, that he was of unsound mind— a girl who has known nothing but tragedy in all her twenty-five years will perhaps be able to find a little peace and happiness."

No story? I looked across the table at his set, determined face. No story? How austerely literal the law can be! Circumstances so weirdly cruel that they lashed imagination like a whip laid across it. And no story

LATER in the evening as we two played at chess, while the others gave bridge their absorbed concentration, I suddenly set down my ivory pawn and bent across the narrow table.

"Where is the house?" I whispered.

"What house?"

"The one held by a dead hand."

"Why do you want to know?"

"On Long Island, by chance?" I persisted.

"It won't do you the least good to try to get there," he smiled. "The natives refuse to direct anybody. There's a belief that it's cursed, and they've built up a legend that a man crossing the threshold encounters death."

"Sounds more like ancient England than twentieth-century United States. But you haven't answered my first question, so here's another: Have you ever gone there yourself?"

"Yes—of course."

"Then will you take me?"

"Why?"

"What a truly legal mind! You answer questions by asking them. Call it woman's whim, if you like, or writer's weakness. Just take me, won't you?"

"I'll think it over."

We had an early luncheon the following day, anticipating eighteen holes of golf before the light faded. But just as we were getting ready to drive over to the country club, Stephen Cram turned to me.

"How would you like a little run in my car instead?"

I jumped at the suggestion. We gave an excuse to the others—I play miserable golf, anyway—and soon the seared leaves crackled under our wheels as we shot off the highway into an obscure country road.

It was a long drive, an intricate one. To this day I can not tell by what route we went nor the exact location of the place. And I think it wise not to ask. I shall never try to go back.

An autumn sun, forcing its way through clouds, played upon farmhouse roofs and long stretches of uninhabited countryside. Few cars passed us. We appeared to be skimming away from civilization into wilderness. It grew colder, the tense, raw cold that numbs. Eventually at the foot of a lane, Stephen Cram stopped his car.

"Good thing you wore stout shoes," he said. "You can see it's not an easy path."

The narrow road ahead had a look of vicious neglect. Cram went first, tearing away branches that dragged in front of us, helping me across fallen tree-trunks. Our feet sank in mud. When we neared the top, for it climbed a hillside, stark bushes and briers blocked the way. They clutched at our clothes, our flesh, like talons, like human things determined to hold us back.

"I warned you it wouldn't be velvet." Cram turned as I halted to mop an ugly scratch on my face. "They're going to make you right-about, if they can."

"This regiment of briers, you mean?"

"No, the 'haunts,'" he warned with a little laugh, and reached out his hand.

I took it as he fought through wicked undergrowth. By the time we came to a space which must at one time have been a terraced lawn, the pockets were hanging off my ulster and jagged rents were torn in his top-coat. We must have looked like a pair of tattered pilgrims.

"What do you mean, 'haunts'?" I put breathlessly. "Didn't you say no one had ever lived here?"

"True," answered Cram, "but some one died here."

"Who?"

"I'll tell you when we get to the house."

"But you didn't mention anything about that last night."

"I preferred not to go into details. It was an accident——"

"Oh!"

"And explains why the place is supposed to be cursed."

We waded through skeleton weeds and tall brown grasses. Presently out of them rose a house of Southern colonial architecture, long and graceful, but broken, like a beautiful woman withered before her time. Four stout marble columns supported a second-story veranda. These were yellowed as old teeth and streaked with dirt. The few steps leading to the lower veranda sagged at one side, sinking into the ground.

Red brick, which was the chief material used, had long since lost its bright hue and become the color of clotted blood. Paint had peeled from the window-shutters, leaving the wood lifeless. All around the house sprawled trees and bushes which must at one time have formed an idea of landscape-gardening, but now had the look of witch-like bodies and naked, waving, long arms.

We mounted the steps, crossed the stone flooring to the front door. Stephen Cram turned the knob

"No key?" I asked, amazed.

"What would be the use of a key? Nobody comes near the place. And if a man wanted to get in, there are a dozen ways aside from a locked door. You see, it's never even been boarded up."

We walked into a wide hall that led straight through to the rear entrance. It took a moment for the eyes to accustom themselves to a sort of soggy, gray darkness. The air was cold, heavy with the stale odor of dust. I had a feeling of going into fog.

Before me a marble staircase stole vaguely upward and vanished, ending in nothingness. A long table, flanked by two high-back chairs, stood against the wall. The ceiling above it looked a deep black hole. At either side of the hall were double doors.

CRAM opened one of these, led the way into the room beyond.

"I've brought a flash-light and some candles"—even his voice had a distant sound —"but that's about all we can manage. The last time I was here I tried to light a fire in the grate. With disastrous results. It wouldn't draw, and I went away covered with soot."

The fireplace was full of ashes. Strangely enough, that was the one human note in the whole room. At least they had once been alive. Nothing else had ever been. Furniture all about waited for the warmth of human bodies to give it habitable form. Book-shelves filled with books stood awaiting the contact of interested hands.

Writing-materials on the mahogany desk rusted and dulled. Everywhere, things. Just things. Waiting to be brought to life. Waiting for the vitalizing touch of flesh.

I felt suddenly like them. Inanimate. Waiting. For what? The effect, the sense of something thwarted, of life still-born, was chill and terrible. My empty house with resounding boards and hollow walls could have held the horror of this completely furnished one.

"Cold?" asked Stephen Cram.

"No. Why?"

"Thought I saw you shiver. Here, this will make things more cheerful." He filled and lighted his pipe, then held the pale flame to a candle, which he passed to me. "Now, have a cigaret and let's be as companionable as possible."

Continued on Page

Found!

A SIMPLE WAY TO CLEARER, HEALTHIER SKIN

LEARN FROM MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

by Frances Ingram

No longer do beautiful women doubt that one face cream can be very, very different from all the rest. They have discovered my Milkweed Cream! They know the benefits it brings that other creams cannot!

For Milkweed Cream is much more than a marvelous cleansing cream. It is devoted to keeping the skin healthy. While it is coaxing impurities from the pores, its special toning properties guard the complexion against blemishes, dullness and lines. Your skin becomes clearer, smoother, distractingly lovely.

My Milkweed Method is the simplest thing imaginable—just as brief as ordinary cleansing. First examine your skin critically at the six places starred on my famous mannequin; then begin this way.

How to Have Healthier, Lovelier Skin

First apply Milkweed Cream generously. Leave it on the skin a moment to allow its special cleansing and toning ingredients to penetrate the pores. Then carefully pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh and light film of Milkweed Cream, and following the six starred instructions at the right, pat the cream gently into the skin. Swiftly will your skin improve in health, in freshness, in youth!

★ THE FOREHEAD—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.

★ THE EYES—If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.

★ THE MOUTH—Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.

★ THE THROAT—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.

★ THE NECK—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.

★ THE SHOULDERS—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

All drug or department stores have Milkweed Cream—50¢, $1 and $1.75. If you have any special questions on skin care, send for my booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram", Tuesday 10:15 A. M. (Eastern Time) on WJZ and Associated Stations.

INGRAM'S *Milkweed Cream*

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. E50, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

*Name*_____

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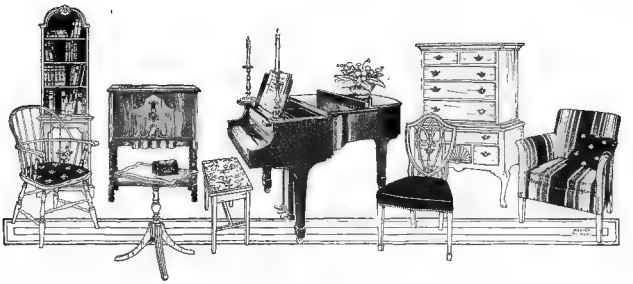


Drawings by
Marion Dismant

IT IS SURPRISING WHAT CHARM ONE OR TWO NEW PIECES OF FURNITURE CAN GIVE YOUR ROOM

THE ADD-A-PIECE LIVING-ROOM

By ETHEL DAVIS SEAL

WHEN anything is entirely finished it often loses its charm. This is the reason why I always leave a few vacant corners in my own rooms, so that I will keep up the same lively interest in them that I have had from the start, and still have the fun of hunting some one thing I desire until it is found. Usually, too, the rooms themselves seem to react favorably to the possibility of something pleasant in store.

If the living-room is lovely to-day, there is greater probability that its sofa may get a new cover to-morrow. If the dining-room is the charming place it is intended to be, it is easier to wait until we can afford the four more needed chairs, or until we find just the right shallow highboy for the flat silver, instead of hurriedly selecting undecorative, cheap pieces which will be regretted forever.

And the bedrooms as well seem to respond to making the most of present opportunities, because we know that by so doing it is more likely that the really good pieces to be purchased in the future will be all the lovelier for the care spent in selecting them.

Every house should have something left to work for. And if this rule is applied in the beginning, a very different attitude will be assumed toward the first steps in furnishing. The chief consideration will not be how much can be got from the money expended, but how wisely that sum can be spent in order that the few pieces bought now really will be worth living up to.

It was for such reasons that I was more than content to add one good piece at a time to my living-room, even tho it was a bit bare between purchases. And I can promise that any of you, too, may rejoice if you do not furnish completely at first, but follow the add-a-piece plan, which enables you to have a much handsomer room in the end.

For my own living-room, in the beginning, I bought a very fine sofa. I mention its fineness particularly because this was almost the extent of my purchasing, for I did without overstuffed chairs for two years afterward. But I was more than satisfied with the lovely sofa I had to live up to, and I was happy meanwhile with two Windsor armchairs, a ladderback, a table-desk, and one small Chinese rug, which, by the way, I considered a nest-egg for the future.

My sofa, covered in black-grounded printed linen, fitted nicely into my largest wall-space. The desk, which was only an unfinished table until I painted it black and gave it a rich yellow blotter cornered in tooled scarlet leather and a tall scarlet quill-pen, fitted against another major wall, and looked stunning indeed with the old yellow-painted ladderback drawn up to it, as a desk-chair should be. The Windsor armchairs were done in Chinese red, and had cushioned seats which I had made, one in old gold and one in peacock-blue.

A Chinese wicker hour-glass chair, in its very decorative natural butter-yellow state, was supplied with a pillow of black-grounded cretonne. The tall studio window and the two casements were curtained in peacock pongee; the floor was black. My books, in home-made shelves, colorfully lined another of the major wall-spaces. In this way you can see how easy it is to make much of little while funds are accumulating.

AT ANY rate I found it pleasant waiting in this room until I could buy some real'y lovely upholstered chairs: a tall-backed William and Mary chair upholstered in peacock-blue, a Chippendale armchair covered in crewel-embroidered linen-crash, a barrel-chair upholstered in old book-red velvet. Not all these chairs came at once, but materialized, rather, during the next three or four years.

One gala Christmas found an antique desk of the walnut bureau type taking the place of the makeshift table-desk, which forthwith became the living-room table, until it could be replaced finally by a walnut gate-leg. A walnut cabinet radio was added as a welcome piece of furniture after the books had overgrown the upper shelves in the home-made bookcase and had usurped those lowest shelves, which had been used to house the small table-radio.

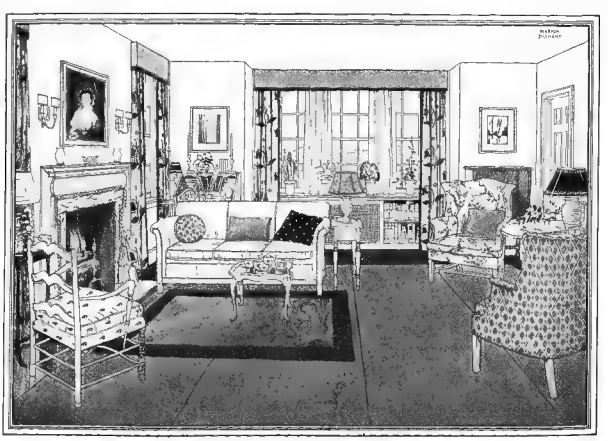
A Chippendale cabinet with Chinese lacquers added dignity to another part of the room. The sofa was covered eventually in pale peacock velour and set at right angles to the fireplace to free the wall-space, which now could be filled with something else. The windows were given overdrapes of stunning black-grounded cretonne over soft orange-tissue glass-curtains, and two more Chinese rugs came to provide adequate floor-covering.

The furnishing of this room has covered a space of perhaps ten years, and even yet I do not consider it quite finished. As long as it is mine I hope I shall acquire to some new covering, or curtain, or chair, saving and hunting for it until I possess it.

The add-a-piece living-room shown in the drawing should be just as easy to accomplish as mine was. It might start with very few lifetime pieces as a beginning; in fact, only the sofa and a large gate-leg table need be the really superfine purchases during the first year or so, unless it was convenient to buy more.

The sofa, for instance, might be placed against the wall, opposite the hearth, thus filling as much bare space as possible; the gate-leg table might be opened out wide and placed in front of the window grouping. Book-shelves of temporary type might be "built-in" somewhere along the wall not shown in the picture. By "built-in" I mean carpenter-made, and held in place at the base-board by a couple of nails.

Two inexpensive wooden armchairs might be used as filling-in pieces, one to be stationed in the far corner between the window grouping and the hearth, in convenient relation to the window for daylight, and to the table and lamp for night-light, and handy also to the hearth; the other might take the place of the French peasant-chair to be seen now at the left in the foreground. These filling-in chairs might be Windsors, ladderbacks, or even



DELIGHTFUL LIVING-ROOM THAT SLOWLY GREW IN DISTINCTION AND BEAUTY

Continued on Page 38

Mrs. Alister McCormick, English gentlewoman to the manner born . . . in her veins flows the blue blood of the Plantagenets. Now by marriage a member of the distinguished McCormick family, she is the charming young hostess of delightful homes in Chicago and in Santa Barbara.

Beautiful and blonde, Mrs. McCormick has hair like pale new gold, eyes of forget-me-not blue and skin like pink hawthorn blossom . . . so lovely that to see it is to wonder how its delicate transparency, its clear fresh English coloring can ever survive life on the windy shores of Lake Michigan.

To a friend in England Mrs. McCormick writes:

"My dear, American women are wonderful . . . smartly dressed, exquisitely groomed. They taught me how to keep my skin nice even in this extraordinary climate, with its sudden changes.

"Pond's is their secret . . . four simple preparations, quick and easy to use. The wonderful Cold Cream cleanses divinely . . . the Cleansing Tissues are better than anything to remove cream . . . the Skin Freshener tones and tightens the skin . . . the Vanishing Cream is the perfect powder base for face, neck, arms . . . and keeps hands smooth and white."

Follow these famous four steps of Pond's Method:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure . . . Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, absorbent, ample and so economical!

Third—dab skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

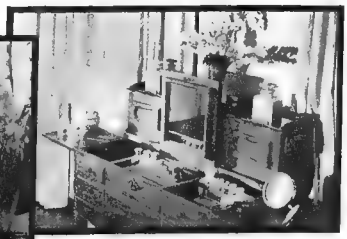
Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

MRS. ALISTER McCORMICK OF CHICAGO

Flowers are Mrs. McCormick's hobby. She specializes in aloes, and is making a wonderful collection of hundreds of varieties of tropical plants in her Santa Barbara garden. Her charming new winter home is high on a mountain, overlooking ocean and isles

(below) Mrs. McCormick's California home is a treasure house of charming pieces of French provincial furniture. Her dressing table in carved walnut is an unusually fine example of this style.



(right) Pond's four famous preparations for exquisite care of the skin. Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 FAMOUS PREPARATIONS

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Help the Healthy

More children between five and fifteen are killed by accidents than by diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid, appendicitis and measles — combined

MANY of the boys and girls who are killed by accidents are daring, adventurous, fun-loving, bubbling over with high spirits, ready to take chances, heedless of danger.

If children are not provided with proper playgrounds they will play in the streets—where most accidents happen. If they haven't been taught watchfulness on streets and highways, they are in danger every time they leave the house.

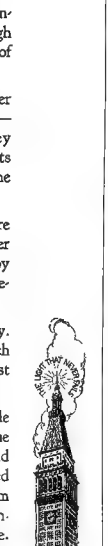
Twenty thousand children under 15 were killed last year by accidents—nearly 30 per cent of them by automobiles; the rest by drownings, burns, the careless use of fire-arms, falls and other causes.

You guard a delicate child instinctively. Guard the healthy one thoughtfully. Teach him that only he can protect himself against dangers greater than disease.

People who have not learned reasonable caution in childhood are likely to continue to be heedless in later years. Eighty thousand people, 15 years of age or over, were killed by accidents last year. Falls on stairs or from rickety stepladders, chairs, boxes and window sills cause thousands of deaths at home.

Accidents are the sixth greatest cause of death for people of all ages; the first cause of death among children from 5 to 15.

Send for Metropolitan's booklet on accident prevention. Ask for Booklet 530-P. Mailed free upon request.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Continued from Page 31

"Thanks. I don't think I want to smoke." He nodded.

"I know how you feel. As if somebody ought to step out of the next room and sit down. It had exactly the same effect on me the first time."

"You keep waiting, don't you?" I brought out.

"Yes. And I can't make out what generates the sensation. Perhaps it's because we know so much of the history."

"No. I think it goes much deeper than that." I found myself whispering as tho afraid of being overheard. "It comes from the house itself, not from us."

He said nothing, but went to one of the windows, pried up the catch and opened it.

"Most of them are stuck tight. But this and one on the next floor sometimes yield to persuasion."

Even after he had managed to open the sagging shutters, only a little light penetrated. One of the columns blocked our view and gloom still hung over us.

"Let's go up-stairs," I suggested.

He took the flash-light from his overcoat pocket. Its round eye gleamed with sudden startling power, like phosphorescence coming out of night.

I followed him back to the hall and up the stairs. At a landing half-way the luminous gray figure of a man suddenly met us. I started back.

CRAM laughed softly.

"Only a marble statue in a niche. Don't let it scare you."

We reached the top, crossed the hall to enter a small dressing-room. Heavy satin portières of faded rose hung in the archway, cutting off the bedroom. Cupboards with mirrored doors took up the wall-space. These were clouded so that our reflections as we moved about were vague and ghost-like. In one corner stood an elaborate dressing-table, draped in the same faded satin and covered with toilet articles. Close to it was drawn a little blue-velvet chair. Again I experienced the sense of waiting.

I went swiftly into the bedroom, as if there the occupant might be found. It was a long room with French windows giving onto the small upper veranda that jutted over the Colonial entrance. At one end a bed canopied in satin, with lace coverlet drooping over the sides, was raised on a dais. Before the marble fireplace stood a tufted blue-velvet couch piled with cushions. The grate was empty. No fires had ever burned there. I set my candle on the low mantelpiece. Dimly outlined above it hung a woman's portrait.

Cram was struggling with the window-latch. Presently there came the scrape of a slowly swung shutter. From out the shadows before me shone a face done in pastels.

I pulled off a pocket handing from my coat, gave it to Cram, and wiped as much dust as I could from the glass surface. It was a face almost the duplicate of one I had seen in the rough newspaper cut. The same loveliness, the same sensitiveness, the same impression of sadness appeal. Brown glowing hair lay softly parted over the delicate brow. A white, foamy dress fell from bare shoulders whose luscious cream-tint seemed alive. That was it! Life. She was palpitant with it.

I stepped down from the couch and picked up my candle, tipping it so that the rays circled round and drew the figure from its frame until all background sank away. Uncannily the face seemed about to form words. Back of the eyes, curtained by dark-shadowed lids, lurked pain. As certainly as if she had told me, I knew those partially lowered lids screened the recesses of fear. Tremulous, not in any way definable, dread floated from her. The young face, tender, exquisite, was filled with something more than youth.

She magnetized me, coming nearer, as tho seen through the large end of an opera-glass, until I could almost fancy the lips moving.

I stood there, held by the play of imagination bringing a portrait to life.

"Beautiful, isn't she?" Stephen Cram had come up behind me. "A haunting face."

"Who was she before her marriage?" I prompted.

"Just a girl employed by him in his business. Of good family, tho. From the South. She hadn't been in New York long."

"How like her the daughter is!"

"Yes. But more sad, I think. Infinitely more sad. You see, Jane has never had anybody who cared a rap about her."

He said it with a kind of suppressed fury. A hand momentarily screened his eyes as he studied the face.

I set down the candle and walked away, feeling somehow an intruder, without the right even to attempt to read his thoughts. The window stood wide, facing the west, and rays of the sun, sinking toward a dark silhouette of hills, splashed redly across the floor. The warmth of that pool of color drew me from the gloom. I started toward the veranda.

"Wait! Don't go out there."

Cram's hand was on my arm.

"Why?"

"Part of the boarding is out. It's dangerous footing."

HE POINTED to a wide plank, loosened and wabbly. The far end gave way in a yawning hole.

"Rotted?" I asked.

"Perhaps now. But it's been just like that ever since the day of their visit. This is where the accident I told you about occurred."

"You didn't give the details."

With careful step he went out on the secure section, bent over the gap, and pressed heavily on the broken end of the plank. Instantly the end meeting the sill sprang up like a seesaw. I started back. The thing came with such sudden force.

"This board through some overnight wasn't nailed down," Cram explained. "Can you see what might happen to a man putting his full weight on the plank with an idea that it was a firm foothold?"

"He'd go crashing down to the lower veranda."

"That's what happened to Casper Thrssel's brother. It's the reason why Thrssel never lived here."

"You mean the brother came with them the very day they looked the place over—and was killed then?"

"Yes."

"How horrible!"

"Nobody was ever sure of the details. To this day the natives are afraid to talk about it. A few workmen were still on the place and they supplied the only explanation that bears any sign of plausibility. It appears the young man—he was years younger than Thrssel—walked out on this veranda for a view of the Sound. You can catch a glimpse from here.

"One of the men claimed he heard voices raised in anger before the crash. But his statement was never given credence. From all accounts Casper Thrssel was devoted to his brother. The workmen were at the other side of the house, when a cry and a shout brought them round on a run. They found Thrssel's brother lying below with his head cracked open."

Cram said it, staring toward the grim space before us. His voice was detached, as tho no part of him. Yet that very detachment conjured a vision of what had occurred, riveted the eyes in horror to the harmless-looking plank at our feet.

THE setting sun's reflection spread like blood across the spot.

"Tell me something about this brother," I whispered finally. "How did he happen to come out here with them?"

"He'd just returned from a cruise," Cram explained, the tone of his voice unaltered, "and was going away shortly; never stayed long in one place, I understand. Thrssel had built a suite here for him and wanted him to look it over."

"Didn't you ever find out anything more?"

"Yes—just one very important item. I've managed to locate the foreman who was in charge of the workmen that day. He's given me a deposition stating that, after the accident Casper Thrssel came down the stairs and stood in the doorway. He raised his arms above his brother's body and repeated what they had to stop him by force: 'Cursed. This house is cursed. Let no man ever again attempt to cross its threshold!' That was the only interpretation they could ever get from him of the dreadful affair."

"I see," I said slowly. "You think the shock affected his mind."

"Numbed it at first. And then, I'm convinced, while ordinarily rational, he had periods when his intense bitterness toward life took the form of hatred for a human being he would otherwise have loved. Madness frequently shows that reaction, you know. They tell me there were times when for days he spoke to no one, even at his place of business. Those were the occasions

when his mania for giving away money manifested itself."

"And his daughter—where does she live?"

"In a little room near the store where she works. She goes home to that hole every night and reads. The peculiar loneliness she's suffered all her life makes her afraid to meet people."

"How did you meet her?"

"I looked her up. When I read of the case its unusual aspects interested me. But I didn't imagine she'd be the sort she is. Why—would you believe it?—at the start she didn't want to fight at all, didn't want to attempt to break the will. I've never known any human being," Stephen Cram added huskily, "capable of such tolerance, such supreme charity. 'How do we know what drove him to it?' she keeps telling me. 'We haven't any right to judge.' A sort of pity, you understand. Isn't it amazing?"

Silence fell between us.

I looked out toward the somber hills that shut us in. Above them a flaming sword clove the sky in two.

Late afternoon in the midst of deathlike stillness. Saturated with the damp chill of disuse, the house seemed suddenly a skull with teeth chattering. I stepped back into the room, turned, met the eyes of the portrait, their lurking look of fear.

"What happened to her," I heard myself ask in a voice by no means steady, "to Thressel's young wife—at the time of the crash? She fainted, didn't she? And they carried her in here."

"Yes," Cram followed me into the room, "they put her on this couch. She was unconscious for a long time—" he broke off. "But how did you know?"

"I didn't actually know. It's just a natural conclusion, isn't it?"

THE bare statement must have held intimation of my own shakiness, for he hurried toward me.

"This place is getting you—you're white as paper. Sit down a minute—and then we'll leave." One hand under my arm, he half led me to the couch.

"No, I don't want to go yet. I'm all right. But could you possibly find a glass of water anywhere in the house?"

He shook his head.

"Afraid not. And I didn't think of bringing a flask. I can run down to the farmer's cottage, tho. It won't take more than fifteen minutes or so. Do you mind being left alone?"

"No, of course not."

He took his flash-light, and I could hear footsteps echo against the walls of waiting stillness as he went down the stairs.

As a matter of fact I had resorted to an excuse, the first that came to me, because I wanted to be alone. Cram was right—the place had me. To sit in this room, so full of suggestion, so peopled with possibilities; to ride imagination like a charger into misty caverns of the past; to penetrate their depths; to try to piece together broken fragments of an unfinished story—these were the motives that made me long to rest alone in the gently illumined darkness.

A young and tragic woman had lain among these cushions. Somehow I seemed close to her. For the first time since I had entered the house a feeling of humanity floated about me. Images of those I had never seen—Casper Thressel, tall, with the features of a Puritan, eyes set close and a tight-drawn mouth; the brother, less definite, but handsome in a careless way; the wife, whose lovely face hung over me as tho gazing down from clouds.

Suddenly I felt impelled to get up, to move about, to open empty drawers, to search. To search for what? I had no idea. It may have been only woman's curiosity. Yet the sensation was that of moving without my will.

Finding nothing, I returned to the couch, heaped up the cushions undisturbed for so many years, and stretched at length. As my arm rested along the crevice where seat and back met, something sharp and prickly scratched it. I reached into the crevice, pulled out a piece of paper crushed into a ball. The edges were brown. They cracked as I spread open a sheet of writing-paper, once blue, dainty and feminine. Either it had been thrust into the crevice out of sight or had been crushed in a hand which, relaxing, had let it drop. The ink was blurred yet legible. I carried the sheet to the candle-light.

Ralph [I made out, scrawled across the top; and below, written as with pen held in tense hand:] I have done as you insisted. I have married him, so that our child might have your name and his protection. And now, after committing this crime against one who has never been anything but kind to me, I would give my life to undo it.

Only God knows the misery I have gone through to make such a thing possible. Some day I will tell him the truth. And then, if he wishes, I can take my baby and go away. But just now I haven't strength or courage to bear any more suffering. I must only try to make up to him, if any human being ever can, for the ghastly trick we've played him.

That's why I'm writing to you. He plans to have you live with us when you're at home. Ralph, you must say *no*. I beg this much of you. Stay away—stay out of my life. I know we'll have to meet occasionally, but don't, don't let anything or anybody persuade you to live under the same roof with us. If you do, it will kill me.

I am sending my maid with this to the boat, so that it may be delivered the instant you arrive to-morrow and before Casper sees you. I have done my best to persuade him not to go to the dock. Please, please do as I ask. [And the last lines were almost blotted out, not by time alone:] If only you had loved me enough——

Abruptly they stopped, without any signature, as if the hand could go no further.

There under the flickering candle-arc, in one bit of bruised paper, lay the crumpled document of a soul. The story of Jane Thressel's mother. The history of Jane Thressel's birth.

So, it was not the outpouring of an unsound mind, that crazy, clever will of Casper Thressel. Coldly and with subtle cunning he had found the means to visit revenge on his brother's child. He had punished one in no way to blame for his misfortune; who, given the chance, might have helped him erase its very bitterness.

Odd pranks of human hatred defeating itself! A lonely, vengeful old man. And his victim a wistful girl who did not even know what it was all about.

And I, stranger to all concerned, holding in my hand the key to the tragedy of four lives!

Yet how had this letter come here? How, if delivered as intended? Obviously Thressel's younger brother had paid no attention to its plea, its warning. Or else he had never received it, which appeared a more immediate probability. When who had? Had Casper Thressel in some way intercepted it? And if so, had he deliberately said nothing, that the two might be forced to confront each other?

What had transpired here, in this room, the day a man went to his death? What could these walls have echoed? What might faint ghost-voices from the past have whispered?

I make no plea that the experience of the next few moments was anything but imagination. Nor do I ask any one to credit it. In fact, looking back, I seem to see myself standing in that misty room, quite as another person.

An eery veil dropped over the present, shutting it out. Beyond these walls, to-day. But for the present, yesterday alone was real. And the house, waiting shell of an hour ago, like veins long turgid, now pulsing, I felt the glow of its life. Dark twilight descending. Far corners full of moving shadows. Surging bodies I could neither see nor touch. Vague phrases trailing against my ears from great distance. Alone there, I was yet sensitive to a multitude of sounds and visions which had no actual being. It was terrifying; like hypnosis, held me unable to free myself.

INSTINCTIVELY I closed my eyes. The mingled confusion of dreams drifted into fantom chorus. I stood, straining to catch the import of those far-away voices:

"Purposely—yes, I got you here purposely . . . but not to see the house. . . . Read this——"

"Casper . . . you stole my letter——"

"No. . . . I met your maid at the dock. . . . She gave it to me stupidly——"

"Oh—God!"

"Don't mix up in this! . . . Well, young man—?"

Fading into incoherency, the voices fused I tried to force the channel of consciousness to act again as radio, to clarify those indistinct murmurs. For a space it was impossible. They only wavered cloudily about me. Then I heard the woman's voice once more, so stricken with anguish that it seemed to tear at my own throat.

"Casper—Ralph. . . . Wait—wait! Casper—don't do anything you'll be sorry for. . . . Casper!"

Continued on Page 88

St. Vincent's Hospital, New York City, one of the oldest in the country. In such famous institutions "Lysol" Disinfectant has been used to prevent infection for 40 years.

The world now uses over 7,000,000 gallons of "Lysol" a year to prevent the spread of infection

SEVEN MILLION GALLONS! That's nearly six *billion* teaspoonfuls of "Lysol" Disinfectant—the usual unit of measure in making up "Lysol" solutions for the killing of germs.

These figures will give you an idea of the part "Lysol" plays—all over the world—in the regular disinfection of hospitals and homes and in the practice of feminine hygiene.

The weight of medical opinion is that nothing has yet been found to take the place of "Lysol," the standard for 40 years.

Its strength is stable. It does not lose its potency on contact with organic matter. And so powerful is "Lysol" that one little drop will kill 200,000,000 of the dreaded typhoid germs in a quarter of a minute—or 125,000,000 of the B. staphylococcus p. aureus, the pus in boils, abscesses, etc., in the same time.

But, despite this high germ-killing power "Lysol" is non-poisonous to humans when used in proper dilution according to directions.

"Lysol" reaches you in highly concentrated form. It *must* be diluted with water. Therefore, you get many times more for your money.

The coupon below will bring you two booklets of value to every woman—"Keeping Sickness Out," and "The Facts about Feminine Hygiene." They are free.

A Suggestion: Many women now keep two bottles of "Lysol"—one for general cleaning, one for personal cleansing. It's convenient and it saves steps.

Sole distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

Lysol Disinfectant

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

LEHN & FINK, INC., *Sole Distributors*, Dept. 400, Bloomfield, N. J.
Please send me, free, your booklets, "Keeping Sickness Out," and "The Facts about Feminine Hygiene."

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Chase and Sanborn's DATED

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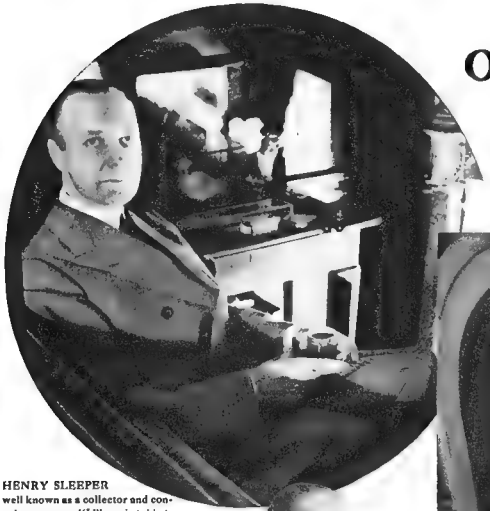
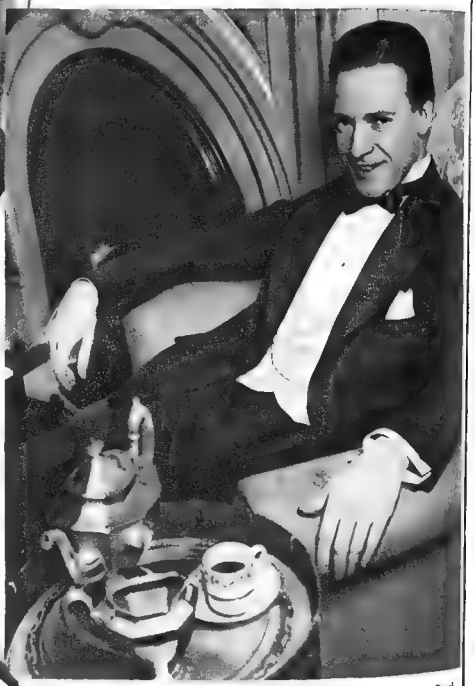
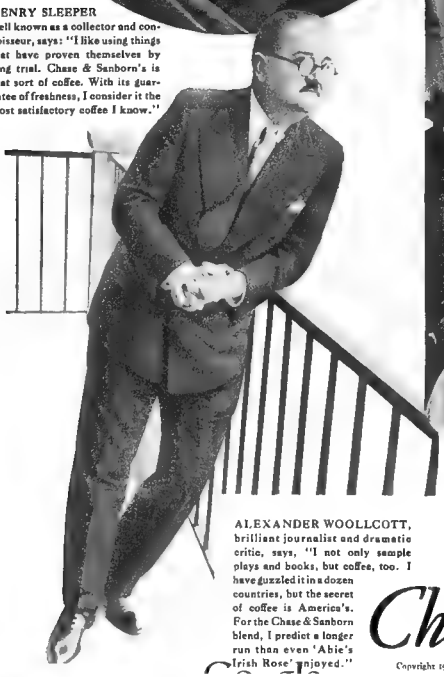


HENRY SLEEPER well known as a collector and connoisseur, says: "I like using things that have proven themselves by long trial. Chase & Sanborn's is that sort of coffee. With its guarantee of freshness, I consider it the most satisfactory coffee I know."



RICHARD HALLIBURTON, who writes so vividly of his travels in "The Royal Road to Romance" and "New Worlds to Conquer," makes this interesting statement about coffee: "I've tasted the finest coffees of the world," he says, "in palm-thatched shacks in Panama, in proud palacios of Brazil, in dim bazaars in Turkey, and in intervening points East and West. But never have I known one which could surpass Chase & Sanborn's for the perfect, indescribable flavor that comes from real freshness."



ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, brilliant journalist and dramatic critic, says, "I not only sample plays and books, but coffee, too. I have guzzled it in a dozen countries, but the secret of coffee is America's. For the Chase & Sanborn blend, I predict a longer run than even 'Abie's Irish Rose' enjoyed."

Chase and Sanborn's

Copyright 1930, by Standard Brands Inc.

COFFEE served in the homes of surprisingly domestic *well-known bachelors*

NEW - this method of handling coffee like a perishable fresh food! Delivered freshly roasted direct to grocers twice a week... can't remain in the store more than ten days!

NOW coffee as fresh as "fresh bread" or "this morning's milk"! This is what "*dated coffee*" means.

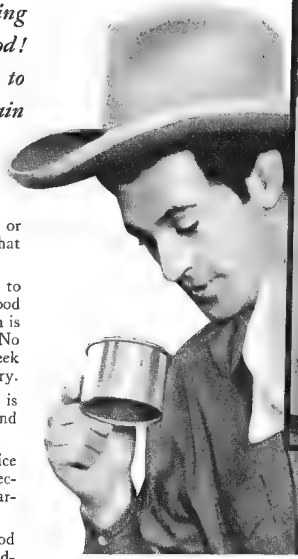
Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is delivered to your grocer exactly like a perishable fresh food straight from the roasting ovens. Every can is plainly marked with the delivery date. No storage. He gets a fresh supply twice a week . . . just enough to last until the next delivery.

And any left over at the end of ten days is regularly taken back by Chase & Sanborn and replaced by fresh.

For sixty-five years Chase & Sanborn's choice blend of coffee has been preferred in many sections of the country for its color . . . its clearness . . . its smooth, rich taste.

Now that it is handled like a fresh food through the "Daily Delivery" system of "Standard Brands Inc.," which delivers, also, fresh Fleischmann's Yeast, it has the distinction among coffees of "direct from the roaster" distribution everywhere. This gives it a final flavor advantage, which makes it the inevitable choice of men and women everywhere who care about good coffee.

Don't postpone a treat. Tell your grocer today to send you Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.



GARY COOPER, Paramount star, explains his preference for Chase & Sanborn's Coffee this way: "Having been raised on a ranch in Montana, I know that there is nothing more invigorating than a cup of freshly roasted coffee over an open fire. That's why, when I'm on outings, I take care to see that my supply of coffee is fresh. If a coffee is guaranteed fresh, that's the coffee for me."

The rollicking, roistering Billy Haines of the silver screen at home is WILLIAM HAINES, Virginia gentleman. His menus are selected with the concern of one who makes a hobby of good living. "The fresher the better is true of roasted coffee," says this popular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star "That's why this dated coffee of Chase & Sanborn's is such a good idea."

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Coffee – DATED

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NOTHING ages a woman more swiftly or more surely than does a double chin. It makes her look old. The reverse is likewise true: nothing subtracts more years from a woman's appearance than does a firm, youthful chinline. It makes her look young.

It is a foolish woman indeed who lets time substitute a heavy, ageing underchin for her youthful chinline. There are simple, scientific treatments and preparations for warding off a double chin and for correcting it. These treatments were evolved by Dorothy Gray after years of study and research. They have proved their success over and over again, both in the Dorothy Gray salons and in thousands of homes where women give themselves these simple treatments.

Guard against a double chin *now*. Send the coupon for the booklet which explains the Dorothy Gray method. The exquisite Dorothy Gray preparations are sold at leading shops in your city.

The next time you go to Paris, you will find a new Dorothy Gray salon charmingly situated in a lovely old house at number 34, Avenue George V. Expertly staffed by skilled operators, the new Paris salon offers you the same Dorothy Gray treatments so justly famous in America.

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Please send me the new Dorothy Gray booklet, "Your Dowry of Beauty." I am particularly interested in:
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Co gle

Continued from Page 35

"No . . . better wait, Brother"—it came clear and with a faint note of derision. "Why be so upset, anyway? I've given you something to love—you should be grateful."

"You scoundrel! You knew you were tying my hands! You counted on my pride in our name . . . on my love for this girl . . . on everything that could put me in a position to answer for your sins the rest of my life——"

It ended in a groan; the rush of one body hurtling toward another. And again that wall of despair:

"Casper! Ralph, hold him off! Oh, God, spare me this—spare me——"

"Brother—"

"If you're half a man, you'll come out here . . . settle with me now! Come on——"

The sounds rose suddenly like the beat of storm against me—wild, incoherent, crashing in pandemonium.

Then stillness. Awful stillness. Stillness that made me want to shriek for help.

I opened my eyes. Stephen Cram stood in the doorway.

"For Heaven's sake, what's happened? What——"

As he reached me I caught hold of him. But I could find no voice—as if mine had gone out with those others. He was carrying a pitcher and glass, and hastily poured some water. I drank it, still holding to him unsteadily.

"Here, let's have some air." He led the way to the window, drew up a chair.

But I could only stare down at the plank that tipped so easily. Death! Had it been accident? Or did Casper Thressel bear the brand of Cain?

"It's been too much," said Cram, as he watched me anxiously. "I shouldn't have brought you. This is no place for an imaginative woman."

"Perhaps there was a reason for my coming," I managed then. "Who knows? It's been an experience I shan't forget. Tell me, is any one else ever likely to come out here?"

"It's possible. I'm going to fight to the last ditch to break the will. And this property is involved. You can't tell what that may lead to. Feel better now?"

"Do you believe you'll win?" I persisted.

"I don't think there's much doubt of it. Aside from the facts which point almost conclusively to insanity, sympathy for Jane Thressel would influence any court."

"You love her, don't you?" I put, because I couldn't help it.

"Yes," he answered simply.

"Then why don't you rescue her from poverty now?"

His hands went tight.

"I've tried to. She's proud—she won't let me."

"But if you win for her——"

"In that case things will be different. She'll know it's not pity——"

He paused.

I looked away.

"Tell me"—I broke off, began again—"I'd like to ask a question. It doesn't mean a thing, of course. Just a silly idea, but I'd like to know a point of law. What would be the status of Jane Thressel if it could be proved she was an illegitimate child?"

"She wouldn't ever be able to claim any part of the estate. The will reads, 'to my daughter, Jane Thressel.' But, of course, such a contingency is impossible."

"Yes," I said slowly, "of course."

THE sky had darkened to purple, with edges of wistful amethyst fading into another world. Here and there stars trickled through it, like tears from eyes beyond.

"We'd better be going," suggested Cram, "before it gets too dark to be comfortable."

I turned, went over to the mantel, lifted the candle. As I brought it down, the tip of flame touched a piece of paper lying there. It spurted into a flare which died out just as quickly.

"Burn yourself?" asked Stephen Cram anxiously. "What was that?"

"Nothing." I brushed the charred bits into my palm, went back to the window, let them float away. "Not a thing that matters. I'm ready to go now."

THE ADD-A-PIECE LIVING-ROOM

Continued from Page 32

stunningly cushioned wickers. In any case they may be moved to some other part of the house when it is convenient to replace them with overstuffed chairs.

Gay-colored glass-curtains will suffice right at first; and for the floor either an all-over rug may be invested in right away, or else a good-sized hearth-rug may be used for a start, possibly moving this rug to the hall after a room-sized rug has been bought.

It is surprizing what flowers and books and lamps and pillows will do in making even a sparsely furnished room friendly; and it is always possible to fill in temporarily with small pieces of home-painted furniture, which may be used in other parts of the house later on.

During the years to come each new purchase will gradually bring this add-a-piece room to maturity. Two overstuffed chairs would be the logical next step, and for some time they could be used on each side of the hearth, replacing the armchairs of wood. When the desk and the cabinet-radio can be afforded, one to be placed on each side of the window group, then it would be time to bring the sofa to its position at right angles to the fireplace, and the gate-leg table to its new placing against the wall opposite the hearth, with an easy chair to left and to right of it.

AT THIS time the radiator under the window group would be glad of a cover, and if the ends are metal-lined, there is a decorative opportunity for book-shelves on each side. Permanent curtains and lovely accessories gleaned through the years will make this add-a-piece living-room a real success, and it will be doubly enjoyed not only because of its comfort and beauty, but because it has gathered so many associations every inch of the way.

There is so much leeway for choice in the various pieces of furniture which offer themselves for use in fine living-rooms that no two rooms which have been built up slowly a piece at a time need even resemble each other, except in charm. There are tall, narrow bookcases and small, square bookcases delightfully decorated, as well as the more conventional mahogany and walnut cases. There are grand pianos with variously styled cases fitting them for use in any type room.

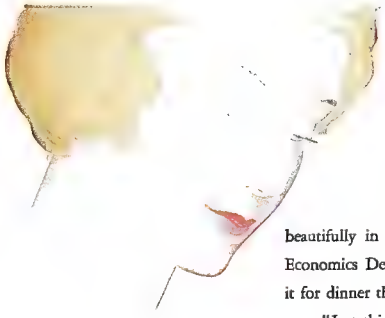
There are small radios and large radios, as well as lovely odd cabinets into which a radio unit may be installed. There are all kinds of tables and benches and chairs. Even filling-in pieces have different personalities.

Besides the pieces of widely differing uses which may cause living-rooms to be unlike, there is also variety in style. Some people will want delicate late eighteenth-century mahogany, and the pieces they choose over a period of years will be tinged with the same grace, no matter how long it is between purchases. Such a living-room may be planned like the accompanying drawing, except that the sofa may be of Duncan Phyfe or Directoire lines.

Instead of this desk there may be a slim secrétaire in the Sheraton style; the radio could be fitted into a Sheraton cabinet, and instead of the French peasant-chair, one of Chippendale, Heppelwhite, or Empire lines would be chosen. The other chairs would be in keeping, but the curtains should be of some very small-patterned silk damask.

This room could also be "collected" in maple. It could be done in Early English, in French styles, in colonial mahogany, in walnut of the William and Mary types, or else it could be an agreeable hotchpotch of lovely eighteenth-century types, including one or two pieces in lacquer and enamel in one room. All such pieces are beautifully reproduced in up-to-date furniture, and can be found in all good shops in such various prices that any purse can be pleased.

The chief thing to remember is that the slower the furnishing of any room the more likely it is to be successful, because both thought and money have had time to be accumulated. The pieces will be finer for waiting, and their selection will never be rash.



"To turn an ordinary dinner into something quite appetizing and delicious

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"Just think! Heinz makes the dry spaghetti . . . of the finest wheat . . . and the very air in the drying room is washed. Heinz selected tomatoes are used to make the rich, red, piquant sauce. A special cheese is added for its tang and zest. Spices straight from the Orient—selected there by Heinz representatives—give their delicate flavors. Chefs who are masters of flavor superintend the cooking in Heinz spotless kitchens . . . Why, Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti couldn't be other than delightful!

"Below is the recipe that will turn an ordinary dinner into something quite delicious for you. And you'll find in this way that the Heinz Spaghetti has the happy faculty of passing on its unmatched flavor to the roast. • *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.*

"SPAGHETTI with pot roast the Heinz way . . .

"Prepare a Pot Roast in your usual manner. When it is about done add a can or more, according to the size of your roast, of Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti, which you have already heated. Let the whole simmer for a few minutes, adding water to replace the gravy absorbed by the Spaghetti. In serving, place the meat in the center of the platter, and heap the spaghetti around it. This makes a dish that is not only delicious but highly nutritious as well. And, I might mention, you'll find Heinz Sweet Mustard Pickle a very tasty and fitting accompaniment."

Enjoy these radio talks! • *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Standard Time, Miss Gibson, of the Home Economics Dept., H. J. Heinz Co., will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA and other associated National Broadcasting Co. stations.*

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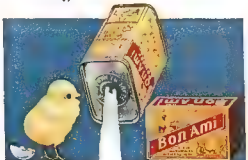

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Table setting, courtesy R. H. Macy & Co. Photo by Mayer-Koch

PLAN TO PROVIDE SATISFYING FOOD WITH AS LITTLE LABOR AS POSSIBLE

DOES YOUR HUSBAND LUNCH AT HOME?

By INA B. ROWE

MY NEXT-DOOR neighbor has been married about two years, long enough, indeed, to now look upon her husband as one of the family. The other day she sat at my tea-table toying with her teacup and puzzling over one of her knotty domestic problems.

"I can't quite figure it out," she finally confided. "When John lunches down-town he insists that all he ever wants to eat is a sandwich, but let me try giving him that at home and he is the most neglected-looking somebody you ever saw! He spends the whole noon-hour feeling sorry for himself and being brave about it."

Now, my neighbor's husband does not seem to me so different from other husbands on our street with regard to that noonday meal, nor is she a different sort of wife. John's hours are irregular, and neither one of them needs more than one heavy meal a day. When he lunches at home she doesn't mean to neglect him; but how she does miss that unbroken day!

Her problem is not at all uncommon, altho in different households it may take different forms. Sometimes the light meal of the day is supper at night; sometimes there are children rushing in at irregular hours for a hurried lunch. But in almost every household there is need for one of the day's menus to be elastic enough to fall in with irregular hours, nutritious enough to satisfy an active person, and so easy to prepare that there is time left around the edges for the more important business of living.

So together we worked out some recipes and meal-plans for her and to pass on to other women in just such circumstances. When you try out the recipes note carefully the way they are put together. We have studied to avoid waste motion whenever possible. Each of the lighter menus is improved in food value by the addition of a soup, a chocolate-malted drink, or another of the palatable food beverages.

Raggedy Ann Salad

ROLL up the outside coarse green leaves of lettuce and cut crosswise with a sharp knife or a pair of scissors, making a generous mound on each plate. Into a small heavy stew-pan cut into ½-inch pieces 2 slices of bacon for each person. Fry until crisp, but not brown. For each person add 2 tablespoonfuls of water, 1 tablespoonful of vinegar, 2 level tablespoonfuls of confectioners' sugar, and a sprinkling of ground cinnamon. Cook all this together for about 1 minute, or until the fat is blended with the liquid.

Pour it hot, with the pieces of bacon, over the lettuce and serve at once. This is another version of the old-fashioned "wilted-lettuce salad," and is recommended for those who wish to feel slim but not hollow. Since it is served hot it is more satisfying than most leafy salads. Complete this meal with a sandwich of cheese on whole-wheat bread and a hot chocolate-malted drink, or ice in the serving of these double-boiler creamed dishes.

Creamed Dishes

THE various creamed dishes, salmon, asparagus, dried beef, bacon, cooked eggs, and others, are excellent luncheon dishes and not last-minute affairs, either.

To make the cream sauce blend the fat with the flour in the top of the double boiler, and add the milk, scalded. The hot milk helps dissolve the starch, and you can finish the cooking over hot water without much stirring. When cooked and thick add the meat or fish, and finish cooking, covered, over hot water. Waiting will make little difference in the serving of these double-boiler creamed dishes.

French-Toast Cheese Sandwiches

MAKE ordinary sandwiches of Swiss or American cheese. Dip each sandwich in slightly beaten egg, mixed with 1 cupful of milk and ½ teaspoonful of salt. Melt butter or drippings in a frying-pan and brown the sandwiches slowly, turning after the first side is browned. Serve with sirup, honey, or jam. This dish may be prepared at the table with one of the new electric sandwich-toasters. Tart canned apricots will make a pleasing dessert for this hot sandwich meal.

Roquefort Sandwiches

TOAST thin slices of bread on one side. Spread the other side with a mixture of 1 3-ounce package of cream cheese, 1 scant tablespoonful of butter, a few drops of Worcestershire sauce, and 1 or 2 tablespoonfuls of Roquefort cheese. Sprinkle with paprika if desired, and place under the broiler-flame or under the toaster-grid of the electric grill to melt, and slightly brown the cheese. Served in smaller portions, this makes a delicious bridge-party sandwich. Serve with asparagus salad and hot tea.

Dairymaid Salad

ON EACH salad-plate arrange several leaves of lettuce. In the center make a mound of well-seasoned cottage- or pot-cheese, and on opposite sides arrange a slice or two of tomato or cucumber. Make a slight indentation in the center of the cheese mound, and fill the hollow with orange marmalade or some other kind of jam. Served with French dressing, whole-wheat toast, and a beverage, this salad is a whole meal, particularly appropriate for hot weather.

Lima Beans with Brown Bread

SOAK overnight 1 cupful of dried Lima beans. In the morning pour off the water and add 2 cupfuls of fresh water, ½ teaspoonful of salt, and a small onion. Place over a very low flame and cook slowly for about 45 minutes, or until the beans are thoroughly softened. Add ¼ cupful of sweet cream or 2 level tablespoonfuls of butter. Have ready hot, steamed brown bread cut in slices and arranged on individual serving-plates. Pour the hot Lima-bean mixture over the brown bread and serve at once.

If any of the Lima beans are left over they may be poured into a straight-sided measuring-cup to cool and mold. The following day the mold will slip from the can and may be sliced. The slices may be used cold as a sandwich filling, or browned in melted butter or drippings. By adding more water and more cream, or by adding milk, fresh or evaporated, to the above recipe for Lima beans, a delicious Lima-bean soup may be made.

MAKING THE MOST OF YOURSELF

An extra hour once a week for beauty's sake

By DORIS LEE ASHLEY

BRUSH YOUR HAIR WITH A CLEAN BRUSH AND STIMULATE CIRCULATION

MY dear Doris, you've changed so little in all these years that it is really amazing. How do you do it, for I happen to know your age?" asked an old acquaintance with whom I was having luncheon. "You see I am particularly interested, for it is necessary in my business to look my very best; so do please tell me how to make the most of myself."

It has been years since I had seen her. I was pleased to hear that she is married to a charming man, has two delightful children, and is engaged in giving a series of lectures, illustrated by a clever pianist, at various schools throughout New England.

"I do not have to worry about clothes, for I have plenty of lovely afternoon and evening gowns," she continued, "but it is my skin that I am worried about. Wrinkles are beginning to appear about my eyes, and something must be done about that."

I had noticed them. How could one help it with the cruel brimless hat she was wearing? Thank goodness or fashion that brims are "in" again. Brims are kindly, gracious. They cast fascinating shadows, soften the glare of strong light, and hide the lines, produced by age or neglect, of the tender tissues surrounding the eyes.

But to return to my friend. I am always impressed by her carriage, which is regal. She can not enter a room without commanding attention by the way she carries her head. It always reminds me of a beautiful glowing flower on a slender stem, for her hair is the most amazing red you ever saw, and her neck, straight, slim, and graceful, is without a sign of a "dowager's hump" at the back. Naturally with such hair she has the fine, delicate skin that needs the most intelligent, tender, nourishing care.

I told her of a new cream that was made especially for thin, dry, sensitive skin, one that is as carefully prepared as the pasteurized milk one gives an infant. This I begged her to pat into her skin each night after thoroughly cleansing it. Then I told her of a special eye-cream which should be tapped very gently around the eyes, followed by an application of stimulating muscle-oil. This mixture should remain on the skin overnight to give the best results in preventing and correcting those troublesome fine lines that worry most women and many girls.

The Protective Powder-Base

I FOUND out that she used nothing but powder on her arms and shoulders, so I gave her the name of a lotion that would make her lovely creamy skin look delightfully translucent. This creamy lotion should be rubbed into the skin of the arms, neck, and shoulders until the skin is dry. It not only beautifies the skin, giving it a velvety, soft appearance, but forms a perfect base for powder.

Then I suggested the merest suspicion of a rather brilliant rouge of an orange hue which, when applied to her cheeks, would give them a faint rose-tone. And for accentuating her eyes, under the artificial light of the lecture platform, I suggested a green eye-shadow which would intensify the color of her beautiful, large eyes. Her eyelashes, while not overly long, I told her could be made to appear more luxuriant by the application of an eye-cosmetic, either in cream, liquid, or cake form.

And last but not least lipstick. Not piled on as so many of the younger generation think necessary, but—and try this stunt, every one of you who want to learn to use lipstick effectually—apply the lipstick to the upper lip only, accenting or following its shape carefully.

Now draw in the lower lip, and as you release it slowly against the upper lip you will find by this method that the rouge on the upper lip is softened and that sufficient color adheres to the lower lip, and over the bridge of

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as the upper lip is of course the complement of the lower one in shape. Try it, for it works like magic, and no one will ever accuse you of using too much lipstick if you follow these directions.

Of course few of us spend our time on the lecture platform; but do you realize that at luncheon, tea, dinner, dance, or theater we are also seen under artificial light? Certainly when we know we are to appear in public we can not afford to be careless of our appearance. The young woman who goes to business every day is likely to be better groomed than the stay-at-home who makes conscientious efforts for special occasions, but both should be urged for beauty's sake to set aside one or two hours once a week for special care of the skin and hair and the general appearance.

The business girl can arrange to do so on Saturday or Sunday, or possibly one evening during the week. The stay-at-home has ample opportunity during an afternoon when she is free of social engagements. Simply make it

DO YOU KNOW THIS METHOD OF ROUGING LIPS?

If you would like to know about the very latest beauty preparations write for the free leaflet "Spring Brings New Beautifiers," sending a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to the Beauty Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

known to those at home that you are not to be disturbed for an hour or two except for fire or sudden death. Hang a sign on your door to that effect, and then when you know that you will be free from interruptions make yourself comfortable so as to get the greatest benefits from your beauty-hour.

If you are thirty or over you may decide that you need a rejuvenating or circulation treatment, or you may decide on a mud treatment, a tie-up, or a chin-strap. No matter what the special corrective treatment, you will need to cleanse the skin of the face and throat thoroughly before beginning it. After you have applied the necessary correctives you should relax to get the best results. To relax completely there is nothing that will help so much as the application of a heated eye-pack, followed by an ice-cold astringent.

These little bags of fragrant herbs and soothing ingredients are dipped in hot milk or water and then placed over the eyes while lying down. You can place the container of hot liquid near the couch so that you can renew the heat of the eye-pack several times until you actually fall into a refreshing sleep. After the nap remove the corrective-treatment preparations, apply the ice-cold astringent, and examine your skin. You will find that the rest, together with the corrective treatment, will have done wonders for your skin, and that your eyes will be brighter and your skin more translucent than you ever thought possible.

Brush your hair! With a clean brush, brush the hair away from your scalp, and then massage the scalp with the fingers held firmly against the scalp, moving it, and not the fingers. Spray with a setting-lotion and arrange in waves with the fingers or insert combs.

This is an excellent time to give yourself the weekly manicure. If your nails are dry and brittle and the cuticle inclined to crack, or you are troubled with hangnails, give each separate finger a hot-oil tie-up. Dip the finger-tips in a hot bath, cuticle- or olive-oil, and then, while they are still covered with the oil, wrap each finger-tip in gauze or paper. If they need such a treatment it might be wise to do this before the beauty nap, and after the nap proceed with the manicure.

Are Your Elbows Presentable?

NOW, while you have your manicure-box at hand, give your poor, neglected feet a treat. They respond so gratefully to tender care. Hand lotion or cream may be massaged into the skin after each bath; but during the special hour manicure the nails and anoint each callous spot with the liquid cuticle-remover, and you will find it an easy matter to rub off the loosened, dried skin. Massage with a cooling hand lotion. This extra attention to your feet will be more than acceptable in the Spring, when they are inclined to feel too big for your shoes.

Now that elbows are to be in evidence when wearing the smart new puff- or elbow-sleeves, we must be sure they are presentable. Unless you have given them special attention you will probably be amazed to find the skin hard, inclined to flake, or even "horny"—hateful but expressive word that!

There is one beauty specialist that is making a feature of arm and elbow treatments. She told me of the most original and effective treatment they are giving in their salon to their clients who are particular about details. The skin is cleansed with cleansing cream and then massaged with skin-food, and while this cream is still on the skin a melted wax is applied and allowed to cool, and then pulled off, taking with it the old dead skin, leaving a smooth, soft surface, which is again mas-saged with cream.

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Today's Skin is just a VEIL . . .

Years of scientific study are behind the Woodbury prescription for the care of the skin

★ **DESQUAMATION**

medical term for the invisible peeling that goes on in every healthy skin, and brings out the new skin that lies just underneath.

DESQUAMATION. It's happening all the time to every healthy skin.

Invisible peeling.

A veil of dead skin so light and thin you cannot see it. But it's enough to darken and thicken your skin.

To cover up the fine, transparent beauty that lies just underneath.

Are you discouraged about your skin?

Does it seem muddy? sallow? dull?

As if the rosy tint of pulsing blood never *could* glow through it again?

Then *you are not giving it the help it needs!*

Here is the prescription worked out by the head of the Woodbury laboratories for just such skins as yours:—

FIRST BATHE THE FACE gently in *warm* water. Then rub up in your hands a generous lather of Woodbury's soap (which was made especially for this purpose). Work this gently into your skin—from the chin up toward cheeks and temples. Now wash off with warm water. Your skin feels new, liberated. The Woodbury lather has freed it of the tiny, invisible dead cells that covered its surface. For Woodbury's acts on the face as ordinary soaps cannot. Now *tone* the new fresh skin. Bring it glowing health and vigor with a brisk splashing of *cold* water. Ah! how good it feels! Now go over your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft towel. Pat your face dry with the towel. Pass your hand over it. How cool and fresh. Smooth!

Whatever creams and lotions and powders you may use, *never forget* this important aid to the natural desquamation every skin undergoes. See what a special soap and a special treatment made to aid the skin's natural processes will do for you.

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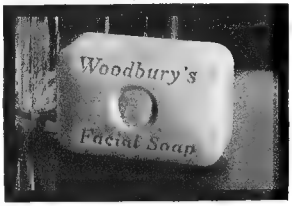

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For, without internal cleanliness, beauty is marred—the eye is clouded and the cheek is dulled. But, with the famous saline laxative, Sal Hepatica, you have the safe, sure way to sparkling radiance and a blemish-free complexion.

Sal Hepatica keeps you clean internally. It banishes the poisons that dim your lustre. It brings freshness and clarity of skin to all who drink it.

Physicians here and abroad have long advocated the saline method. Regularly do they send their patients to the famous spas of Europe to partake daily of the health-giving waters. Thus, by ridding themselves of constipation, the fashionable women of Europe regain health, beauty and youth.

Sal Hepatica is the practical equivalent of the European spas and, like them, cleanses the system thoroughly of the poisons of congestion. With Sal Hepatica's gentle aid, colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches and auto-intoxication are relieved. Digestions are regulated. Sluggish livers respond. Complexions bloom. For salines, because they purify the bloodstream, are generous doers of good to the entire body.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely indeed does it fail to work within 30 minutes. Get a bottle today. See how this treatment can improve your complexion.

Send coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth", describing in detail how Sal Hepatica clears the skin, how it helps relieve many ills.

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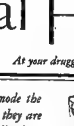

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SAVING TO SPEND

By Nena Wilson Badenoch

THE last guests had departed, congratulating Joe Green on having such a charming young wife to plan surprise-parties for his birthdays. Marion knew the party had been a great success, yet there had been a quizzical expression in Joe's eyes as he looked at her during the evening.

She turned to him now as he closed the door. "Were you really surprised? Tell me honestly and truly wasn't it one of the nicest parties you ever went to?" she asked.

"Yes, it was—but," Joe hesitated, "but when do the bills come in?"

It was Marion's turn now to be serious. "I thought you had plenty of money for everything. You always seem to have enough to spend for the things we want."

"Well, you know my salary." Joe was frowning. "The fact is I have been feeling the need for a study course which will help me ahead in my business. I have signed up for it on the monthly-payment plan. I will have to watch my step to make it."

"Joe," said Marion firmly, "you need me for a partner rather than a pampered play-fellow in this money business."

Surprised, Joe looked at his earnest young wife. He thought back to his own home, where his father had never confided any of his business affairs to his mother, but had grouched about the expenses, so that she never knew what she could spend and what she couldn't. He never wanted Marion to be stinted nor to have to bother her pretty head.

"Come over to my desk right now," said Marion. "I am going to show you that I have been getting ready for this partnership, and that all the bills for the party have been paid in advance."

Joe was amazed. "How did you do it?"

"You know, Joe, I have always believed that planned money bought more than money spent on the spur of the moment. When you laughed at my budget ideas I went ahead studying my job and planning for the day when we would work as equal partners for the things we both want.

"I read all I could find about budgets; then I went into the service station of our bank and had them figure the division of our income. They said we were paying too much rent. It shouldn't be over 24 per cent. of your salary. If we paid more it ought to be on a home of our own because then the investment feature might justify it."

Joe looked thoughtful. "How expensive a home could we afford to invest in?"

"The value of the house must not be more than three times your salary. At $3,000 a year we could afford a $9,000 home. To carry it easily we should make a first payment of one-fourth of that amount, or $2,250. The rest we could carry on a monthly-payment plan, covering interest, taxes, assessments, and a small payment on the principal. They warned me to be sure that our monthly payment covered all those items or we would be swamped when it came time to pay taxes and assessments."

Joe nodded. "Then there is heating, insurance, up-keep, and water, besides the service of Joe Green, janitor. First we will have to save for that initial payment, for we can't put all our investment in one place. Let's look for a cheaper apartment."

"Yes," agreed Marion, "but let's begin looking for the location and the house we want. Maybe we can build our own. The bank tells me that we need to work ahead a couple of years. They say that the ability to save is a different thing from earning-power."

"That sounds sensible," said Joe, "but I am interested to know how you ran the house, serve the food you do, and give parties on the money I have been giving you."

Marion laughed. "I buy food for health. There is just as much nourishment in a shoulder cut of beef as in expensive steaks. I have a card-index of recipes showing ways to use the cheaper cuts. I use one quart of milk a day, real butter for the table, and two cooked and one raw vegetable. If I eat down here we will be paying it out for doctor bills."

Joe smiled at her eagerness. "I know we have plenty of good food. You must have a system of marketing."

"I do. Most of the budgets allow 20 per cent. of income for food, but I am cutting this down to 16 per cent. by running no bills, carrying my own food, and marketing carefully. So I do my own shopping regularly, and ferret out the bargains. This page of my note-book shows my marketing guide.

Meats:

For broiling buy tenderloin, porterhouse, sirloin, top round, and small roasts cut from rib.

For roasts buy rib, loin, and shoulder. Buy a 4-pound roast or over; less than that should be broiled.

For pot-roasts buy round, chuck, flank, and shoulder.

For stews, casseroles, meat-loaves, and pies buy bottom round, flank, skirt, shoulder, and neck.

Use heart, liver, kidney, tongue, and sweetbreads.

For 6 or more buy fore quarter of lamb. Have butcher cut off chops, and use rest for stew, pie, and casserole. Buy hind quarter, cut off chops, and use rest for roasting or boiling.

Vegetables:

Pick for freshness, noting crispness, color, and weight.

Buy Winter vegetables by the pound, not by the bunch.

Use clean outer leaves for soup.

Buy canned vegetables in dozen lots or by the case for price, or watch for sale of 3 cans.

One large can with servings for 6 people is cheaper than 2 small ones.

Use vegetable water for soup or gravies.

Fruit:

Pick for color, weight, and ripeness.

Buy dried fruit, according to size, by the pound.

Buy canned fruit, according to grade and size, in dozen lots, or at sale prices for 3.

Eggs:

Buy fresh for table use, and storage for cooking.

Fats:

Two-pound cans of vegetable fats are cheaper than 2 1-pound cans.

Quart cans of fat are cheaper than 2 pint cans.

For cream use top milk, with proper cream-dip or -siphon.

Joe was scanning Marion's note-book with genuine interest.

"Then you really believe that we can get more for our money when we plan our spending ahead and stick to that plan?"

"Believe it? I know it." Marion was in earnest. "The service station of our bank showed me figures which one couple had used, and altho their income remained the same they got more out of their money every year."

"The partnership is on," declared Joe, and Marion knew that for the first time her husband counted her as his financial equal. She was no longer "Marion Green, dependent."

It's the Cream of Tartar in Royal *that gives you such perfect results.*

Would you like to make an entirely new kind of layer cake . . . with a texture so feathery light that it actually melts on your tongue?

It's called Luxor Loaf. You bake it in a ring pan. Then cut it across—so the creamy lemon filling blends lusciously into the delicate fluffy layers.

Even if you're a beginner at baking, you'll have perfect success with this delicious cake. For the secret of its goodness rests largely with the baking powder—Royal.

The Cream of Tartar in Royal insures a special quality of texture—light . . . velvety . . . tender.

It gives cakes an extra fineness of flavor that lifts them above the ordinary. And keeps them fresh and moist until the last piece disappears.

Royal gives perfect results not only in cake baking. It makes even "temperamental" dishes failure-proof. Add a little Royal Baking Powder to your meringues, soufflés, and omelettes and they'll stay puffed up . . . and light as a feather.

For all your baking, use Royal. Have the happy satisfaction of knowing that your baked foods are sure to be successful — with all those niceties of flavor . . . of texture . . . that your pride in your baking demands.

Free Cook Book—You'll find some delicious new cake recipes in the new edition of the famous Royal Cook Book—a complete cook book of over 360 recipes for all kinds of dishes. Mail the coupon today.

The Cream of Tartar in Royal comes from luscious grapes grown in southern France. Remember—when you buy—Royal is the only nationally distributed Cream of Tartar baking powder. That is why Royal, for sixty years, has been recognized throughout the world as the purest, most wholesome, and most dependable baking powder.

Recipe for new Luxor Loaf

Sift 1 cup fine granulated sugar; pour 1 teaspoon vanilla extract on 2 tablespoons of the measured sugar and set aside. Place ½ cup egg yolks in large mixing bowl; add ½ cup lukewarm water and ⅛ teaspoon baking soda and beat with egg beater until very foamy. Add sugar a little at a time; beat in well; add the sugar mixed with flavoring and beat. Sift together 1½ cups pastry flour, 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, ½ teaspoon salt and fold carefully into mixture. Pour in large ungreased angel cake pan. Bake in moderate oven at 350° F. 40 to 45 minutes. Invert pan and cake and let stand until cake is cold when, with aid of a spatula, it will slip from pan. Remove all crumbs and moist crust from surface and cut in three layers. Spread Lemon Cream Filling between the layers. Cover top and sides with Marshmallow Seven Minute Frosting. Recipes are in the new Royal Cook Book.

Royal Baking Powder, Product of Standard Brands Inc.
Dept. 34, 695 Washington Street, New York City
Please send my copy of the new Royal Cook Book.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

The 20th century owes you a better cup of coffee

And DEL MONTE *is bringing it to you*

WHAT an age of change! Of progress! Each day brings its surprise, its new step forward toward better things.

Think, for instance, of the improvements just in foods. Consider how much your own family table differs from your mother's and your grandmother's. It *looks* different. The food on it is *prepared* differently. "Balanced" with the newer knowledge of food values. Served in new forms and combinations that bespeak today's art of tempting appetites.

Surely, this new age should have brought changes equally great in coffee. Today we know more about growing fine coffee—know more about safeguarding its flavor during its long journey to our shores—more about selecting, roasting and packaging than even a dozen years ago. Never before has there been such an opportunity to produce a really better coffee—to bring you a coffee in tune with modern, critical tastes.

It is such a coffee DEL MONTE now offers your table!

A New Coffee for This New Age

For many years we have wanted to add coffee to the DEL MONTE line. Here was America's favorite drink—used every day in millions of homes.

But we were not willing to put the DEL MONTE name on any coffee until we had produced exactly the flavor that would measure up to DEL MONTE'S world-wide reputation for quality and goodness.

We tested, tasted and compared all the leading brands of coffee offered for sale in this country. The more we investigated, the more convinced we became that modern Americans deserved a finer and truer coffee flavor—*and that we could give it to them.*

We enlisted the expert knowledge of coffee specialists. We put behind them all the resources and flavor-finding-experience of the whole DEL MONTE organization.

No prejudices, no restrictions, stood in our way. We blended the finest coffees money could buy—premium coffees from the world's premium plantations. Today's skill and science armed with today's resources. And the result—today's full-bodied coffee for today's coffee lovers—the coffee you would expect us to sign and seal with the DEL MONTE label.

So now we invite all of you—you who expect 1930 to give you something better than 1929—to take home a can of DEL MONTE Coffee and try it.

You will find it on grocers' shelves, everywhere, proudly displaying the same green label and the same red DEL MONTE shield that have so long been your unfailing guide to quality in canned fruits, vegetables and many other foods.

Your first sip will tell you that DEL MONTE has made the 20th century live up to its promise—has given you a coffee that will bring new pleasure to your family and guests—has created a coffee *by* moderns, *for* moderns, in tune with this critical, modern age.

As Fresh as the Day It Was Roasted

DEL MONTE Coffee comes to you only in the modern vacuum tin—always fresh as the day it was roasted.

Ordinary containers would not do. Too much effort and expense have gone into perfecting the flavor of DEL MONTE Coffee to risk losing any part of it!

In this modern, hermetically-sealed, air-proof package, DEL MONTE Coffee retains all the volatile, aromatic oils that give it so much of its new distinction and better flavor.

Enjoy the fine fragrance that rises the instant you open the can. Coffee as fresh—as rich, as full-bodied—as the moment the vacuum process sealed it for you fresh from the roasting.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION

A modern coffee ~ for modern tastes

DEL MONTE COFFEE

Always fresh ~ IN THIS MODERN VACUUM TIN

FOOD PRODUCTS

VEGETABLE COOKERY

The A-B-C's of Cookery. Article VIII.

Utensils, courtesy R. H. Macy & Co. Photo by Mayer-Rock

COOK *EN CASSEROLE* OR BAKE YOUR ROOT-VEGETABLES. STEAM THE LEAFY ONES OR COOK UNTIL JUST TENDER IN RAPIDLY BOILING WATER

By HELEN TREYZ SMITH

WE HAVE heard a great deal about the importance of vegetables in the diet, we have heard much about the kinds and amounts of vegetables we should eat, but comparatively little has been said about the proper way to cook them. So it happens that a careful home-maker may be taking great pains to serve her family two vegetables (besides potatoes) every day and yet be destroying the vitamins and throwing away the mineral salts which make these vegetables such important dietary factors.

Cooking affects not only food value, but color, texture, and flavor of vegetables as well. In turn, each of these factors affects the desirability of the food we serve, and thus becomes of great importance to the cook and her entire family. Sometimes one and the same method of cooking answers all purposes, preserving food value, good color, texture, and flavor; but, again, sometimes it does not; and we must choose to sacrifice food value for appearance, or food value for flavor, and *vice versa*.

Preserving the Food Value

OF THE general methods of cooking vegetables, baking—especially baking in the skin—unquestionably stands out as the best method as far as retaining food value is concerned. Next comes steaming, followed in order by cooking in the pressure-cooker, boiling in the skins, boiling whole, boiling cut lengthwise, then boiling cut crosswise.

Obviously a vegetable can not lose minerals and vitamins in the cooking water when it is baked. This does not apply to those vegetables which are cooked in the oven in a covered dish with a small amount of water in the bottom of it. This, after all, is cooking in a small amount of water. Baking without water not only retains all food value but develops a fine flavor, and is a desirable method for any vegetable which contains a large enough amount of water to prevent it from drying during the baking.

When vegetables are steamed, only minute quantities of water come in contact with them, the amount being much too small to dissolve out nutrients to any extent. This method of cooking can be recommended for any vegetable which can be cooked this way without serious damage to flavor and color. It lends itself well to the cooking of such vegetables as potatoes, squashes of all kinds, pumpkins, carrots, beets, parsnips, and waxbeans. While steaming under pressure speeds up cooking, especially in the case of old vegetables, it is not necessary for good cookery.

Boiling is by far the most popular method of cooking vegetables—a very important fact, inasmuch as careless cooking in large quantities of water may result in a loss of as much as 50 per cent. of the minerals and a large proportion of the vitamins. But losses need not be so great.

The two factors which affect food losses in the boiling procedure are (1) the amount of water used and (2) the time taken to cook the vegetables. Quick cooking of vegetables always tends to retain food value, regardless of the cooking method used. Probably the most important points in vegetable cookery are *to cook vegetables as quickly as possible* and *to cook them only until they are tender*. Have the water boiling when the vegetable is put into it, and bring it quickly back to the boiling-point; then take care that you do not overcook it.

Quick cooking in the smallest feasible amount of water reduces food losses to a minimum, but other factors often enter in which make it unwise to use such small quantities of water. These factors have to do with flavor and color, and will be taken up under those headings.

Perhaps it might be well to say something about the use of soda to preserve color and to shorten the cooking-period. Undoubtedly soda does both these things. But it has the very undesirable effect of destroying the vitamins which are present. It may also soften the vegetables too much—so much that good texture is sacrificed. As a general rule soda is best left out of the cooking-kettle.

Cooking to Preserve Color

IF YOU think that preservation of food value is the only important factor, imagine, if you will, the cooking, serving, and eating of colorless foods or of one-color meals. The natural vegetable colors, green, red, yellow, and creamy white, are very attractive, and no good cook would willingly sacrifice them by improper cookery.

Of the four color-pigments found in vegetables yellow is the most stable, being affected very little, if any, by cooking conditions. It is very interesting to know that the substance, or pigment, which gives the color to carrots, pumpkin, squash, and rutabagas also gives color to beef fat, butter, and egg yolk. It is also found in the green vegetables, plainly showing there when the green coloring matter is destroyed. One has only to recall the greenish-yellow color of overcooked or improperly cooked greens to realize its presence.

Attractive as the yellow color is by itself, we can hardly call a green-yellow combination appetizing, and we should do our best to preserve the green coloring matter of green vegetables. While the green coloring matter does not dissolve to any extent in the cooking water, it is easily destroyed by acids—and all vegetables contain a trace of acid. Fortunately for us, the vegetable acids are volatile—that is, they pass off in vapor form with the steam if we leave the cover off the kettle. Then, too, most city and town water is slightly alkaline and can take care of a certain amount of acid.

Therefore cooking in a fairly large quantity of water is of value on this score. When a steamer or pressure-cooker is used for the cooking, the steam should be permitted to escape for the first few minutes so that the acid can also pass off.

Quick cooking also makes for color-retention; and it might be well to point out here that the time required to cook greens is so short that there is no particular point in using a pressure-cooker for them. Use a fairly large quantity of water; have it boiling; drop the vegetable in, and bring the water quickly back to the boiling-point. Cook the vegetable, *uncovered*, for the shortest time needed to make the vegetable tender and you will be able to serve an attractive *green* vegetable.

Opposite conditions favor retention of color in red vegetables. Alkali turns them a brownish color; acid intensifies the red color; and a large quantity of water invariably means loss of color because the red pigment dissolves very readily. Home-makers already practise the cooking of beets without paring. If you wish, you may add a small amount of acid, say 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls of vinegar per quart of water, to either beets or red cabbage during cooking, but this precaution is not necessary.

White vegetables also contain a color-pigment. This particular pigment is colorless, but changes to a yellow when cooked in the presence of an alkali, even as little alkali as we sometimes find in ordinary tap-water. Overcooking also brings out a color change. In some cases a not undesirable yellow color appears, but at other times we have a very unpleasant blue-gray color, which, without doubt, you have seen in overcooked potatoes, for example. Since overcooking is always to be

Continued on Page 107

BIRTHDAY-CAKES AND PARTIES

By MRS. E. T. SWENSON

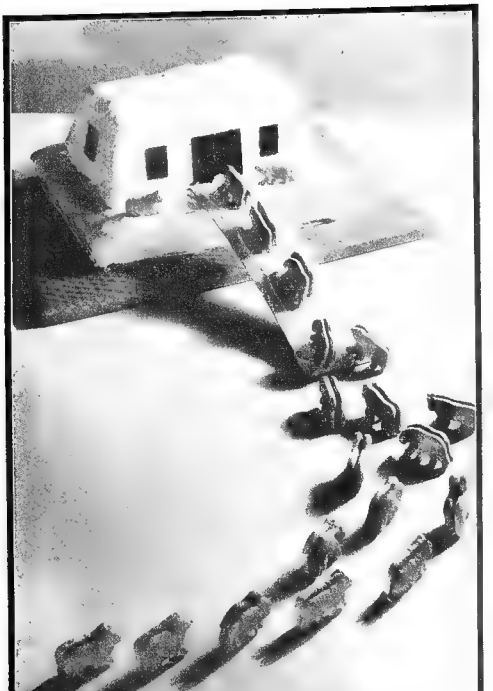

Photo by Mayer-Kuck

ANIMAL CRACKERS MARCHING SIDE BY SIDE INTO THE ARK WILL DELIGHT ANY CHILD

BIRTHDAY-CAKES and children's parties! What a lot of fun and happy memories can be centered around these little affairs! Yet many mothers hesitate to plan a special birthday-party because of the time and expense involved to make it something different.

There are many novel and unusual ideas that can be carried out with but very little time and expense. And the children are always so willing and anxious to help that sometimes I think they remember the getting ready and the planning even more than the party itself.

First comes the birthday-cake. If it is interesting and pretty it forms a delightful centerpiece that the children will love.

For the teen-age girl with a May birthday, for instance, a May-pole cake is appropriate. Bake the cake in a large round pan about two inches high. Frost it with a boiled frosting (or a rich powdered-sugar frosting) tinted a delicate green.

Stick a long, glistening, slender stick of candy down the middle of the cake, allowing it to extend above the cake about eight inches Arrange small kewpies, dressed in tulle, organdy, or crêpe paper in the delicate Spring colors, around the edge of the cake for the May-pole dancers Have tiny ribbons extend from the top of the May-pole to each kewpie. If the cake is large enough you may have a kewpie for each guest to take home or one for each year of the birthday girl.

Lollypops, too, may be dressed up and used in many unusual and attractive ways. In order to make them stand up place the end of the stick in a spool or button mold. Choose the size, color, and shape which best fits in with the rest of your scheme. You may take off or leave on the paper. Make the eyes, nose, and mouth with white, colored, or chocolate frosting; or appropriate faces may be cut from colored magazine and catalog pictures and pasted on the lollypops. Lollypops or kewpies dressed as clowns always appeal to children.

If the birthday-party is a January one, for the table-decorations have your cake frosted snow-white. Place it on a large mirror in the center of the table to represent a frozen lake, and outline it with cotton-and-snow sparkle. Have a few small kewpies or lolly-pop dolls dressed in bright wool as skaters, or you may use your lollypop snowmen around the edge of the lake or as place-cards.

Since February suggests Lincoln's birthday, a log-cabin cake for a centerpiece, with lollypops dressed as early pioneers, might be used; for Washington's birthday dress the dolls as Colonial ladies.

Similar ideas can be worked out for each month of the year: For March, in St. Patrick's day colors, shamrocks and high top-hats; April, umbrellas for Spring showers or dunces for April fool day; May, the May-pole cake already described; June, flower-girls; July, patriotic lads and lassies; and August, bathing girls with rubber caps and suits made from toy balloons. Have them seated in the sand around a large shallow pie-tin of water. Another way is to use more water in a larger pan and have tiny goldfish in with your bathing girls. For Fall birthdays there are Autumn flowers, Hallowe'en witches, Santa Claus, brownies, and elves.

For the small girl with a birthday close to Easter bake a cake in a large angel-cake pan. Frost the cake with a rich powdered-sugar frosting tinted a delicate color. In the center, place one of those large papier-mâché rabbits, and around the edge of the cake arrange Easter eggs or fluffy artificial chicks.

For the birthday close to Christmas bake a cake in a large angel-cake pan as above. Make a round chimney of cardboard to fit inside of the hole. Cover with brick-design crêpe paper. Candy, nuts, or small gifts for the guests or a gift for the birthday girl or boy may be placed in the bottom of the chimney. Now take a papier-mâché figure of old Santa and place him in the top of the chimney, with his head and shoulders showing above the top. This makes a very attractive table-decoration too for the Christmas dinner.

For the Boy's Birthday

FOR the big boy who is a football- or basket-ball player bake two cakes in round-bottom pans. Put the two cakes together with a dark icing to resemble a ball in size and shape. A dark spice-cake is fine for this purpose. Color with dark frosting to resemble the color of a ball; then put on school-letters with icing in white or your boy's class colors. This cake makes a fine centerpiece for the banquet which often follows the football season.

For the small boy many clever ideas may be carried out. The Noah's-ark cake shown on this page will delight any young person, and it is not hard to make. Bake two cakes in rectangular pans, one smaller than the other, the larger one for the body of the ark, the other shaped for the roof. The body may be covered with a cream or light frosting, with the windows and doors outlined with chocolate or made of chocolate wafers, and the roof may be white or covered with a dark frosting. A row of animal cookies should be arranged in front of the ark in pairs just ready to go in.

If the feet of the cookies are dipped in sirup cooked to the hard-ball stage and the animals quickly stood in position the sirup will soon harden and they will stand by themselves. Or two animals joined with icing will stand up quite satisfactorily.

A Merry-Go-Round Cake

ONE of the most attractive cakes I know of is a merry-go-round cake, and yet is very simple to make. Bake the cake in a large round pan. Cover with dark soft frosting. A rich butter moché or chocolate powdered-sugar frosting is fine because there is time to arrange everything before the frosting sets.

In the center of the cake insert a long, narrow stick of candy, extending about eight inches above the cake. This forms the center tent-pole. Arrange shorter sticks around the edge. Take animal cookies, put spots on them with bright-colored frosting, and arrange in pairs around the edge of the cake for the ponies. The frosting should be soft and deep enough to hold the cookies up.

To make the tent-top, which is of white crêpe paper on a fine wire frame, proceed as follows: First take a fine wire; cut and bend it so it will just fit on top of the candy-sticks around the edge. Wrap the wire with crêpe paper. Now take white crêpe paper; cut and shape it so it will fit over the center pole and the wire frame around the edge and extend over down the side about an inch. To secure the tent-top to the candy-sticks, place dabs of frosting on top of each stick to hold the wire and the crêpe-paper top. In a short time the frosting will be dry and solid, and it will then hold the tent in shape. To make this merry-go-round cake may sound hard, but it really is easy; and since it is a cake which will bring pleasure to the heart of any child it is worth all the effort.

For the Older Person

THE older person likes birthday-cakes and -parties too, but sometimes the usual array of candles is rather embarrassing. An interesting idea is to use candles arranged in the form of a question-mark. This will set every one guessing, and will add zest to the party. The guest of honor, however, need not feel obligated to reveal the answer to the question.

Another attractive way is to arrange the candles in the form of a swastika or a good-luck sign, using just what you need to carry out the design. Tiny pink or yellow candles on a white cake look very pretty. Set the candles in those dainty rosebud candle-holders made with small sharp points that will hold to the cake without marring the icing.

Now that pastry-tubes are so inexpensive and easy to use, any one can give a professional touch to even a simple cake. A birthday-cake ought never to be too much bother for any one.

And so long live the memories of the birthdays! Not only for the children, but for grown-ups as well!

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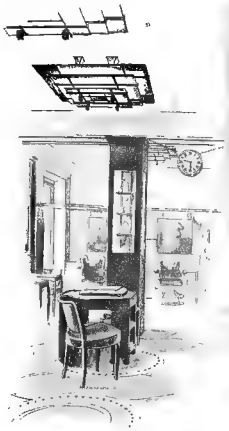

There are certain unique decorative features about Vincent's establishment that distinguish it from the usual salon, as this sketch indicates.

Vincent superintending a facial treatment in his beauty salon on the Rue Royale, Paris. He advises Palmolive, as do so many of his famous colleagues.

"An irritated skin—you are using the wrong kind of soap, perhaps. Use Palmolive. Its color is the color of palm and olive oils. It has a fresh natural odor. It not only keeps the skin free of irritation, but it leaves the complexion refreshed and beautiful."

Vincent

20 Rue Royale
Paris

VINCENT of Paris

Beauty Expert to Society

warns against the wrong kind of soap ..."you should use Palmolive"

Beauty experts recognize the need for a soap containing olive oil to keep skin fresh, smooth and lovely.

"We particularly stress to all our clients," says Vincent of Paris, "the importance of skin cleansing. That means keeping the skin free of impurities and ready for our special treatment. And for this purpose we recommend just one soap—Palmolive."

Vincent has a very important shop on the Rue Royale, across from the famous Madeleine in Paris. Here he administers to the beauty needs of world travelers and women of fashion in Paris. And he warns them of the dangers in using the wrong kind of soap.

"You should use Palmolive," he insists, "which is made of vegetable oils."

Unless impurities and daily accumulations of oil and dirt are removed from the pores, you soon discover blackheads, pimples, and enlarged pores, which are some of women's chief beauty grievances.

Palm and olive oils in soap have a beneficial effect on the skin. They cleanse the pores without irritation. They leave the surface of the skin toned up and stimulated, yet they are so gentle, so easy on the skin. That is, undoubtedly, why these fine cosmetic oils have been used by lovely women since Cleopatra's time.

Here is the famous treatment

With both hands work up a fine lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Work this tenderly into the skin of face and throat, massaging for about two minutes. You can actually feel the impurities being carried away from under the surface of the skin. Rinse, first with warm water, then with cold. In the morning, perhaps you'll need a touch of cream or some kind of astringent before putting on make-up. That is the basis of the home beauty treatment recommended by more than 19,800 beauty specialists.

Consult your beauty expert

For special treatments, you will have, of course, to consult your own expert. But for day in and day out care of the skin, nothing is quite so effective as this simple Palmolive treatment. And since Palmolive costs no more than ordinary soap, millions allow it to do for their entire body what it does so well for the face. Why don't you begin to use it tomorrow?

A vast professional group of 19,813 beauty specialists finds one soap best. They all advise Palmolive!

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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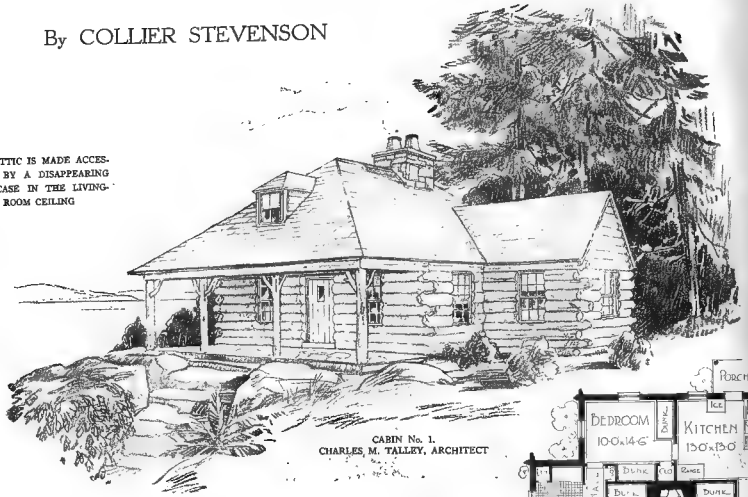
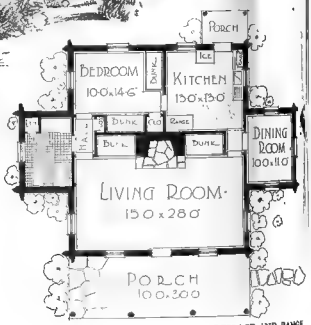
RUSTIC CABINS OF TO-DAY

By COLLIER STEVENSON



THE ATTIC IS MADE ACCESSIBLE BY A DISAPPEARING STAIRCASE IN THE LIVING-ROOM CEILING

CABIN No. 1.
CHARLES M. TALLEY, ARCHITECT



A CENTRAL CHIMNEY SERVES FOR FIREPLACE AND RANGE

THE log cabin is increasingly popular as a vacation home for mountain, shore, or woodland situations, to which it so admirably responds in simplicity and ruggedness. There is, of course, a pleasant sentiment attached to the log cabin, since it was a type of dwelling much used by sturdy pioneers as they opened up great new sections of this continent.

The cabin of to-day, however, is much less primitive than its prototype, even tho it usually adheres to precedent in structural details. It has, for instance, many windows and a porch of generous area, because we are a sun-loving people, interested in the outdoor world. And even the simplest cabin is apt to have at least one bathroom, because our standards of hygiene have reached the highest point in the history of the world. The modern cabin also has ample sleeping accommodations, for planes and motors have so conquered distance that numerous visitors are almost a foregone conclusion, irrespective of how far away a Summer home may be located.

The cabin pictured above is quite typical of this new order. In respect to sleeping-space, for example, it has four double-deck, built-in bunks, which provide for eight people. In emergencies, of course, cots could be arranged in both living-room and dining-room, or the dining-room could be used as a permanent bedroom if meals were served in the living-room. There is a large and well-ventilated bathroom, so placed that it can be reached conveniently from all parts of the house, even from the kitchen. The three closets, too, are of satisfactory size and location.

TWO massive stone chimneys dominate the rambling cabin at the left and add to its picturesque quality. A large living-room occupies the entire center of the cabin. Three French doors open from one end of the living-room to the porch, and a fireplace features the opposite end of the room. The wing at the left is given over to the kitchen and a breakfast-room. Two bedrooms and a bathroom occupy a separate wing at the right.

CABIN No. 3.
BOYD, ABEL & GUGERT,
ARCHITECTS

THERE is a distinctly Scandinavian influence visible in the design of the commodious cabin shown below. The first floor has afforded space for a living-room, a breakfast-room, a kitchen, two bedrooms with built-in bunks, a bathroom, and four closets. An interesting feature of the second floor is a recreation-room, reached by either the inside or outside stairs. There are also three well-lighted bedrooms and a bathroom on the second floor.

TREE-TRUNK porch columns and antlers used as a gable decoration give the little Summer home shown below a woodland atmosphere, even tho the walls are of shingles and weather-boarding instead of logs. The house contains a living-room, a kitchen, a breakfast-nook, two bedrooms, and a bathroom. There is a staircase to the upper floor, where other rooms could be created.

CABIN No 2. CHARLES M TALLEY, ARCHITECT

CABIN No. 4. JOHN W. PLATT, JR., ARCHITECT

FREE PLANS

Complete working-plans, elevations, and details of any one of these cabins, with an outline specification, will be sent free on receipt of a stamped envelop addressed to yourself. Please order by number, and enclose a stamped envelop for each plan wanted. Address House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

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How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

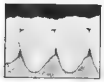
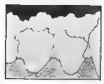


Diagram showing tiny spaces between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach

Colgate's is most economical—the 25c tube contains *more* toothpaste, by volume, than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.

This Cleansing Foam gives teeth an extra protection

In addition to polishing, it penetrates the tiny spaces between teeth . . . washing out the impurities which mere surface brushing can't dislodge.

OF course, you want sparkling white teeth. Colgate's polishes them brilliantly, with a soft chalk powder, a material used by all dentists to polish teeth safely.

But Colgate's does *more*. Its famous penetrating foam flushes out the decaying food particles hidden in the crevices and spaces between teeth . . . giving a hygienic bath where ordinary dentifrices can't reach.

Thus Colgate's gives you an *extra* protection. Its *washing*-action enables it to get down into the tiny, hard-to-clean places and flood out decaying food particles in a manner approved by modern dental science.

Superiority in cleansing has made Colgate's the largest selling toothpaste in the world—used by more people, recommended by more dentists than any other toothpaste.

If you have not become acquainted with Colgate's may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

For those who prefer it, Colgate's comes in powder form. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

WARNING! Don't attempt to "doctor" your mouth with a dentifrice. A toothpaste cannot cure pyorrhea; cannot permanently correct acid mouth; cannot firm the gums. Its one and only function is to *clean* . . . any other claim is false and misleading. Self-medication is dangerous . . . if you fear for the health of your teeth and gums, see your dentist.

FREE COLGATE, Dept M-581, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy"

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

SUMMER QUARTERS

Turn your porch into an informal living-room and you'll turn Summer into a delight

YOU have probably guessed that this is a Southern porch, for it is quite evident that its owner intends to loaf in the sun a lot of the time. But at other hours of the day there is shade, so that this open-air living-room has been furnished to suit the various moods and occupations of the owner throughout the day. Vivid colors have been effectively used in the accessories.

ANY cottage porch could be enclosed in glass to make it usable from early Spring to late Fall. The one shown here illustrates the clever use of a small amount of space to give a well-arranged, livable room. The figured hangings at the windows soften the lines of the window-frames and permit privacy when desired.

HAVE you ever noticed how few porches or living-rooms, indoors for that matter, ever provide really adequate, comfortable furnishings for the various members of the family? This enclosed porch, with its potted ivy, is an all-family living-room, however, planned for the convenience and comfort of at least six people.

Photos by Helen Edwards Hewett

If you thought Star Bacon was good before, you ought to

taste it *now*!

New *"double-f"* process (Fixed★ Flavor) lifts Star Bacon to new heights of deliciousness

A YEAR AGO, we would have confessed proudly that it was simply impossible to improve upon the flavor of Armour's Star Bacon. But this is an age of progress. Armour recognizes a responsibility to the discriminating American housewives whose patronage built this business.

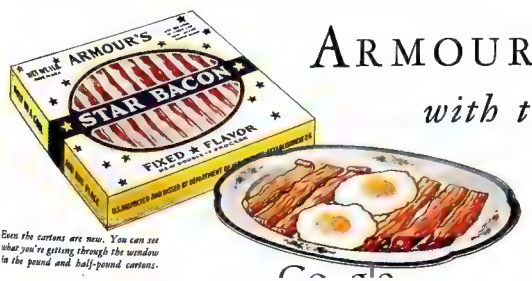
So we experimented. We conferred with food-specialists. We talked with housewives. Slowly and surely, we developed the new "double-f" process of Fixed★ Flavor.

Today we can say to you that Armour's Star Bacon is the finest, tenderest, tastiest bacon that ever nestled in a fry-pan. Your tongue will tell you this is no exaggeration. Starting with the selection of the livestock itself, we reviewed and revised our entire process of curing and smoking. We found the one way to insure *uniformity* of flavor; an evenness of fragrance and taste, whether in one wafery sliver or in a whole piece on the dealer's hook. That is Fixed★ Flavor, found only in Star Bacon.

As you open a package of this finer-flavored bacon, the fragrance that rises to greet you is reminiscent of an October morning in the North Woods. A fragrance that leaps to life in the pan, assailing your appetite with a primitive urge. You can hardly wait to get your fork into it. You can cook Star Bacon so tender that it is almost affectionate; or you can crisp it so that it crumbles at a touch. Any way you prefer your bacon, the Fixed★ Flavor of Armour's Star will satisfy you as no bacon ever has before. To get this Fixed★ Flavor, you must be sure of getting Star. No "satellite," no "near Star," will do. Mail the coupon below for "36 Ways to Serve Bacon."

★ ★ ★

Tune-in the Armour Hour every Friday night at 8.30 eastern standard time, over any of 36 stations associated with the N. B. C. Armour and Company, Chicago; Armour and Company, Limited, London, England.



Even the cartons are new. You can see what you're getting through the window in the pound and half-pound cartons.

ARMOUR'S STAR BACON
with the Fixed★Flavor

Dept. F-5, Div. Food Economics
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.
Please send me free copy of "36 Ways to Serve Bacon".

Name_____

Address_____

Choose your new living room suite from these KROEHLER super-values...

—the maximum of PROVED QUALITY at each price

STANDARD QUALITY SUITE No. 237—2 pieces—$150

No. 237—Typical two-piece suite from the Standard Quality group. Large sofa of serpentine design and extra deep cushioning. Smart button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich taupe mohair with reversible cushions of colorful jacquard moquette. Same suite available in many other beautiful coverings. Kroehler non-warping hardwood frames and patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at small extra cost. The two pieces priced at only $150. Extra chair $150 to harmonize, where three pieces are desired, $48.50

No. 445—A super-value at the moderate price quoted. Large davenport and matching button-back chair. Smart-looking extended front design. All around covering of apricot mohair with harmonizing, colorful figured jacquard moquette on reversible cushions. Kroehler non-warping frame of finest hardwood. Patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at slight extra cost. Two pieces, only $190. Extra matching chair to complete a three-piece $190 suite where desired, $63 . . . . . .

Prices slightly higher in Western Canada

STERLING QUALITY SUITE No. 445—2 pieces—$190

CUSTOM-MADE SUITE No. 939—2 pieces—$230

ONLY six months ago your selection of living room furniture would have been made with much guesswork and uncertainty. But these new and amazing Kroehler Value Standards have completely revolutionized everything.

Here you have *three definite standards of value* —three definite *price groups*—each of which offers the maximum of proved quality, of beauty and of comfort at its price.

No matter from which of these three price groups you select your new living room suite, you are assured that each piece is *"quality"* built; with a non-warping, lifetime frame of finest hardwoods; with the patented Kroehler Spring Steel Underconstruction in place of common webbing. You know, too, that the most deeply hidden detail has been as conscientiously built as the parts you see. The Kroehler label guarantees these things, as thousands of people know.

Take advantage of this revolutionary development perfected in the great Kroehler factories. See these new and amazing Kroehler Super-Values at your nearest Kroehler dealer's store. He has many other models in each group; many beautiful fabrics, too, from which you may choose.

If you do not recall a nearby dealer who features Kroehler Living Room Furniture, write *us*. We will send you his name and address and a free copy of our booklet, "Enjoyable Living Rooms by Kroehler," without delay.

No. 939—*Kroehler's finest quality.* Luxurious sofa and button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich, silver taupe mohair. Reversible cushions of jacquard moquette. Kroehler non-warping hardwood frame. Patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at slightly higher cost. May also be had in a choice of many other attractive coverings. The two pieces, $230. Lounge chair $75 No. 8956 in figured green tapestry, $75 . . . . $230

Prices slightly higher in Western Canada

KROEHLER MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
or STRATFORD, CANADA

Factories at: Chicago, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Kankakee, Ill.; Bradley, Ill.; Dallas, Texas; Binghamton, N. Y.; Los Angeles, Calif.; San Francisco, Calif.; Cleveland, Ohio. *Canadian Factories:* Stratford, Ont., and Montreal, Que.

KROEHLER

LIVING ROOM FURNITURE & DAVENPORT BEDS

BULBS TO BLOOM IN SUMMER

By HELEN HOLT JAMESON

OF THE many kinds of bulbs, tubers, and roots which, if planted in Spring, will give you a rich harvest of gorgeous flowers during Summer and Autumn, two stand out for beauty and popularity. In fact, so much more popular are they than all the others, and such warm rivals are they for ascendency, that I hesitate which to name first for fear of bringing down on my well-meaning head the wrath of the enthusiastic adherents of "t'other house."

I refer to the dahlia and the gladiolus. These are undoubtedly just now the most popular of all Summer-blooming flowers. They crowd the garden shows to overflowing. Dozens of new varieties appear each year. They come in every color, in every imaginable color combination, and while the gladiolus has but few variations in type from the well-known shape and size, the dahlia has many. Both may be classified under the designation "Can be grown anywhere and by any one."

To one unfamiliar with either my advice would be to grow both. Each has its own uses not only as part of the home garden but as a cut flower. Your own experience with them will determine how far you want to go in the development of new varieties and combinations that they soon become rabid enthusiasts.

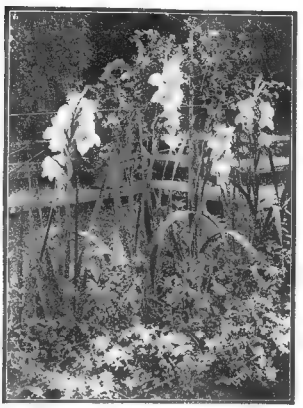


Photo by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

GLADIOLI ARE INCREASINGLY POPULAR BECAUSE THEY MAY BE GROWN IN ANY LOCALITY

The dahlia is, strictly speaking, not a bulb at all, but a tuber—a member of the humble family of the potato. It grows on stems 3, 4, and 5 feet in height, and while its habit is to stand erect, it is often found necessary, especially when the blooms are large and heavy, to stake each plant to prevent breakage by our Summer windstorms.

One of the best known types is the decorative, probably the *freest* blooming, usually large-flowered, with a full, open face. This type has broad, long petals and makes an ideal cut-flower display. Then there is the peony type, very tall, usually loose-petaled, and very free of bloom. Some of the most graceful blooms are found in this type. It, too, is fine for cutting.

Another favorite type is the cactus, characterized by long, narrow petals, some tubular and some twisted and curled. Novelties are constantly appearing in this type. The pompon type is very popular for mixed bouquets. They are really miniature flowers of the show type, which is very formal in appearance, with numerous short quills of various sorts, and which is probably the longest lasting of all cut dahlias.

The single and the collarete types, which show a single row of petals, sometimes with a collaret of different color, complete the list of the better known types.

In each one of these several types are hundreds of named varieties, every one of a different color or color combination and of varying sizes.

Only your seedsman's or nurseryman's catalog can give you the lists of these names and their characteristics adequately. The prices vary much. Send for the catalog at once.

In the meantime prepare your garden. The dahlia will grow in any kind of ground, but shows preference for a light, sandy soil. If your soil seems heavy, work in a little coal- or wood-ashes or lime to lighten it. An open, sunny location is best, tho I have had some success in partial shade. Do not fertilize too heavily, particularly early in the season, as the plants will run too much to leaf and stalk. Cultivation and water are of more importance, especially until the plants have obtained a good start. Just before blooming-time well-rotted manure or bone-meal should be worked well into the soil.

Plant any time during the month of May, according to your latitude and the liability of late frosts. You will have blooms in from 6 to 8 weeks under ordinary conditions. Prepare the ground thoroughly, spading and forking the soil as deeply and thoroughly as possible and putting in just a little well-rotted manure. The tubers should be planted 4 to 6 inches deep, according to the heaviness of your soil. They should be laid flat, the eye (just like a potato-eye) or sprout pointing upward—never downward. Allow at least 18 inches between plants.

Stake Your Dahlias

STAKE the young plants as early as it seems necessary, remembering that stray animals running through a garden can do much damage to very young plants. Dahlias snap easily. When the plants are growing pinch off the dead leaves, and as uncut blooms die pinch them off before they become ragged-looking and a drain on the plant.

As important as any operation connected with the dahlias is that of "harvesting." This must be done soon after the first heavy frosts have blackened the foliage. Dig up the tubers and cut off the stalks. Allow them to dry a 3 hours out-of-doors in the sun. Label the clumps. Then shake off the loose soil and store for next year in boxes or barrels with the stalk-end of the clump down. Keep in a temperature above freezing, but not too warm, excluding the air as much as possible to prevent shriveling. Next year the clumps must be divided for replanting.

Altho the American Gladiolus Society officially adopted "glad-i-o-lus" as its pronunciation, both singular and plural, there are many other authorities for "gla-di-o-lus," with "gladioli" as the plural. "Gladi" is a commoner and more popular name than either among those who love this ever gay and attractive flower, aptly called "everybody's flower," because everybody can grow it and because it will grow everywhere and under almost any condition.

Certainly no flowers can surpass the showy and stately character of the tall spikes of blossoms, which give an almost unlimited range of color laid on in gorgeous patterns. An unusually long period of bloom, unexcelled lasting qualities, comparative ease of culture, and freedom from garden pests are some of this flower's claims to popularity not only in this country but all over the world. It does not boast of much fragrance, the little that some of the species have being given off at night.

We are most likely to think of gladioli as cut flowers only, but they are also uncommonly fine for the splendid effect they can be made to give in group- and mass-planting in the perennial border. Their facility for continuous bloom makes it possible to have flowers every day of the Summer months.

The best known types are the large flowering or plain-petaled, the ruffled and the primulinus hybrids, and the new orchid gladiolus. Of each type there are hundreds of named varieties, each with different colors and color combinations, so that your choice is limited solely by your pocketbook.

It is quite impossible to list the varieties here, nor would it be wise to select even a few of any type. Get the catalogs yourself and choose. Buy good bulbs. This does not necessarily mean the most expensive; many of the moderate-priced ones are among the best, the price being lower because they are more plentiful.

Begin planting in May unless the season is well advanced in which case start late in April. Any soil not too heavy will do, but "glads" repay feeding, so that you may fertilize as much as you want. Select a sunny location. Plant the bulbs in rows 4 inches deep, and 4 to 6 inches apart in the row, after spading deeply and pulverizing freely. Cultivate and water frequently, but do not overwater.

Plant every 10 days until July 4th if you would have a succession of flowers through the Summer. Care should be taken to plant the bulbs right side up. As soon as the spikes begin to develop, light stakes should be furnished for their support. Tie the spikes to the stakes with strips of cloth instead of string.

When cutting use a sharp knife to avoid bruising the stem. Cutting should be started when the first two florets flowers of the spike open. Do not take any more foliage than necessary. You must leave some to develop bulbs for next year. After the blooming season is over and the leaves turn brown, or when frost comes, dig the bulbs and let them dry in the sun or in a cool, dry place. Remove the old bulbs or "corms," and store the new ones for next year's use in trays or baskets in a temperature of about 40 degrees F.

Finally with this year's dahlias and gladioli, as with all other plants and seeds, the never-to-be-forgotten advice must be repeated. Do your ordering early. The catalogs are all ready now. Seedsmen and nurserymen can give better service before the rush season than during it and you may take advantage of the first fine days for planting.

Directions for the hot-water treatment for cut-flowers, especially for dahlias, which it is claimed makes them last a week, will be sent on request, provided you enclose a stamped envelope addressed to yourself. A list of hardy garden-lilies, easily grown and cared for, will be included.

Address Garden Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Only CLICQUOT offers this choice of 3 Blends

EACH one of these three Clicquot Club Ginger Ales is different. Each has its own distinctive flavor. Many people have tried only one, not realizing how the others suit different tastes or moods or occasions.

GOLDEN is rich and full-flavored, with the tang of real ginger in its spirited bubbles. An old-time ginger ale that is zestful and provoking to the appetite.

PALE DRY is mild and delicate, a perfectly balanced blend ideally suited for many recipe drinks. Pure fruit flavorings are more pronounced. It is delicious.

SEC is dry . . . the driest ginger ale made. It has the delicate trace of an elusive flavor all its own. Blends perfectly because it is a perfect blend itself. Popular wherever smart people gather.

Yes, all different in taste. But all made from the finest, purest ingredients. Aged 6 months in the making for rare mellowness of flavor. Fully carbonated to retain sparkling life. And, as a final guarantee of purity, put only into brand-new bottles—no bottle is ever used twice. Try each of them. See for yourself how each has a place in your home.

AGED 6 MONTHS IN THE MAKING

CLICQUOT CLUB GINGER ALES

The Eskimos—*Every Friday evening on your radio from WEAF and Associated Stations, at 9 p. m., E. S. T.*

Mrs. Hamilton Fish Jr.

of Washington's Political and Diplomatic Set serves a Variety of Breads

As one of the outstanding hostesses of Washington, Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Jr., wife of the New York Congressman, is one of society's busiest women. She does a great deal of formal entertaining.

She plays golf, too . . . attends every important debate in the House . . . and converses brilliantly on current politics. Sometimes she must make as many as eight calls in one afternoon.

Yet she manages to schedule her day so skillfully that she has time to plan her own menus and give to her children the most careful personal supervision.

"Home-making can never become a humdrum task when the purpose back of it is the health and happiness of our children," says Mrs. Fish.

"I'm not advocating 'fussy' meals. Simple meals are best. But they must be varied continually. For the sake of variety, I usually serve several different kinds of breads. It is just human nature to like a choice. There should be as much variety in breads as in vegetables or meats. Coffee Pretzels are delicious toasted for tea. Cheese Cake is a favorite with our household, too. The children are very fond of Apple Rolls."

Your Baker makes these breads: Today every community boasts its up-to-date bakery, shining with cleanliness. Here highly skilled bakers make brown, tender, crusty bread in scores of fascinating varieties.

They use the finest ingredients and the utmost care, just as if you had these breads baked in your own home. Your baker's daily experience and his scientifically controlled oven enable him to supply breads that are always beautifully baked.

POLITICS is one of her hobbies. Here is Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Jr. on the steps of her home on Ashmead Place as she starts to the House of Representatives to hear an important speech.

MRS. FISH is tall and handsome, with dark brown eyes and a lovely fresh skin. Although she dines out every night of the season except when she entertains guests at her own table, Mrs. Fish makes it a point to be home when her children are having supper. Hamilton Fish III is a direct descendant of the famous Petrus Stuyvesant, whose name is bound up with so much of New York's history.

Copyright, 1930, by Standard Brands Inc.

Your Grocer or Baker can supply these Delicious Breads

1. Cheese Cake fairly melts in your mouth. Men like it, especially with coffee for dessert.

2. Filbert Rolls are thickly sprinkled with tasty nut meats. They are delightful with coffee, tea, chocolate or milk.

3. Coffee Pretzels are rich and brown and buttery. They are delicious toasted.

4. Golden brown Apple Rolls are filled with fruit and daintily frosted with vanilla icing. They appeal particularly to children.

5. Roasted filberts, finely ground, make Japanese Rolls a great favorite for breakfast.

Ask your baker or your grocer for their specials. They delight the eye and whet the appetite. You can always get one or several delicious breads to serve, whatever the occasion may be.

Thirty thousand bakers now use Fleischmann's Yeast, just as all discriminating housewives did when they used to bake at home. Standard Brands Incorporated. Offices in all principal cities of the United States and Canada.

Garments that touch Baby's Skin need Borax

How every little roughness hurts His Lordship's roseleaf skin! Especially the irritating ammonia residue so often left clinging to diapers. Put a little Borax in the washing water—it will neutralize the ammonia and save baby from chafing. And a final Borax *rinse* will remove every trace of unpleasant odor, every tiny, irritating particle of the soap itself!

On rainy days—when you have to dry baby's things inside—wash with BORAX. It acts like *outdoor sunshine* and makes them just as snowy-white and sweet-smelling as though they'd hung for hours in a sunny meadow. So use 20 Mule Team BORAX for all the clothes that touch baby's precious little skin!

Safeguard His Lordship's Bottle
this scientific way. Wash your creamfully with soap and BORAX. Rinse
and PAT dry with a towel. Shake
BORAX. Fill with water, stopper
to dissolve. Let stand till cold with
fresh water. Then boiling water for
fresh day's assurance now, for
Borax is antiseptic. Ask your
doctor about this safe, modern method.
20
MULE TEAM
PURE
BORAX

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 322
51 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send a free copy of your booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name .....

THE MOTHER'S CHILD WELFARE CLUB

Conducted by Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

THE PRESENT-DAY BABY—HIS EARLY TRAINING

CORRECT early training is one of the baby's rights if he is to live in hygienic surroundings. A spoiled baby is never a happy baby. In these days there is no excuse for ignorance on the part of the young mother. Books, bulletins, classes, community nurses, lectures, and many other helps in regard to the care and training of babies abound.

Quiet and time enough to sleep for the greater part of 24 hours are a very important right of the new-born infant. The baby should be fed, bathed, and changed regularly, and then left alone to sleep. If he is constantly waked up to exhibit to visitors, handed about from one to another, he will soon become restless and cry for more and more attention. He will expect to be rocked, walked with, and talked to when he should be quietly sleeping in his own crib.

Regularity is the key-note in training the baby. From the very first everything should be done for him on time, and he will soon become as regular as a clock. This early training is not only invaluable to the baby, but also to the young mother and the entire household.

The mother can then count on time enough to attend to her other duties and to take a little healthful recreation. This is good for her nerves as well as for the baby's. An infant with a worn-out, high-strung, nervous mother will soon react to this sort of environment, and will fret and cry for nothing at all, until at last he may become really ill from exhaustion.

The best way to avoid bad habits is to never allow them to start. By giving the baby a little boiled warm water two or three times daily between meals, he becomes accustomed to taking water as well as a rubber nipple. He will not be so apt to suck his thumb if he has the water at times when he is awake. The bottle of water should not be left with him more than 5 or 10 minutes at a time, and no sugar should ever be added to it. Sucking a blind nipple or a pacifier is a very bad habit, and need never be allowed.

Training the baby to become used to fresh air and sunshine is most important.

A frequent change of position is good for babies. When they are fed and changed, the position should be altered as they are put back in the crib or carriage. Staring at a bright light or at the reflected glare of a white wall is bad for the young infant's eyes.

Training in having a regular movement from the bowels once or twice in 24 hours may be begun as early as the first month. This must be tried at the same time every day, usually just after a morning meal, and again after a late afternoon meal. If this habit is established early it will mean much to the child all his life.

Just how to proceed in training for this and other good habits of early babyhood is fully described in our leaflet "Some Rules for Early Training of Infants and Children." This is one of a set of leaflets sent to all our Correspondence Club mothers. It will be mailed to any one, however, who encloses a stamped envelop, addressed to oneself, when requesting the leaflet.

A well-trained baby deserves a little petting-time and should have it as one of his rights. Babies need some mothering quite as much as they do other things. If they do not have it they seldom thrive very well. The point is not to spoil them by holding them when they cry for it.

Have a special time for this when they are good, and hold them a little while after they are undressed at bedtime, before the 6 P. M. feeding. After this meal the well-trained baby will go to sleep by himself without any inducement, and will sleep peacefully until it is time for the 10 P. M. feeding.

Do not try "to put the baby to sleep." Make him perfectly comfortable, turn out the light, open the window a little, and leave the room. If he cries a little at first, no harm is done, and he will soon stop.

Do not forget that the first of May is Child Health Day. Have your baby examined to see if he is in perfect condition. This is another of his rights.

FREE CHILD HEALTH SERVICE

If your baby is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of 12, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you enclose a United States stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

Hundreds of Doctors urge PYREX Nursing Bottles

Of hundreds of doctors recently questioned—every one considered it important for mothers to use a boil-proof nursing bottle . . . They say Pyrex Nursing Bottles promote higher infant health standards because they can be sterilized so effectively—they will not break even in continued vigorous boiling.

They also ensure a regular feeding schedule, uninterrupted by bottle breakage. They will not break in quick changes from hot to cold water.

Give your baby this safer nursing bottle that doctors recommend:

Six-sided—they will not slip from your hand or baby's. Free from sharp angles on the inside—they are very easy to clean.

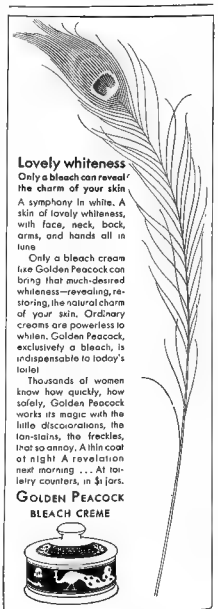
Flat-bottomed—they stand firmly.

Ounces and half ounces are plainly Read Well.

The two shapes that baby specialists approve—narrow neck and wide mouth—both in 8-ounce size.

Get enough Pyrex Nursing Bottles for a full day's feeding from your druggist. Made by the makers of Pyrex Ovenware. Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Lovely whiteness

Only a bleach can reveal the charm of your skin

A symphony in white. A skin of lovely whiteness, with face, neck, back, arms, and hands all in tune.

A daily bleach cream luxe Golden Peacock can bring that much-desired whiteness—revealing, restoring, the natural charm of your skin. Ordinary creams are powerless to whiten. Golden Peacock, exclusively a bleach, is indispensable to today's toilet.

Thousands of women know how quickly, how safely, Golden Peacock works its magic with the little discolorations, the tan-stains, the freckles, that so annoy. A thin coat at night. A revelation next morning . . . At toiletry counters, in $1 jars.

GOLDEN PEACOCK
BLEACH CREME

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Just as they come from the can — or in scores of *tempting treats* like these~

Delicious~

any way you serve them

~and so many ways to serve them, too!

Of course the *easiest* way to serve DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches is in their own rich syrup—just as they come from the DEL MONTE can.

But don't overlook their many other convenient uses. Don't forget the *new* distinction and flavor they add to so many everyday favorites—such as cereals, gelatines, puddings, pies, salads and shortcakes. All without a bit of extra work or bother!

Enjoy sliced peaches—often. But remember DEL MONTE—your promise of selected, tree-ripened fruit—the full, rich flavor of peaches at their best—no matter when or where you buy.

And right now, while you're thinking about it—send for the special DEL MONTE recipe books—describing the dishes shown here and many other simple treats. They're free. Just address Department 539, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.

DEL MONTE *Sliced* PEACHES

Let Your Own

Montgomery Ward & Co. offers you merchandise for every farm, home and family need—of proved quality, and at prices that make definite savings always available.

WINDSOR Refrigerator

In rich Spring Green with snow-white enamel lining. Another fine combination of sturdy quality with moderate price. Seasoned hardwood case; ruggedly built; with rubberized gaskets on all doors to insure tight fit, and one-inch Balsam Wool insulation. Takes any standard ice cube—75-lb. size illustrated here. (Also supplied in white, grey, ivory or golden oak finish.) This same model in golden oak finish may be had in other sizes at attractive prices. Mail orders shipped by freight prepaid. A remarkable value at Montgomery Ward's price of only $26.50*

**Price slightly higher in some states.*

Floor Covering is WARD-O-LEUM, in marble design. Colors: black and taupe, blue and taupe or green and taupe. 38¢ per running foot, in 6-ft. width.*

Kitchen Table, white porcelain steel top, with white, gray, green or enamel base, 40 x 25 inches, $7.65* *Extra heavy steel stool,* 89¢*

**Slightly higher in some states.*

WINDSOR Full-Enameled Gas Range

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute and A. G. A. Laboratory. In Spring Green and Ivory Tan or soft French Grey and White. The equal of stoves ordinarily retailing for $75. Automatic Windsor Oven Heat Control, $8 *extra. Oven linings are genuine Toncan metal which is highly rust-resisting. Large oven and broiler. Equipped to burn artificial or natural gas; can also be supplied to burn tank gas. Finest materials throughout. Mail orders shipped by freight prepaid. You save many dollars at our price.* $47.95*

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MONTGOMERY

Nine Great Mail Order Houses and the

COMPARISONS . . . *Your* OWN KNOWLEDGE of values . . . decide !

On that basis WINDSOR Ranges and Refrigerators are already first choice of over a half-million housewives!

THE fact that hundreds of thousands of busy women avoid the cost of spoiled food and safeguard family health with WINDSOR Refrigerators—and secure better cooking results with WINDSOR Ranges—is of real importance to *you.*

Their problem before buying was the same as yours is now . . . to make their purchases assure them years of pleasant, dependable service—at a definite saving in *price.* Hence they compared many brands—they judged values carefully and critically. And they finally selected WINDSORS for the reason that no other brand combined equal *quality* with an equal price-saving advantage.

We invite all interested women who read this message to use the same sensible selection method. Visit any of our 550 Montgomery Ward Stores and see for yourself these famous WINDSORS . . . a full-enameled gas range of unusual quality, equipped with every cooking convenience, and offered in two charming color-choices; a pure white seamless steel-clad refrigerator of the newest design; and a high-quality hardwood refrigerator, offered in five different finishes, all at prices in easy reach of the smallest budget. Each of these articles is the product of a leading maker.

In design, materials and workmanship both are worthy of Ward's unconditional guarantee of "Satisfaction or Your Money Back" . . .

Among the more than 40,000 items of quality merchandise sold by Montgomery Ward & Co., you will find everything needed in modern kitchen equipment—all at moderate prices, and on display in any Montgomery Ward retail or department store. If no store is conveniently near, orders by mail from our nearest Branch will be sent immediately, *freight prepaid.*

WINDSOR Refrigerator

Porcelain-lined Food Compartments, White Lacquered Steel Exterior. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, Modern Priscilla, Delineator, and Chicago District Ice Association. Has 1½-inch corkboard insulation between seamless steel walls—heat cannot enter, cold cannot escape! New improved door design, with rubberized gaskets; extra-large air duct; one-piece porcelain-lined food chamber has rounded corners. Sure-tight locks of nickel-plated bronze. Specially constructed to save ice and preserve food. Mail orders shipped by freight prepaid. [*Easy Payment Terms.*]

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IT'S DIFFERENT . . . and better . . . has a sparkling, lively flavor that you just don't find in ordinary prepared mustards! That's because its choice ingredients are *"creamed"* in the blending, not just mixed together.

You know what a difference that thorough *"creaming"* makes, when you bake a cake, for instance! It brings out all the goodness from each ingredient and creates a *new, perfect flavor!* Perfect texture, too . . . deliciously smooth and velvety.

No wonder women say that French's is *better* for *every prepared mustard use.* Order a jar from your grocer and see for yourself!

Try adding French's to white sauce for salmon croquettes or broiled fish. Use one teaspoonful to a cup of white sauce . . . It gives the most marvelous flavor!

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PREPARED
MUSTARD
it's "creamed"

FREE: *Mail this coupon for this month's set of free recipe cards. Address The R. T. French Company, 82 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.*

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sardonic vision of hiring the auctioneer to put him to sleep at night. Insomnia was beginning to count.

The flow of furniture across the stage had ceased. Attendants were placing a large picture against the background of red velvet. Joseph looked at it tolerantly—a nice picture.

The bidding began—mounted. Joseph watched with amusement. He knew of course the sums millionaires pay for their "art," but he had never seen the process—prices in the making!

Forty thousand—fifty thousand—a mere bagatelle for a piece of canvas two feet by three. They were welcome to their pictures. The hammer fell at sixty thousand, and a new picture was placed against the velvet background.

Joseph's thoughts traveled back to the Winter he had joined an evening class to study "art." A man in the office had invited him, and the Joseph of those days let slip no opportunity for self-improvement. He recalled the feel of the crayon in his fingers following the halting lines his eye took in—something that was like the model, yet unlike it. Then the artist showed a way.

These pictures brought back a little the feeling he had those evenings—the class shut in from the cold, all working together, criticizing each other; the teacher's voice at his shoulder—"Good work, Joe!"

"Only twenty-five thousand for this magnificent work of El Greco!" The auctioneer's voice was a poem—pained, pleading.

JOSEPH WARDELL lent an ear. He leaned forward. The picture *was* a beauty. No, not beauty—that was not the word. He made a signal. The auctioneer's glance caught it, even before it reached the adjutant. His voice was a benediction. His lifted hand blessed the thousand dollars.

"Twenty-six thousand I have!"

The bidding leaped.

"Going. Last call—and fair warning, going—to Joseph Wardell."

"Sold at sixty-seven thousand dollars." The galleries hummed gently.

Joseph Wardell leaned back, a little amazed. The picture had been removed. It only remained to write the check for sixty-seven thousand to complete his folly.

He had a faint sense of satisfaction that Elsie would not know the size of the check. And she would have her sofa to divert her attention. He waited till the sale was over and collected his purchases, watching them carried from the basement door and placed in the van. He noted how carefully the men handled his shabby sofa—the shabbier, the more valuable apparently!

Joseph signaled to his chauffeur, and they followed the van at a respectful distance—like a funeral procession, Joseph reflected. He was making up a plausible story for Elsie. They turned into the avenue and went all too fast

But Elsie was entertaining a group of friends at tea, and when Joseph announced his purchase of the sofa they demanded to see it, and Joseph ordered it brought in, not unwillingly. He was a little surprized to see how the sofa held its own amid the more ornate furnishing of the room.

He glanced to the door. Two men were balancing a heavy frame perilously. He motioned swiftly, waving them back, and led the way to a room at the end of the hall. It was his own room, called by courtesy his study. Joseph used it to smoke in when he had difficult problems to work on. Of late he had avoided the room.

"Put it here," he said. He indicated a place at the side of the room. "And send Stetson to hang it. Tell him to bring wire and hooks and a step-ladder." He waited to give directions for the hanging of the picture, and returned to the drawing-room. The sofa had been drawn up to the tea-table, and two ladies seated on it smiled at him. Joseph fancied they sat with a kind of dignity he had not noted in them.

HIS wife smiled, and gave him his cup of tea. "Thank you so much, Joe. Was it frightfully high?"

"Twenty-five hundred." He was quite willing she should know what her fancy had cost him.

"No! Imagine!" She turned to the group. "Twenty-five hundred, Joe says he paid!" The conversation flowed. Every one had an auction story. When they had finished and departed with laughing congratulations, the empty sofa faced them. She stared at it happily.

JOSEPH AND HIS MILLIONS

Continued from Page 19

"You were a dear, Joe! Was the auction a bore?"

"No, rather entertaining," said Joseph truthfully. He was suddenly conscious how much he had enjoyed it. He wondered how the picture would look in his study. It was a long time since he had wondered about anything, even a picture.

"Did everything go as high as this?" She ran a caressing hand along the back of her sofa.

"Several things went higher—quite a little higher," said Joseph.

"I think I should like to go to an auction," she remarked thoughtfully.

"I don't believe you would, my dear!" Joseph's tone was firm.

"Well, perhaps not. I can always study the catalogs, and you can bid."

"Yes, much better!" He was not going to have Elsie subjected to the persuasive voice—calling, calling. Coming home with a van-load of trumpery antiques. He considered that he had got off rather well. He could tell better after another look at his picture.

He did not invite her into his study when they separated to dress for dinner. It was the one room in the house Elsie did not enter without invitation. Back in Joseph's mind this may have decided his choice of a place for the picture.

It greeted him as he opened the door. The light was shaded; a fire burned in the grate. The room was quiet and homelike. A chair stood before the fire, and he sank back into it with a deep sigh. Gradually his shoulders relaxed. He sighed again. That was what the doctor had told him to do.

"Relax, man, relax! The world won't stop turning on its axis if you let go a minute!"

All easy enough to say! Joseph Wardell knew that to-day for the first time in months he had let go his muscles. Once when he heard his father's voice calling "Co-boss—co-boss!" and again with the memory of Elsie's "All right, Joe!" Something of the same peace came to him now, leaning back before the fire. He carefully did not look at the picture. He wanted to catch it unawares. You could not tell by staring a thing out of countenance what it was like.

He glanced carelessly toward the corner where it hung. In the dim light it glowed a little—a city on a hill. His gaze returned to the fire.

No, he had not been a fool! He was glad of that.

It would be less difficult now when Elsie asked how much he had paid for the picture. He decided he would not tell her—not at present.

SHE looked up from her paper at breakfast next morning.

"There is a list of the things they sold yesterday." Her eye returned to the list. "Yes, here it is—'Sheraton sofa, $2,500, to Joseph Wardell.'"

"How did they know your name, Joe?"

"They could read my check, I suppose. I tried to write plain."

His little joke escaped her. Her eye had paused—dilated.

"Joe!"

"Well, my dear?" Joseph prepared himself—stupid not to have thought of the paper!

"El Greco?" she murmured. "I don't seem to remember——"

"A very good artist," said Joseph calmly. Then he chuckled.

"I've never taken a flier that you didn't find out!"

"But, Joe—sixty-seven thousand!"

"Some of 'em went a good deal higher, my dear. I was lucky to get off with sixty-seven."

"Did you really like it so *much*?" Her tone was puzzled.

"It wasn't liking." Joe's tone was as puzzled as hers now. "I *had* to have it, Elsie! Might have been hypnotic," he admitted. "I wouldn't want you to hear that voice!"

"What voice?"

"Never mind. Come and see it."

"You mean it's *here*? You didn't tell me!"

"Had to get used to it myself," said Joseph. He had, in fact, spent the evening with it after dinner, turning on lights and gazing, then turning them low, entering it unawares, trying to make out what had got him. He had not been able to decide. The thing baffled him. But he went to bed and slept as he had not slept for months.

When he woke in the morning his first thought had been of the picture, but he had not yet gone in to see it. "Come on," he said.

He opened the door, half in fear. She preceded him into the room. She gazed a minute, and went to the windows and rolled the shades to the top.

The picture remained unimpressed.

She stood a long time looking at it. "Well, of course—if you liked it."

"I tell you—it wasn't liking!" He stopped fidgeting with things on his desk and came and stood beside her. "I don't know why I got it!" he said slowly. "I had to, I guess!"

Her smile touched him gently. "All right, Joe!"

She did not refer to it again. After a little he thought she had forgotten it, till she said one day casually: "I think I'd like that picture for the drawing-room."

"My Greco!" He stared.

"It's rather nice," she admitted. "It will look well where the Chinese panels were."

He was silent a minute.

"I think I will keep it a little longer," said Joseph slowly. "Get something else for the drawing-room."

HE DID not tell her that money could not buy the picture nor love coax it from him. He could not put into words what she would not have understood, what he himself did not understand.

Daily between him and the picture something was taking place. He looked at it in the morning when he came into the room, and his gaze rested on it the last thing before he switched off the lights at night.

A city on a hill! Rather a wonderful city—but why? It did not tell a story. The houses and turrets and spires that rose were not beautiful or romantic or quaint or fantastic. He had paid sixty-seven thousand dollars for something he could not see. Yet all together, the houses and turrets and winding curves of the hill were saying something—something he could not hear. He was a blind man groping amid beauty, a deaf man with music pulsing on his deafness.

He grew impatient.

He ceased to look at the picture. But he did not order it taken away. He would have fought any one who tried to remove it.

Life had ceased to bore him. He spent hours now among books, trying to ferret out the secret of this El Greco myth. "The Greek!"—the man was Spaniard to the finger-tips!

For his pains Joseph gathered the merest fragments. The Greek had gone from Crete to Italy, it seemed; studied with Titian; gone to Spain—two ones knew why—painted his pictures and died. Rumor had it that he wrote a book about his art, but no trace of this remained. Even his marriage was problematic—sons, yes, but the mother might not have been his wife. That was the sum total Joseph gathered from his reading and study.

The next Summer they went to Spain. Joseph spent hours in churches and monasteries and private collections. He ferreted out at least one authentic El Greco, hitherto unknown. He had the glory of discovery, but his money could not buy it.

THE Spanish Government had grown wary—quite willing to have American millionaires bring to light its art treasures. Permitting them to be sold was another matter. The tourist trade was valuable. Too many of the valuable paintings had already been allowed to leave Spain. The Señor Wardell himself owned an El Greco that should never have been sold. Let him be content with that. They passed more stringent laws, which would have been retroactive had they known a way to make them so.

Señor Wardell returned to his picture, but it was not the same Joseph who opened the door on it on his return. The coils of his brain had been subjected to a vitalizing process. Line and color meant something to Joseph now. He no longer gazed a picture by the story it told or by his liking for it. He could compare his picture with other pictures by El Greco in the galleries of his mind, and with pictures by Velasquez and Murillo and Crivelli, and he knew

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MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE

THERE ARE MANY delightful ways of celebrating a birthday, and giving a party for a group of friends is one of the most popular. The party which Mr. George Eastman and his Company are planning for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Kodak is unique, and the guest list is to be made up of boys and girls who attain the age of twelve during the year in which it reaches the half-century mark.

Instead of coming together to play games and eat ice cream and cake to appease the appetite, each guest is to receive a Golden Anniversary camera and film by means of which he will be able to satisfy and develop his appreciation of the beautiful things of nature and make lasting records. Thus, he will be a guest at that delightful sort of party which never ends; and as the years pass he will be united with the other guests in a common interest, and with his parents continue to wish his hosts many happy returns of the birthday through the pleasure which they have so freely and thoughtfully given their young friends.

Grace Coolidge

FOR PARTICULARS OF THE EASTMAN ANNIVERSARY GIFT, TURN TO PAGE 71 OF THIS MAGAZINE

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Hires Root Beer is highly praised

THE increasing popularity of Hires Root Beer is Nation-wide. In hundreds of schools, teachers are urging children to drink Hires Root Beer and to avoid questionable beverages. Doctors, too, recommend Hires Root Beer as healthful and safe.

Careful mothers everywhere are urging their children to drink Hires Root Beer because it is delicious *plus* invigorating *plus* nourishing...and utterly pure—utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

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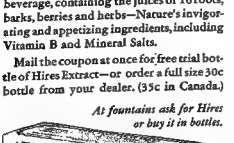
Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and appetizing ingredients, including Vitamin B and Mineral Salts.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full size 30c bottle from your dealer. (35c in Canada.)

At fountains ask for Hires or buy it in bottles.



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Continued from Page 62

El Greco's place in Spanish art. He had become picture-conscious.

He could have taken up business again; but Joseph was not in a hurry. He found he enjoyed looking at the city with his new eyes. Skyscrapers were not so many cubic feet of office-space. His eyes followed the sweep of frontage from ground to sky. He began to feel a meaning behind the steel walls and their concrete facings—something the city was saying to him, as El Greco had said it, signaled it, three hundred years ago.

He returned each night to the picture. He shut himself in with it, trying to understand this city on a hill, so unlike the city that pulsed about him. Yet between them was a link. Were they after all saying the same thing? One thing the galleries of Spain had taught him—men made art out of the life about them. If El Greco were alive to-day, here in America, what would he paint? Not saints and the Godhead. Joseph studied it. Not Spanish dignitaries. El Greco would paint business men. He might paint Joseph Wardell!

JOSEPH sat humbled. What was there in *him* to paint? He went and stood in front of the mirror, studying himself with El Greco's quiet eyes—short and stocky, round of head, round of torso, arms too heavy in their stiff coat-sleeves—eyes—He paused —yes, that was better—something there in the eyes for El Greco. He stared at his eyes; they stared back, slanting up a little at the corners. His eyebrows meant something. El Greco would give that upward slant to them, light up the heavy, round face. The door to the hall was a little ajar. He turned. Elsie was speaking to some one.

"Don't count on us; we never go anywhere now. Joe is simply obsessed with that El Greco of his!"

He moved and closed the door gently. He returned and stood before the picture. He knew the name of the city now—Toledo. The very State of Ohio was a little lightened in its smugness for him by the picture. He had wandered through the streets of that city, gazed at it from the plain, circled about it, seeing it always with El Greco's eyes; but something still was in that picture that he did not find in the gray streets—something too in the American city he walked that was not in its office-buildings and churches.

His eye followed the lines of the picture from left to right and from right to left, traced each balanced curve, focused to the charm of light and shade. He turned away with a sudden distaste. He should never understand this picture that El Greco had painted! Perhaps if he had kept on in that art class, if he had been a painter—too late now for regrets!

Did they understand each other—these painter folk? If he had kept on studying, would he have known what the picture meant? Could he have stood up before it, talked Spanish to it? Was it a language, this trick of paint, that Joe Wardell was shut out from forever?

He had paid sixty-seven thousand, and there was no savor in it! He smiled at it grimly. To-morrow he would go back to business.

TO-MORROW he went back to business, but not quite the same Joseph that left it. Art had got into his bones, he found. He was not so keen to remove mountains now, the mountains still moved under his directing hand, and a plain blossomed where the mountain had stood; but Joseph was seeking something underneath his business deals—the why and wherefore of the lines of impulse that transformed the surface of the globe—railroad and steamship and wireless weaving patterns, painting a meaning on the earth—man's meaning.

Was everything, then, a kind of art? Was that what he was searching for? His body was well now, his muscles firm. His mind was keen never better; but far within him something was seeking satisfaction and not finding it.

Joe Wardell was growing more human, his associates said. His wife no longer complained that he was obsessed. He went with her everywhere—kept social engagements, went to concerts and opera, went even to the movies. The door to his study was wide open. Any one passing might look in and see the picture. Joseph when he came in glanced at it carelessly—sometimes stood a minute in front of it. He no longer studied the lines of the picture. He knew them by heart. He could have painted the picture with his eyes shut, or from memory, had it been spirited away.

But he was still searching the mastery of El Greco. Underneath the surface of the picture was the city El Greco had painted. And to that city he would never come. He turned from it with a shrug. His line was business. Every man to his trade.

At luncheon his wife looked at him curiously. "Some men came, Joe, for the picture. Was it all right?"

"Yes, I told them to."

"You're not going to sell it?"

"I am lending it to the museum."

Her look lightened. "I'm glad you've only lent it!"

"Why?"

She smiled. "I'm very fond of it!"

"So am I; that's why I am lending it."

"You want to make the sacrifice?" She looked at him again curiously.

"Heavens, no! I want other people to see it." He laughed shortly. "People who understand," he added.

She stood by him as she left the table. She touched his shoulder lightly.

"You'll never find any one who understands it as you do, Joe!"

"Me?" He looked up under the slanting brows. "Nonsense! I've given up trying!"

No more art for Joseph. He was up to his ears in business, fighting for sewers, fighting for gas and wheat and oil and copper, changing the surface of the earth, changing the lives of men and women. Life flowing out in a thousand channels at his nod, life flowing back to him from a thousand lives made new by his genius.

Twice each week he saw the picture. On Spring Sunday mornings, entering the huge tomb of art by the private door reserved for donors and trustees, he mounted to the gallery where it hung. A distant attendant hovered respectfully. Joseph stood in the circle of light from the domed ceiling, looking up to the magic city. Then he turned and made his way from the building, out through the lanes of paintings, through aisles of sculpture, cases of pottery, jewels, and adornments—out into the light of day. Children at play on the asphalt—a hint of Spring touching the trees in the park.

In the afternoon he went again, mingling with the crowd that pressed through the entrance. He listened to the crowd jostling watched them wandering through the rooms, watched them in front of the city of El Greco.

They looked at it, puzzled, and looked back when they passed; but it was those who lingered before the picture that he waited for. Some day there would come one who understood. Perhaps if he waited he would hear a word.

A young man and woman halted in front of the picture. They looked at it in silence, and looked at each other and smiled. Her hand made a hovering gesture. The young man laughed out.

"Talk about dynamic symmetry, no modern can touch him!" The gesture of her hand answered quietly.

AS CLEARLY as if she spoke, Joseph read the silent gesture. One modern would some day stand beside El Greco, touch the hem of his garment!

In a flash he saw and understood.

Had he been an artist he could have painted the gesture, the look in her face, Elsie's face and his own stocky figure. Faces did not matter, figures did not matter, nor light and shade. Something hidden beneath them mattered—within the soul, within the city, within the teeming, turning earth—something that leaped out now and then and said, "It is well." El Greco had painted, not a city on a hill, but the city within, sending the signal across three hundred years.

Joseph turned away. He must go home to Elsie. He had promised to go with her to a reception—some visiting dignitary. The dignitary did not matter, the chatter of the men and women would not matter. Deep within them all a city was building, the city that abides.

EUROPE ON FIVE THOUSAND A DAY

Continued from Page 6

at Beaulieu, near Monte, and lends her glamourous presence to the casino stage. There is a peculiar charm, too, to the performances in the Villa des Fleurs at Aix, where the opera crowd strolls out onto a magnificent marble terrace, down broad steps into the loveliest of casino gardens.

Cannes has its opera and its theater, too, but its chief glory is its restaurant, called, like its counterpart at Deauville, "Des Ambassadeurs." Sooner or later every well-known man and woman in the Old World and most of the better known and less busy of the New come down its red-velvet steps to sample M. André's choice French viands, to applaud Raquel Meller's throbby Spanish songs, and to dance to Billy Arnold's American jazz. Call a meeting of the House of Lords almost any night in the casino at Cannes and you'll get a quorum!

Nowhere else in the world does one see so many beautiful women in so many, or so few, clothes. Gay dinner-parties trail in from the casino restaurant. They are joined by other jeweled groups who have dined more intimately in their hotels and villas. They shoulder their way through the glittering crowd of kings and ambassadors, bankers and cabinet ministers, princesses and pretty nondescripts toward the "big" table, where play begins at 250 louis and ends no one knows how, the golden sky.

What a scene! The green cloth, the red chips, the purple banknotes, the flashing cards, the nervous rakings of the all-seeing, all-knowing croupier! And the greedy eyes of the players! Studies in avarice—I never tire watching them. Not only the leaders of so-called society are there, but many other characters of international fame.

THEN there are hordes of people like them and those who would like to be like them: the fashion manufacturers from Broome Street, whose business has perked up with the coming in again of suspenders, and the hook-and-eye man from Wyandotte, who has invented an eyeless hook or a hookless eye, and the bright young man who sold Steel Common in September, and their wives and daughters and sweethearts splendiferously arrayed.

Add to these the usual number of rich tourists off on a lark and ready to play any kind of ball, the movie actress who has had three good pictures in a row, and the movie magnate who has had three good actresses in a lifetime. Season with adventurers, crooks, touts, professional gamblers, kings, grand dukes, rich divorcées, *cocottes de luxe*, and you have the usual casino crowd.

Perhaps we may seem to be lingering too long—considering our pretensions to Puritan respectability—in the sinful halls of chance. But we will never understand resort life in Europe unless we understand the casino, makes a half-hearted attempt to justify its name by advertising a Summer season of sea-bathing. And one very hot August afternoon, several years ago, I saw a sparse group of Monte's all-the-year-rounders actually dipping in the sea!

Cannes, too, has a "sunshine club" of hard-baked enthusiasts who go swimming for swimming's sake all the year round. I, myself, have been in at Cannes on New-year's day. But on most of the beautiful Riviera beaches swimming and all other kinds of healthful outdoor exercise are subordinated to the eating, drinking, and gaming activities which center in the casinos.

The latter are owned in most instances by the municipalities in which they are found. They are regarded by those in

Continued on Page 67

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Care of the teeth, at home, was modernized *by* DR. WEST'S *Toothbrush.*

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the natural clean WHITENESS *of tooth enamel*

. . .

REMARKABLE DOUBLE POLISHING (*not scouring!*) PLUS THOROUGH CLEANSING —EACH TIME YOU USE THIS *MODERN* DENTIFRICE

There has never been anything just like this in a dentifrice before.

Night finds your teeth coated with deposits from the day's food and drink. Perhaps coffee and smoking have left stains. Natural brightness hidden!

To repair this damage, every day, DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste has been perfected. Gently but thoroughly it polishes, restoring the natural white brilliance of the enamel. Two simple polishing actions take place, *plus* thorough cleansing.

The *two* finest polishers known to the dental profession were selected and refined for DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. Together they are much more effective than either, alone. Although far softer than tooth-enamel they polish away the stains and deposits. There is no scratching or scouring—just gentle double *polishing*.

This polishing is not unlike the polishing you give fine silverware when it darkens. *Something never before available!*

There is also thorough *cleansing*. Pure vegetable cleansers purify and sterilize all crevices. Gums are invigorated and protected.

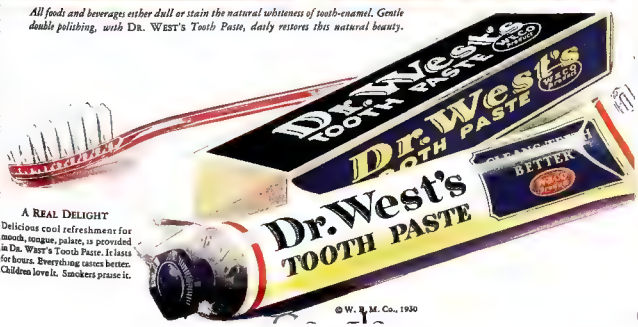
Every good result a dentifrice can safely give is combined in this carefully perfected tooth paste. Made to meet modern needs, it acts with unusual speed.

It's certainly worth trying

DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste was perfected by the makers of famous DR. WEST'S toothbrushes and backed by their name and reputation, valued at millions. It is already the greatest success in dentifrice history.

At your favorite store get DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste today. Two sizes: big 25c tube, double quantity 40c tube. The greatest quantities offered by any standard dentifrice at these prices. Get some—and use it.

Just let your teeth have the benefits of this safe, daily polishing. Then watch the striking improvement! The WESTERN COMPANY, Chicago, New York, Toronto.



A REAL DELIGHT

Delicious cool refreshment for mouth, tongue, palate, is provided in DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. It lasts for hours. Everything tastes better. Children love it. Smokers praise it.

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THE WESTERN COMPANY (PIC) 5-30
307 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago
Send free test of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste to:

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

TO A LADY WHO IS JUST GOING TO DIVE

WHAT ABOUT YOUR TEETH?

THEY NEED EXERCISE, TOO

OF COURSE, you know how greatly exercise benefits the body—how it stimulates, invigorates and beautifies. But do you know that exercise is every bit as important for the health and beauty of your teeth and gums? Do you know that the fast-increasing dental troubles of today are largely due to lack of *chewing?*

Chewing—normal, enjoyable, thorough chewing of delicious food—is Nature's way of keeping teeth and gums healthy and beautiful. But modern diet is so largely composed of soft, mushy foods that many people do not do a normal amount of chewing. Teeth and gums are deprived of the natural exercise they so vitally need.

What is the result? Trouble a-plenty for lazy teeth and gums! They require constant care, they lose their healthy beauty . . . And that is not all.

Your own dentist and physician will tell you that the origin of many serious illnesses has been traced to unhealthy conditions of the teeth and gums.

That is why famous dental authorities urge you to eat, every day, food that exercises teeth as well as food that builds teeth. One delicious food they especially recommend because it does both . . . That food is Grape-Nuts.

Grape-Nuts is made from wheat and malted barley. It is delightfully crisp, with a nut-like flavor, delicately malt-sugar-tinged. It tempts you to chew thoroughly. It gives teeth and gums the stimulating, invigorating, beautifying exercise that Nature planned . . . And every time you eat Grape-Nuts with milk or cream your body receives a rich supply of calcium and phosphorus, the two elements so important in building sound and beautiful teeth.

Indeed, in this single delicious dish is practically every food element needed for health and energy of the entire body. A serving of Grape-Nuts, with milk or cream, supplies more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal!

Your grocer has Grape-Nuts. Buy it today, for breakfast tomorrow. Or mail coupon for free trial package.

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G—P.N.-2-30

POSTUM COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, a trial package of Grape-Nuts, and two booklets—"Guilty Teeth and How to Prevent Them," and "Happier Days from Better Breakfasts."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address GENERAL FOODS, LIMITED, Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

GRAPE-NUTS

"THERE'S A REASON"

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

Continued from Page 64

authority and by public opinion generally as highly respectable institutions.

Of course there are casinos and casinos. To the real gambler the one at Monte Carlo is a joke.

Deauville is the Summer capital of profligate spending. And well it may be. I don't know why skies are bluer in Normandy than they are anywhere else in the world, or sands whiter, or suns more golden; but they are. And these natural charms, plus the gaily striped umbrellas on the beaches, the colorful costumes on the bathers, and the gabled picturesqueness of the villas which line the gently curving sandy shore, make Deauville the loveliest of Europe's Summer playgrounds.

And the busiest! One rises after about four hours' sleep and begins at once the only really wholesome and healthful activity of the day: a sun-bath on the beach. Sea-baths are also possible; but since the ocean is the one thing at Deauville which does not yield a revenue its use is not encouraged.

Paris dressmakers create beach costumes and wraps just as they do street costumes and wraps. And their customers walk the sands at Deauville and Biarritz in the same dry-shod manner that they walk the pavements of the Rue de la Paix and climb the marble staircase at the opera. Not so very long ago I saw a Deauville beauty approaching the beach in a one-piece, sun-back, maillot-type bathing-suit, a pearl necklace, and a smart afternoon street hat. I saw another sumptuously garbed "bathing" enthusiast lolling in a bright-red wicker lounging-chair with her slippered feet protected from the sand by a collapsible Japanese tabouret. I saw a third emerging dry-kneed from her morning dip with a baby chipmunk perched saucily on her neck!

And I, myself, Puritan-born and Spartan-bred, have disrobed for the sea in a Pompeian bathing-pavilion whose cloistered courtyard and mosaicked walls and towering fountains must have vied in luxuriousness the famed magnificence of Diocletian and Caracalla.

INCIDENTALLY, this Deauville bathhouse *de luxe* contained conveniences of which Diocletian and Caracalla never dreamed, including a radio and a stock-ticker.

The first problem is lunch. Not the fetch-and-carry or side-arm variety to which our busy American life has accustomed us, but an elaborate gustatory ceremony to which the Frenchman gladly devotes two entire hours, and to which the rich American in Deauville must devote as well the entire contents of his pocketbook.

There are three places to eat: Ciro's, a converted-pants emporium or painless-dentist's parlor; Des Ambassadeurs, the casino restaurant; and your hotel. Everybody wants to lunch at Ciro's, and everybody who is anybody does. The result is a fashionable crush of which the astute Julian, greatest of European restaurateurs, takes his daily toll.

Julian is a hard man to know, and, except for his oldest friends, a very expensive one. He has tables to sell, and he sells them at the highest price. As for food and drink, there is no limit. The man who has paid five hundred or a thousand francs for the privilege of sitting in a game expects to play for high stakes or, as the case may be, pay for expensive *chateaubriands*.

In the afternoon there are, of course, the races. You can hardly see the horses for the women. But the clothes are magnificent. The time goes rapidly; and so does the money. Women spend hundreds of dollars on a costume which they wear one day and throw away.

Men lose thousands of dollars to the innocent-looking betting-machines. They are lucky to escape, as the last race is run, with enough francs to buy themselves tea at a crowded, uncomfortable iron table set in the middle of Deauville's main street.

AFTER tea Fred's at the casino! Fred is an escaped American who is a leading figure in the Summer life of Deauville and the Winter life of Cannes. He is the author of that famous *mot*, "In Europe everybody talks and nobody listens." At Cannes his end of the casino is a sort of club.

I remember sitting there one night with William J. Locke, the Sinclair Lewises, Major Barlow, and the late "Tay Pay" O'Connor. Fred referred to us, quite inaccurately, as "the Poets' Corner"! Near by was Paul Poiret, famous designer of smart clothes, talking animatedly to Georges Carpentier and Mrs. Carpentier, and the Duke of Manchester, swinging his legs from a high stool.

In Deauville Fred's is less a club and more a riot. From five-thirty to seven-thirty mobs of fashionably dressed men and women stand six and eight thick, pushing, shoving, fighting to pay exorbitant prices for sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, and *apéritifs*.

But all this is only a warm-up for the real work of the evening. After dinner, which is a repetition of the highly competitive noonday affair, the gang troops back to the tables and digs itself in for the night. Then the real spending begins!

Fortunately, this sort of thing lasts only three weeks. "We couldn't stay any longer," a Deauville *maître d'hôtel* once said to me. "We work too hard. And you couldn't stay any longer. You spend too much." He was right on both counts. For in the three short weeks which constitute the Deauville season a pace is struck and held which can not be equaled anywhere in the modern pleasure-seeking world.

But, of course, you and I aren't obliged to go to Deauville or Biarritz or Cannes or Aix. There are a few other places in Europe. Rome, Florence, Venice, London, Brussels, Berlin, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, even Paris. Not the Paris of Montmartre, but the Paris of the Louvre, the Tuileries, and the Arch. If we are wise it will be to one of these treasure-houses of history and art that we turn our tourist steps. But even if we must have a taste of European resort life we can get it without swallowing all of its expensive and indigestible vices.

I once spent a delightful Summer at low-priced St. Jean de Luz, within easy motoring distance of high-priced Biarritz; and another in a noble old priory beside the same Lac de Bourget which washes the luxurious shores of Aix; and three whole Winters almost in the shadow of the lovely white casino which stands on the Mediterranean at Cannes—all without contributing so much as a nickel to the "sucker trust." And I am no exception.

In short, those of us who think of Europe in terms of Napoleon's Tomb and Anne Hathaway's Cottage can afford to laugh at the wild spendings of the pleasure-mad crowd which each year follows the golden trail from Aix to Deauville to Biarritz to Cannes. We can afford to regard its highly organized cavortings as a show: the greatest show on earth—but the most expensive!

THE HOUSE OF BEAUTY

Continued from Page 17

there was anything paradoxical in her admiration for Zinzindorf's aloofness.

"There were certain men too valuable to be wasted," she explained.

John, who had just finished Zinzindorf's initial volume, entitled, modestly, "A Philosopher Views the Universe," wrinkled his forehead.

"That does not predispose me to love him," he said. "It's sensible but inhuman. I'd be rather ashamed."

Roberta expressed scorn with her lovely eyebrows.

"It's eight years since the War," she suggested.

"All right," agreed John testily, "have it your own way. But if you remember, there was a very fine Man once who went down among wastrels and sinners and drunkards, and who said something about not saving yourself too much."

Roberta's eyebrows arched into a smile.

"How suddenly old-fashioned you're becoming!" she remarked. "I thought nowadays we were trying to find a new way to interpret old doctrines."

"Erskine broke his leg in the War, and he's a philosopher."

"Erskine—pooh!"

John pursed his mouth.

"Well, you know more about those things than I do, but they did make pretty well

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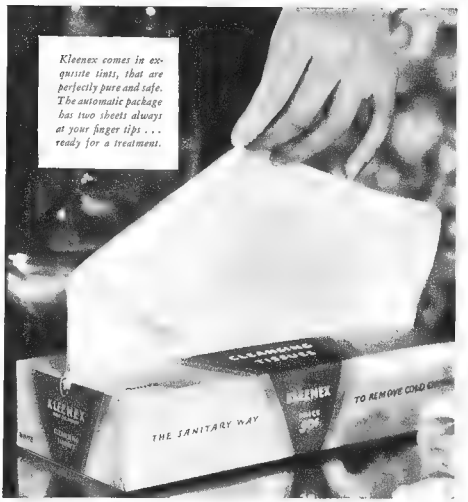
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Why Kleenex is safest to remove cold cream

It's the sure way to free your pores of dangerous dirt and grime . . . without stretching or irritating skin


Kleenex comes in exquisite tints, that are perfectly pure and safe. The automatic package has two sheets always at your finger tips . . . ready for a treatment.
KLEENEX
KLEENEX
TO REMOVE COLD CREAM
THE SANITARY WAY

NEVER use germ-laden cloths to remove cold cream! Kleenex is the clean, the *safe* way. These delicate tissues are so soft and absorbent, they just *blot up* the surplus cold cream, along with any lingering dirt and cosmetics. The pores are left really clean.

And immaculate cleanliness is the first rule of beauty care. Dirt encourages the bacteria which start most complexion troubles. Pimples and blackheads owe their start to bacteria lodging in the pores and starting an infection.

Kleenex makes hard rubbing unnecessary when cold cream is removed. This is important, because beauty experts believe rubbing and stretching cause large pores and wrinkles.

Perfect for handkerchiefs

Kleenex is invaluable for handkerchief use, especially for colds and hay fever. It prevents irritation and reinfection . . . and saves laundry.

Many mothers depend on Kleenex altogether for children's handkerchiefs. Buy Kleenex at drug or department stores.

"Kleenex is SO dainty for removing make-up. Nothing else seems really clean and sanitary after one has used these absorbent little tissues."

Betty Compson

Kleenex Tissues
TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

KLEENEX COMPANY,
Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.
Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

Name .....

Address .....

P-4

Brilliant star of the R. K. O. productions "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" and "Street Girl."

Powder

Cleans Teeth as Nothing Else Can

For Cleaner, Whiter Teeth . . . do as your dentist does, when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Science has found nothing to take its place.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

In use over 60 years

No Glycerine—No Grit

Being an ALL POWDER dentifrice, Dr. Lyon's contains no glycerine, therefore does not soften the gums. It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Neutralizes Acids

In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than Milk of Magnesia.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

Lasts Longer—Costs Less

Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs . . . only half as much . . . to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

thought of. His wound wasn't heroic, to be sure—he got it piling lumber in a Western training-camp. But think of Erskine being in the army—a private, too. That's heroic. A fellow like Erskine."

"On the surface that all seems very true," interjected Roberta, "but sentimentality must be avoided. What is necessary for one man isn't necessary for another. I've no doubt Erskine is a very fine man, but he's not a Zinzindorf."

"I should say not," agreed John heartily. "But look out for that sentimentality stuff. In a general way I agree with you, but you can be just as sentimental about being hard-boiled as about being sentimental. Sentimental people are born, not made."

"You'll never understand," Roberta sighed. "American men can't. We'd better not discuss it."

But Roberta herself, of course, understood, and so did most of her women friends, and those who did not were instructed.

Profundity was the basis. Not markedly original, such a basis, but few of Zinzindorf's worshipers paused to consider that. If you could only be profound about everything, everything would be all right. That was just the beginning, however. This profundity had to be of a spiritual kind. Other forms of profundity did not count, even in a comparative way.

For six months or so thousands of American women, and some of the less occupied men, were busy about being profound spiritually. But nothing that they did, or any one else, made much difference one way or another, for, according to Zinzindorf, the world was going into a black, mechanistic period of five or six centuries, anyhow. What any individual did counted for little.

THIS period he called "the taxicab period," and the United States, of course, wasthe leader in it and largely responsible for it. No one thought above the level of the taxicab.

That the chauffeur type has always been the prevalent type in every period of history, whether you call him legionary, man-at-arms, or mercenary soldier, seemed to have been overlooked by Zinzindorf. He seemed to have overlooked the facts that all ages have complained of their growing mechanism, even when the most convenient machine was a harquebus, and that never, save possibly for a few years in Athens and during the Renasanc, has the intellectual been a popular figure. No one has ever thrown ticker-tape at a philosopher.

He also overlooked the fact that, terrible as the present is, the intellectual has at least a better chance of earning his living and speaking a modicum of the truth than ever before.

Roberta, being the descendant of hardy pioneers, had one pre-eminent virtue. Usually she put into effect what she was thinking about.

That Summer, and without very much talk, she set sail for Austria, where, in the mountains, Zinzindorf had set up a shrine, an informal college, dedicated to the saving of the world. People were invited to come from all the outlying countries. The cost was a thousand dollars translated into kronen; board, lodging, and luxuries extra.

John at first had been a trifle uneasy.

"Do you know all about this thing?" he questioned. "Some of these colonies are queer. There's one outside of Paris I've heard queer things about."

Roberta handed him a prospectus—the one for the American trade. One paragraph read:

"It is the object of Baron Zinzindorf, by means of this simple communal life, by the gathering together of people of like natures, by lectures and study, to induce in the minds of his followers the attitude of little children, from which standpoint alone all great teachers proceed."

Another paragraph read:

"We have learned that there is no knowledge but personal experience; that the only things we can know are our bodies and our souls; that by careful practise of certain forms of mental and physical discipline, we shall not only balance and better the working of our threefold nature, but at the same time shall develop a new function, integrated from above and below, a producing together, by simultaneous evolution and involution, a new entity."

"Gracious," said John. "I don't like that very much."

Roberta smiled at him gently.

"My dear John," she said, "I am a mature woman. There is no need in trying to explain to you what Baron Zinzindorf means, because it would merely confuse you, but do bear in mind that he is a famous man and no fool."

"Yes, yes, I suppose so," agreed John. "After all, everything is up to the individual. No doubt you'll believe yourself."

WHEN Roberta returned he asked her if she liked it.

She sighed, her lovely eyes deep with new layers of profundity.

"It was heavenly."

"What did you do?"

"We drank a great deal of water, grilled, walked in the mountains, and talked."

"Who?"

"Every one."

"Did you see much of Zinzindorf?"

"Oh, no, of course not. I didn't even meet him. He has assistants. Once a week he lectured in a big outdoor amphitheater."

"What did he look like?"

Roberta sighed again.

"Unforgetable. A great square beard. His eyes are unforgetable. You could never forget them."

"That's easy with a beard," complained John. "My eyes would be unforgetable, too, if I grew a beard. A beard features them. Besides, they're the only things about a bearded face you usually want to remember."

Roberta brought out her great announcement casually. John never refused her anything, but some day he might, and so it was much better to appear utterly unconcerned.

"Later this Winter he's coming over on a lecture tour," she continued. "I put my name down with his travel secretary, and I'm to see his publishers and tour-manager here in New York. Our house naturally would be one of the half dozen or so he would select."

"Select for what?"

"For his stay while he's lecturing in New York."

"He has to stay with us?"

"It would mean a great deal to me."

"Oh, all right. What did you say he called his place in Austria?"

"The House of Beauty," said Roberta softly.

The next time he saw Erskine Davis, John asked him if he knew Zinzindorf.

"He was at Halle when I was there."

"You saw much of him?"

"Oh, no. In those days you weren't especially thick with Prussian noblemen. That was before they had to work."

"It looks to me," said John, "as if that fellow never met anybody. He's a darn good business man, anyhow."

"So it would seem."

"Nice fellow—from what you've heard of him?"

"It depends what you call nice."

"Roberta says it doesn't make any difference, if a man's great, whether he's nice or not. That the clearest symptom of America's passion for standardization is our insistence that, no matter how great a man is, he should be human."

"Yes, I know. Perhaps it's true; perhaps it isn't. But I should say that, above all men, a philosopher should live something like a philosopher. Otherwise you can't expect the world to regard you seriously for any great length of time, can you?"

John breathed happily through his nose.

"You're a great fellow, Erskine," he said. "If I can't stand Zinzindorf I may come and stay with you. It might be fun for all Winter, however. You never can tell how long these people will settle for, especially if they like your cook."

THAT was in November. The middle of January Zinzindorf arrived.

He arrived with a fanfare of trumpets, metaphorically speaking. There was no police parade, for, as has been said, philosophers do not get that sort of thing, but all over the country the blood-pressures of thousands of American women increased.

For a month his coming had been heralded, growing from paragraphs in the newspapers to column accounts of his life, writings, and predilections. Accompanying these accounts was a swelling flood of articles, appearing in newspapers and reviews, written by "the Baron" himself or the subject of the United States. He hadn't been in America since his extreme youth, but his opinions were inexhaustible. Succinctly, he didn't like the United States. He thought it horrid. But he was coming to study the monster in the same way that one doesn't like a whale that has been cast up

Continued on Page 70

don't clog your pores

with cream and dirt imperfectly removed

Use POND'S CLEANSING TISSUES till they show no soil • •

Then POND'S SKIN FRESHENER till oiliness is gone • • •

CLEANSING CREAMS are more than ever essential in these days of powder, lipstick, rouge, frequently used; of soot and grime ground into the pores. And more than ever is it essential that all cream and dirt be completely removed—lest the beauty of your skin be endangered by clogged pores.

Dazzlingly white—spotlessly pure—luxuriously soft—Pond's Cleansing Tissues are absolutely safe for your skin. They *absorb* cream, make-up, dirt completely. After applying cleansing cream, use them two at a time until they show no soil . . . that is the test of a thoroughly cleansed skin.

Pond's has devised a smart new box which keeps the Tissues fresh and protected from dust. The clever opening enables you to draw out two at a time easily.

This gay new green and ivory box fits neatly into your dressing table drawer and takes up little space on the bathroom shelf. Keep generous supplies of these exquisite Tissues always on hand, for you will find them useful in countless ways.

Tuck several in your purse! They are so soft and fresh they make the daintiest substitutes for handkerchiefs, and are especially convenient when motoring or traveling. For children's use they are invaluable, and solve the laundry problem in the simplest possible way. Large and small boxes, 50¢ and 25¢

The skin needs lubrication to keep it supple, young and lovely. But too much oil gives an unwelcome shine! Pond's Skin Freshener takes away that slight oiliness that sometimes lingers after cold cream cleansing. And by contracting the pores, it helps to prevent the roughening, coarsening and blemishes which are so often caused by dirt sinking below the surface.

Cool and refreshing, this delightful perfumed tonic stimulates and beautifies your skin in a dozen ways. It gives a fine-textured clarity and youthful smoothness, revitalizes sallow tissues, brings fresh color racing to your cheeks!

Use Freshener to rub down after your bath. For relaxed throat muscles and to brace flabby chin muscles, pat briskly upward with cotton soaked in Freshener. Efface tired eye lines with gentle swabbing. For oily skin, use Freshener freely!

The smart new bottle is an ornament to your dressing table. $1.00 and 50¢.

Two exquisite preparations, indispensable for use after your cold cream cleansing.

FREE OFFER: Mail coupon today for gift of Pond's Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener.

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108F Hudson Street . . . . . New York City

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A "Beauty Shampoo" in 10 minutes

Leaves Your Hair Lovely and Alluring

Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost — you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing" which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle ... its gloss and lustre... depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural ... color tones ... of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

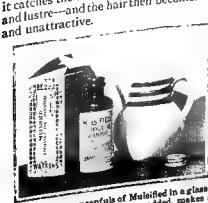
That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage, and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter ... anywhere in the world.



Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of ... soft, rich, creamy lather ... which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Continued from Page 68

on a beach for a month or so, but none the less goes to see it.

Mr. H. Albert Rode, the president of the agency managing the tour, began to get in touch with the hostesses, scattered throughout the country, who were to have the honor of entertaining "the Baron." Among other necessary pieces of information, he sent each one a summary of "the Baron's" wants, and how he wanted them.

Roberta Farrel's house was the first on the list. On a bright day toward the end of December she received the summary of wants, typed on very expensive note-paper, the many quartered Zinzindorf crest at the top. The summary was something like this:

The Baron was to be met at such and such a steamer and taken immediately to the Farrel house. The Baron was to have a bedroom, sitting-room, and bath. Also the use of a valet and motor-car. The Baron was never to be interrupted, and no private engagements were to be made for him, save one reception and one dinner—one only of each. Each hostess was allowed one reception and one dinner. During this dinner the Baron was to be asked no questions about himself, his work, or his opinions. He would volunteer information if he so desired.

On either side of him he was to have young and pretty women. He did not like old women. As to what would happen in case his hostess was neither young nor pretty nothing was said; but one suspected bad temper on the part of the guest of honor. Men were tabu. The Baron did not like American men.

The Baron also was extremely particular about what he ate and drank. He was used to the best of cooking, and he expected it. He understood there was no sole in the United States, and that was the only fish he liked, but at the same time he understood there was a fish called flounder which, if properly treated, was palatable. Wines, naturally, were of utmost importance. No cocktails, even if the other guests desired them. A white wine to begin with; champagne to end with. The white wine had to be Barsac because the Baron liked a sweet wine, but about the champagne there was a mysterious air of definition not in keeping with the rest of the message. Subsequently this was discovered to lie in the fact that the Baron didn't care what champagne his host served because he always brought his own. He always brought a quart of his own champagne, and his secretary stood in the hall and served it to him when needed.

At intervals his host's butler would lean over the Baron and announce a telephone-call—urgent, and the Baron would frown, arise, bow, and go out. In a few minutes he would return, wiping his beard. You couldn't, of course, be too careful about that sort of thing, considering the laws of the United States and the notorious ignorance of Americans concerning the finer points of living.

It may be said to Roberta's credit that when she received this summary she flushed a trifle and did not show it to John. John wouldn't have understood it.

IN a haze of glory Roberta departed for the Baron's ship. In a haze of glory she brought him home. In a haze of glory she failed to observe how observant the Baron was of her lovely face and lovely figure.

"You vere adt Mulhausen last Sommer?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," breathed Roberta.

"You like the place? You will be there nexdt Sommer?"

"I hope so."

"Idt iss a long course—my course."

"I shall never forget my first experience with it. It has changed my life."

"Goodt. Nexdt Sommer I shall gife you my personal attention. You find America material? Yes, American vimmen tell me so. They hafe liddle release for their souls."

He inspected his suite with the utmost care, and then smiled at Roberta, who had accompanied the inspection.

"Goodt! You hafe a soul. I do nodt like that picture, especially—I do nodt like Degas. You can take idt down. Otherwise you have a soul. Are your eggs fresh? I am on what you call a régime. One dozen a day. They must be fresh. Otherwise I buy my own."

"I think they are," said Roberta. "I don't know about such things, but I'll see my housekeeper."

John met the Baron the third day of his visit. The Baron, except when he lunched or dined out, had his meals in his own suite. The Baron examined John critically.

"One of my purboses," he explained, "is coming to America iss to study the American business man. You are, I understand, a great business man. A what you call a shipping and financial brince, eh? I would like to talk to you at length."

John's eyes narrowed.

"I have no title," he said. "Perhaps if you call up my secretary she might make an appointment for you."

The Baron stared.

His lecture was an immense success. Owing to his diction and the static qualities of his beard little he said was distinguishable, but his audience gathered that he did not like the United States and that, of course, is always satisfactory. He suggested, with the utmost originality, that he rather liked American women. He wasn't sure yet. He was to deliver another lecture two weeks hence, again with the utmost originality, on the subject of American women, just before his departure for the provinces.

Roberta's reception for him was an equal success. The Baron announced that he did not shake hands, so he bowed, and every one else bowed. The last half-hour of being found him tired He disappeared into another room with Eleanor Barnett, Roberta's best friend. Mrs Barnett was a beautiful but obvious blond. She put all her soul into her eyes.

"I have waited," she sighed, "for this moment for months. I have so much to ask you. Next Summer I am going with Roberta to your school."

THE Baron, sprawled out on a couch, munching a macaroon that fell in little particles on his beard, stared for five minutes at Mrs. Barnett's soul while her carefully made-up lips twisted themselves in adoration.

"I do nodt like you," he announced suddenly. "You can go avay. Vimmen as vimmen are nothing to me." He went over and joined a group of débutantes, who decided that he was even more fascinating than John Gilbert. Much older, of course, but so understanding and with so much sorrow in his eyes. Why was it Europeans always had so much more sorrow in their eyes than Americans?

About half past five John came in, having delayed as long as possible, and greeted the Baron airily.

"How d'do. Having a good time?"

Ever since their first meeting the Baron's attitude toward John had been one of suspicion, marked by an eagerness to say something crushing first. Now he smiled wearily and shrugged his shoulders.

"These people of yours, do they ever meet celebrities?"

"I do," said John, passing on into the dining-room. "Usually this house is filthy with them. For all I know, there may be one or two in the cloak-room now, under the stairs, left over from last Winter. If you find an English poet with exceptionally long legs, tell me, will you? I'm looking for him."

The domestic celebrities—a great many of them—gathered in one corner and talked only to each other. Few of them met the Baron. The strain of attempting to impose their own egos upon this gigantic Slavic ego was, in prospect, too much.

Roberta, of course, had asked Erskine Davis.

"No—no, I don't go to receptions."

"Not even for another philosopher?" Erskine had gulped.

"No, not even for another philosopher."

But it was necessary. Roberta supposed, to ask him to the dinner as well. After all, one didn't know so many philosophers. Again he relieved her mind.

"I'm very sorry, but I have a meeting for that night. I would be glad to come in afterward, tho."

"Yes, do. Hartley will be here. You've never heard of him?"

"You mean Hartley, the physicist, from Cambridge? Of course I've heard of him. What's he like?"

"A dowdy, youngish Englishman. I suppose he's very famous."

"I should say he was. The very best of the younger lot."

"I'll tell him you're coming," smiled Roberta graciously.

"Do."

Roberta watched a trifle wistfully Erskine's retreating back. How stupid he had

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Mothers – this Camera FREE to any Child Born in 1918 !

(Any Child whose 12th Birthday falls in 1930)

Go to a Kodak dealer and accept one . . . complete with Roll of Kodak Film, FREE!

PAY NOTHING, BUY NOTHING

A Gift of 500,000 Cameras

to the Children of America

in Commemoration of the 50th Anniversary of Kodak

with the compliments of
George Eastman, Chairman of the Board of the Eastman Kodak Company

GEORGE EASTMAN
Creator of Kodak, which celebrates its 50th Anniversary by giving away 500,000 Cameras to American Children

MOTHERS!

Beginning on the first day of May, 500,000 cameras, as illustrated, are to be given to American Children whose twelfth birthdays fall in any month of the calendar year 1930

If you have a child who reaches the age of twelve this year, take your child to a Kodak dealer's and accept one of these cameras, complete with roll of Kodak Film—free. Buy nothing; pay nothing.

The gift is made with the compliments of George Eastman, Chairman of the Board of the Eastman Kodak Company, to the Children of America to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of Kodak.

There are no reservations to the gift, except that no cameras will be given *before* May 1, or *after* May 31, 1930, and *none* after the original supply of 500,000 is exhausted. *To be sure of getting one, act early.*

The Gift's True Object

This gift is made to benefit both the giver and the children who receive it.

Many eminent people hold that its acceptance is a duty every mother owes her child.

One leading educator declares that in developing *character, observation, appreciation of beauty and a depth of human understanding,* amateur picture-making is probably second to no other factor as an educational adjunct.

Another says that it brings a child in touch with every phase of life and nature, and implants *a clean interest* in the formative mind, during the dangerously impressionable years, when a wholesome pastime is most needed to safeguard the future of the growing child.

More and more, every day, thinking parents are regarding amateur picture-taking in that light.

* * * *

THIS GIFT IS MADE WITH TWO ENDS IN VIEW:

Sentiment: In appreciation of the grandparents and parents of today, who, as the picture-taking children of yesterday, played so important a part in the development of amateur photography and of the Eastman Kodak Company.

To place in the hands of their children and grandchildren an admittedly important character-building force.

Business: To interest hundreds of thousands more children in picture-taking. And thus to raise amateur photography among the coming generation to even greater heights than its present remarkable peak. For as amateur photography increases in popularity, the use of Kodak products will naturally increase with it.

Beginning on May 1

The Anniversary Cameras will be at Kodak dealers' everywhere on May 1 —ready for distribution. None before that date. Take your child to one of these stores. Get the camera. No red tape, no delay, no cost.

The gift-giving period begins on May 1, 1930, and will extend into the month of May as long as the supply of 500,000 cameras holds out. Be sure of getting a camera for your child.

* * * *

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y.

Typical pictures, actual size, 2¼ x 3¼ inches, taken with the Anniversary Camera and Kodak Film

A GIFT of 500,000 Cameras

The camera—complete with one roll of Kodak Film—is to be given absolutely WITHOUT COST to any child whose twelfth birthday falls in any month of 1930

500,000 cameras, as illustrated, are to be given to children who reach the age of twelve this year

The gift is from the Eastman Kodak Company, with the compliments of George Eastman, Chairman of the Board, in commemoration of Kodak's 50th Anniversary.

Gift Cameras will be distributed May 1, 1930, by authorized Kodak dealers, and continued until the supply of 500,000 is exhausted. None after May 31, 1930.

To get a camera, simply take your child to an authorized Kodak dealer's. Pay nothing. Child must be accompanied by either parent or guardian.

For a Noteworthy Expression from Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, as to the Significance of the Eastman Gift, See Page 63 of this Magazine.

What an expert chef taught his daughter

A letter of great interest to progressive women

Corn Products Refining Co.
New York City.

Gentlemen:

During the first few months of my marriage, I used any number of different kinds of shortenings for my cakes and pies. As my cooking was always very successful, I did a lot of it and having finally decided that there was nothing like butter for shortening and frying, I soon found my budget soaring beyond our means. "Hubby" still demanded desserts and I insisted that we could not afford them.

Strangely enough, though, my Dad was an expert Chef and I had never thought to ask his advice. Then, one day he watched me making a cake.

"Why don't you use Mazola, daughter?" he questioned.

"For cake?" I asked.

"I use it for salad dressing but never dreamed of putting it in a cake."

"Try it sometime," he insisted.

I did—and I really think it is a great deal better than butter for cake-making. I was amazed the first time I used it for pie crust, for I had always believed one had to have a solid shortening, but Mazola is much easier to mix evenly and I use it all the time now.

In frying doughnuts, it heats up so quickly and doesn't burn so easily either. I never had such light, greaseless doughnuts before. I'm sure glad I followed Dad's advice about Mazola.

Mrs. Francis Rahberg
Longwood Road
Reading, Mass.

Pressed from the hearts of fully ripened golden corn kernels, Mazola is a delightful, pure vegetable oil—itself *as good to eat as the corn from which it comes.*

For Salad Dressings, for all Frying and Shortening, the world affords nothing finer—regardless of price.

All grocers sell Mazola in pint, quart, half-gallon and gallon tins.

Over a million women have purchased Mr. Bailey Allen's "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods," a valuable book containing nearly 300 recipes. Send coupon below for your copy.

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Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin). Kindly send me my copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods."

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been all these years! She returned to her desk and the puzzling task of selecting a couple of people to fill in for two who were unable to come to the dinner of fourteen she was giving to meet Zinzindorf—only fourteen. He never attended larger dinners. While she was tapping her teeth with the end of her penholder Zinzindorf came into the prudently lit room and leaned over her chair.

"Tea?" he asked. He smelled of roses, for he always wore a white one in his buttonhole, and faintly of cheese, of which he was inordinately fond. Recently he had come in for tea almost every afternoon. His beard tickled the back of Roberta's neck. She turned and looked up at him, and his eyes held hers.

"In a week," he said softly, "I go away—all ofer the country. Vhat you call one-night stands, *hein?* But I vill be back in the Spring. Possibly I vill stay a month, yes? Budt I do nodt like your husband. He has no uplift. Could he go away?"

ROBERTA trembled, and withdrew her eyes.

"I'll ring for tea," she said briskly, and jumped to her feet. "You must learn to like my husband. Men of your type and his do not understand each other, but he is a lamb."

"Lambs do nodt make goodt lofers."

"This one does." She looked at him directly, and then stared, and then shook her head. "No—no, you must never ask me that," she said suddenly and softly. "No. Please! I worship your mind, but you must never ask me that."

"You are a coldt liddle American vitch," said Zinzindorf somberly. "American vimmen do nodt know vhat lofe iss. Marriage iss not lofe—it can nodt be. It iss an institution. I vill be coming back in the Spring."

"Sit down," said Roberta, hastily, "and I will tell you whom you are going to meet for dinner the night before you go away."

"I am nodt interested."

"You must be interested."

There were to be Roberta and John; Hartley, the Englishman, and Sibyl Goodnough, the poetess—crystal and jet. Tinkling, very beautiful. Three men had divorced her for mental cruelty. Mr. and Mrs. Karl Mayer, the leading patrons, male and female, of the arts; the Countess Viquez, gay and charming; Alfred Holt, the musical critic, and Oswald van Neiman, the novelist. Mr. and Mrs. Percival Renshawe, representing finance, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gordon, representing publishing, and then, dryad-like, hay-blond, speaking only when she felt like it, the last word in everything, incongruous and bewilderingly pretty, Zinzindorf's especially invited flapper, Mary Cavanaugh.

"A dull lot, no doubt," said Zinzindorf, yawning.

"They are brilliant people."

"This girl—Vhat of her?"

"You will see."

"It iss through the young that one learns and amends one's point of view. You can sit next to me. You are not young, but you are beautiful."

"I will have to sit next to you, anyhow. I'm your hostess."

"Oh, yes. I hadt overlooked that."

It was a brilliant dinner, and potentially the guests were brilliant. At least they had that reputation—most of them—and the room was brilliant; the food, the flowers, and the lights. But Zinzindorf started things badly by being almost an hour late and then complaining to everybody that he was completely worn out by American hospitality.

Renshawe, who had been the banker to set Austria on its feet after the War, retired into a sullen silence from which neither Sibyl nor Mrs. Mayer, between whom he sat, could lure him.

"Banking," he observed, "is a profession in which you are constantly saving individuals who had better have been exposed to the elements."

Both Sibyl and Mrs. Mayer thought possibly he might be referring to them.

Sibyl was left to the tender mercies of Oswald van Neiman, whom she despised and who despised her, but, in both cases, in such a subtle literary fashion that the world thought they were the best of friends. That entirely threw out of "rhythmic sympathy," as Zinzindorf would have called it, one side of the table.

That left Roberta and Hartley, but Roberta, worried about the whole affair, had little time to spare for Hartley, altho she decided—astonished at her own sentimentality—that she adored him. He was so nice; the nicest kind of Englishman. And then can be nice. Eager, wise, and witty, also exceptionally kind.

Hartley was extremely shy, but he came out of his shyness with graceful rushes like a faun leaving the woods for the sunlight and then going back again. He kept watching Zinzindorf with eyes almost too amused. But he was not especially decorative—Hartley. In that respect he resembled Erskine Davis. His hair was too curly, his evening clothes not in the least fashionable.

At the end of the table John struggled valiantly, but with a haunted look, to bring some happiness into the lives of Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Mayer. Poor John, with his childish belief that parties "ought to be fun." With the great white shoulders, and other revealments, of Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Mayer rising on either side of him, his face, peering between, looked like that of a mountain-climber surprising dawn in the Alps.

Roberta, however, could not watch him; her own troubles were too deep. Zinzindorf sat slumped back in his chair, his chin lowered, and his beard spread out on his shirt-bosom.

"I am tired," he announced.

"You've said that already," commented Roberta tartly.

Zinzindorf raised his heavy eyelids and stared.

"And I vill say it again if I vant to," he hissed crossly.

He turned his head and surveyed the dryad next to him—her bright hair, the half-moon of her cheek, her almost bare young shoulders and back, the bones still so young that they gave even the most admiring spectator a slight impression of a squab.

The dryad turned upon him sparkling and fearless eyes.

"You like it?"

"What?"

"Head, throat, back, and shoulders?"

Zinzindorf drew in a shuddering breath.

"Horrible!"

"All right—some do and some don't. My feelings aren't hurt. Maybe I'm not your type. You're a free-born Austrian, I suppose, aren't you? Or are you?"

"I vasn't talking of your appearance. That iss nodt badt. I vas talking of your manners."

The dryad raised her eyebrows.

"Listen, sweetheart," she said gently. "We're going to be here for about an hour or more. We can have a pleasant time or not. Criticize my appearance all you want, but not your manners. They're better than you think. I've just been observing yours, and I thought you liked rudeness. Anyway, mine waked you up."

SHE gave him a long and scrutinizing look, and then turned and began to talk to the white-bearded, gentle, deaf Thomas Gordon.

"Insufferable!" observed Zinzindorf in a brooding voice. "Later on I vill tame her."

Fortunately at this moment the butler whispered in his ear that some one wanted to speak to him on the telephone.

"I vill nodt go."

"He says it is very important, sir."

"Oh, vell——"

In a few minutes he returned, wiping his beard.

"Long-distance?" inquired Roberta from a complete lack of anything else to say.

"Very long-distance."

And then to her astonishment—she could never understand these young people with their nonchalance and their slowness to take offense, and she was beginning to feel that she didn't understand Zinzindorf very well either—he and Mary Cavanaugh turned to each other and found themselves in a most amiable conversation.

"Could I stay a little bit after the others are gone, Mrs. Farrel?" Hartley asked. "Your husband is doing quite a lot for us in our work, you know, and I would like to talk to him—you, too."

"Certainly. I hope they go early."

"You—you're not enjoying yourself?"

"No—o. I am not enjoying myself."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. What can I do?"

"Talk to me gently—perhaps about yourself."

Hartley colored.

"I'll try. About my work?"

"Yes."

He was a fascinating man. After a while he lost himself completely in what he was

Hands that Sparkle

on less than 5 minutes a day

Busy women find 4 Advantages in the new Liquid Polish

The Beauty Department of Good Housekeeping says:—

"GREAT thought has been given to making easy the road to Beauty for the busy, modern woman, and what surprises one about the fundamental requirements for lovely hands is their great simplicity. The manufacturers of nail cosmetics are giving us more improved products all the time. Among these is the new liquid polish that women everywhere are adopting because of its wonderful advantages.

"*First*, its ease of application has materially shortened the manicure.

"*Second*, the natural gleam lasts for days.

"*Third*, this new liquid polish does not peel off, but remains smooth and firm, acting as a splendid protection for the nail.

"*Fourth*, it doesn't make nails brittle.

"The daily care which every woman should give her nails is simple. Scrub your nails in warm soapy water. Then gently mould the cuticle with an orange stick wrapped in cotton and saturated with cuticle remover.

"Cutting the cuticle is a bad habit that tends to make it rough, uneven and brittle. A good cuticle remover is a fine bleach and whitener for under the nail tip. Dip the orange stick, tipped with cotton, in cuticle remover and run it under the nails and wash the hands. A bit of cuticle cream or oil should be used on the cuticle every day.

"Exquisite nails show fastidious living. How do yours look?"

The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

1. *Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser—to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips.*

Scrub the nails. Pass cotton-wrapped orange stick, saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser, around base of nail to remove dead cuticle. Use fresh cotton—freshly saturated—to cleanse under each nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

2. *Cutex Liquid Polish protects and flatters the nails.*

Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish evenly from half-moon toward finger tip. Then use a bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep cuticle soft, and a touch of Nail White under nail tip to enhance the polish.

■

The new Cutex Liquid Polish or Polish Remover 35¢. Polish and Polish Remover together 50¢. Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover together 60¢. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser 35¢. The other Cutex preparations 35¢.

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SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

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So many smart women use it that it costs only 35¢ One preparation perfumed of course

talking about. He made you realize, altho he never said so directly, how old life was, how young it was, how long it would continue, how little the moment counted, and yet how greatly it counted if you could throw it like a bit of good fuel upon the never-extinguished flame of unselfish human endeavor and speculation. The object was to increase the flame.

Roberta was unaware that her dinner was over until the butler reminded her by asking if she would have coffee in the drawing-room. She smiled gently at John as she went out.

In the drawing-room the dryad remarked in a childish, clear voice that Zinzindorf was "a silly old thing."

There was a moment of shocked silence. "Perhaps you don't understand him, my dear," suggested Mrs. Mayer.

"Oh, yes, I do, perfectly. I wasn't talking about his books—I haven't read 'em. I was talking about him."

Roberta felt the blood rush to her head, then recede. "Mary is right," she said harshly.

She hadn't meant to say that, but now that she had, she felt as if a great weight had been lifted from her shoulders.

The men came in from the library. They seemed unduly somber. Fortunately, within a short time, every one began to leave. The Mayers and Gordons first, next the Renshawes.

The dryad departed in a new mood of beautiful manners and dreamy aloofness. She gestured as if she expected Zinzindorf to kiss her—an unmarried woman's—hand.

"Good-night," she sighed.

"Good night." He held her hand. "You must read my books."

"Oh, I shall."

Only Hartley, Roberta, John, and the guest of honor were left. The guest of honor stretched out on a couch of cloth of silver. "I am tired," he said. "Too tired even to go to bed."

"I'm going to get myself a pipe," said John, and went out.

"A-ah!" sighed Zinzindorf. "These national investigations have their rewards, but they kill."

"Mary's not a national investigation," interjected Roberta; "she's an international type. You'll find her now in Albania, Turkey, Persia, anywhere you want."

"Ach so!" Zinzindorf raised up slightly and stared at Roberta. "You chose to be amusing. I was not talking of Mary. I was talking of larger questions." He looked at Hartley, standing before the fireplace. "Now, your country, Mr. Hartley, for instance. That is interesting—it is finished. Completely. It has perfected its mold—a perfect mold of a low type, like—vhat you call it?—the setter-dog."

Hartley grew red and wriggled uncomfortably.

"Oh, we're getting along," he murmured.

"Whereas for America," Zinzindorf continued, looking again at Roberta, "it hasn't even as yet begun to make a mold—it has nodt yet even begun to think."

Hartley ran his finger around inside of his collar.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," he objected mildly. "They're frightfully good in some things, you know. Take your own line—just the men who are living. John Dewey, Scudder Klyce, Paul Moore, Santayana. Of course Santayana's born Spanish and lives there now, but his thinking is largely conditioned by his American experiences. And William James, who's dead. Far greater than most people think him. And then there's always of course—" He paused abruptly.

Erskine Davis had come in so quietly that for a moment no one saw him except Hartley. He paused in the shadows, smiling.

"Oh!" exclaimed Roberta, noticing him. "Baron Zinzindorf, this is Professor Davis. Mr. Hartley, Professor Davis."

Zinzindorf made a faint gesture of arising, but changed his mind.

"How do you do?" he said wearily.

Hartley was stuttering.

"You mean," he was asking with some excitement, "Erskine Davis? Is this Erskine Davis? Oh, but I didn't know you knew him, Mrs. Farrel. You never mentioned him." He smiled over at Davis, who came forward. "I've a letter to you. I was going to call you up in a day or so to find if I could see you for a moment."

Roberta was smiling vaguely to herself. What was all this fuss about Erskine? Even Zinzindorf had lumbered heavily to his feet and had made a low bow. "I didt nodt know," he said guttorally, "that this was Herr Professor Davis. I belief that I had the honor of going to Halle with you. This iss a distinction."

GOOD gracious, thought Roberta. She was bewildered.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Hartley over his shoulder. "Mrs. Farrel is a great stage-manager, isn't she, Zinzindorf? She knows the value of saving the real thing to the last."

"I don't egsactly understand—" Zinzindorf began.

Hartley still smiled, but his eyes were cold.

"You see," he said, very distinctly and giving each word its true value, "we're merely appetizers for the *pièce de résistance*, as it were. Mrs. Farrel works up to a climax with her guests. After all, as such things go, I'm merely a beginner and you're an amateur, aren't you? A rich amateur. Here's a really great man."

"I'm embarrassed," said Erskine in a muffled voice.

"I intend you to be. There're so many rotten fakers in this world."

"I suppose there are," agreed Erskine mildly. "I don't see much of them."

"No, you wouldn't. But if I may say so—I think your country is peculiarly susceptible to them. I've been here only about a fortnight and— People like you ought to form a society to protect your fellow citizens. You're all of you too kind. Aren't they, Zinzindorf?"

"I—" began Zinzindorf.

Roberta interrupted him.

"But you didn't mention Erskine's name in the list of philosophers you were giving us," she said to Hartley.

"His name was on the tip of my tongue when he came in," Hartley blushed and laughed. "I believe you timed the very moment of his arrival, too, Mrs. Farrel. It was well timed."

Roberta rose to heights of mendacity. "You are very clever," she smiled. "It wasn't quite as carefully planned as that, but *I was* saving Erskine for the last."

IDA

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said Mary. "All of our dishes seem always to be getting nicked or broken," and "I don't know what to do about Freddie—he gets his clothes dirty faster than any child I ever saw. He doesn't seem to *learn* anything," or "I'm worried about May's eye. If it don't get better by Monday I'm going to take her in to see Doctor Straley."

Ida hummed a little tune and then broke off in the midst of it. She remembered suddenly that Roberta hated to hear her hum. Mary said it often enough, but somehow she couldn't seem to remember.

THEY cleaned the living-room, Jim's ash-tray, toys off the floor. Ida wiped the floors around the rugs on her hands and knees because it hurt Mary's back to stoop so. Ida swept the dining-room floor while Mary put on the dinner.

Up-stairs they did the bedrooms, standing one on each side of the beds as they made them up—this was not the day for clean sheets—Mary's and Jim's bed with its high headboard and footboard, which Mary had brought from the old Dixon home; Ida's bed, dark walnut from the Dixon home, too, and the children's beds, chipped white enamel with bent brass knobs.

At eleven o'clock the house was in fair order, and the two women went down-stairs to get dinner. Dinner was at twelve o'clock in Daleford. Ida peeled potatoes and cut the string-beans while Mary finished the stew and fixed some soup for Lallie. Freddie came in for an apple. He had cut his finger in the yard and had to be petted and have

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Just one of the ten million...

suffering from troubles caused or aggravated by harsh toilet tissue

A prominent hospital surgeon connected with one of New York's largest hospitals estimates that between ten and twenty million people in the United States are suffering from ailments of this nature. In many cases, he states, the trouble is directly traceable to harsh, non-absorbent toilet tissue.

HABITS of personal cleanliness have very little to do with the origin of rectal trouble, doctors say.

For even the most immaculate run the risk of serious illness every time a harsh or chemically impure toilet tissue is used.

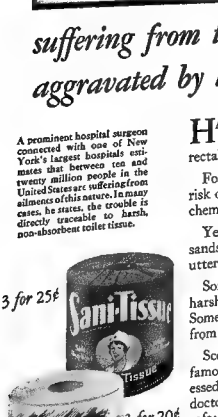
Yet despite this serious danger, in thousands of homes you will find toilet tissues utterly unfit for bathroom use.

Some are glazed, sharp-edged. Some are harsh-surfaced—covered with tiny slivers. Some are even chemically impure—made from reclaimed waste material.

ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf are famous bathroom tissues specially processed to satisfy the three requirements doctors say toilet tissue must have to be safe: absorbency—softness—chemical purity. Each sheet is made up of millions of "thirsty fibres."

These specially treated fibres, soft and cloth-like, are extremely absorbent. Without this absorbent quality thorough hygiene is impossible.

It doesn't pay to be careless in this bathroom essential. Insist on ScotTissue—Sani-Tissue or Waldorf.



Prices for U. S. only

They fit the built-in fixtures

Scott Tissues

Scott Paper Co.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The largest manufacturers of toilet tissue in the world. Sani-Tissue and Waldorf are the only toilet tissues with *thirsty fibre* qualities.

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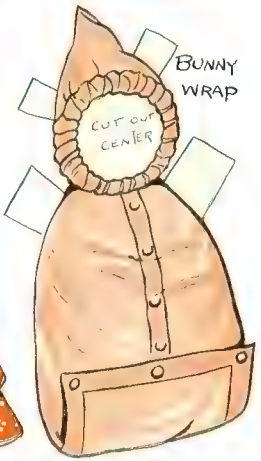
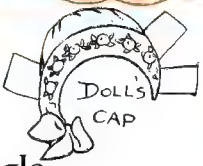
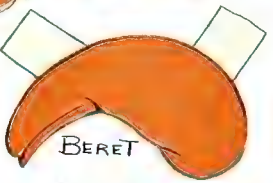
DOLLY DINGLE

By GRACE G. DRAYTON



DRAYTON ©





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Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Conducted by MARION LAMBERT

JUST AMONG OURSELVES

SOMETIMES I think I should say nothing at all on this page, but just print the splendid letters which come in. It almost seems wrong to fill any space with *my* opinions when such wise, courageous, inspiring thoughts come in every mail.

Here is one of the good answers to W. M. B.:

W. M. B.'s letter caught and held my attention because I felt that it was just what I would have written, not so long ago, if I had expressed my dissatisfaction in writing.

I think that I have solved the problem of the lonely years satisfactorily. At least the old restless longing is gone and the days are flying fast, and I am not able to accomplish half the things I have planned for each day. "But does that really matter?" I ask myself. I have the rest of my life before me.

I couldn't attend college after high school, so I worked for three years, then married. We had two sons, and I was determined that they should both grow up with the idea that there was nothing else ahead of them but to choose some special line of work, attend college, and major in that line. That is what they are doing, and I am utterly thankful.

But when the busy years had passed, when my older son had been two years in college, and the time came when my baby drove away with his two pals in their little green bug of a car, I ran back into the house after my gay good-by and wept bitter, lonely tears. Both boys were gone, and I was alone in a big, empty house. It rained all day, and that didn't help any, either.

That evening I built a fire in the grate, turned on the radio, and wept some more. My attention was finally caught by a song which the announcer said had been written by the singer. I listened, then I sat up and took stock of myself. Why didn't I try to do something like that? If not a song, then verses or stories? I had to fill out the rest of my days some way. That night I wrote some verses I called "Laddie Boy." I knew the time and the meter were faulty, but it relieved the tension and gave me a new interest.

Since then I have studied and written constantly. I am following a systematic course of reading taken from my boy's university course. I read the editorials and feature stories in the papers and magazines. I compel myself to look up all allusions to unfamiliar things as I read. Almost any book or story becomes educational if read in this way. I find my memory not so good in the forties as in my high-school days. To overcome this I am writing a brief summary of each book as I read it.

I may leave nothing to my grandchildren but a trunkful of unpublished manuscripts, but I have enriched my life, kept in touch with my children's interests, and filled my days so full that there's no time for worrying or self-pity. I wish I were situated so I could enter into club and civic activities, but since that isn't possible I must try to radiate what cheer and helpfulness I can from my own fireside. D. W.

That's the real secret, isn't it? Instead of worrying about lonely days, think of having an opportunity to cultivate some of the interests and hopes which were laid aside years ago because there was no time for them. It may be reading, writing, gardening, hooked rugs, church or club work, or any one of a hundred things; but if after the years of hard work and little time for ourselves there comes a time when we can drag out our buried ambitions and follow them, let's do it. It is true that the older mind doesn't grasp or memorize so quickly as the youthful one, but think of the wealth of experience, judgment, and practical wisdom which the older student has at her command.

A letter to Battered:

Dear Marion Lambert: Of all the splendid women Battered must be ace-high. If we only had more mothers and fathers who were like her! I'm just twenty years old, and I [illegible] I've certainly had enough to [illegible] those I am a modern—I've certainly had enough to [illegible] not to hang her head with chagrin

GO

EDITOR'S NOTE

Do you ever have a problem or a trouble which you long to talk over with some one who will listen, understand, and never tell? Marion Lambert is that some one. Have you gained from life some bit of experience or wisdom which you would be glad to pass on to those who need it? Send it to Marion Lambert. It will be used to help those who will deeply appreciate it.

This page is for all our readers. We want you to use it. Every letter is considered confidential. The writer's real name is never printed.

If you need immediate advice enclose a stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address Marion Lambert, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

because she has stood by the ship in time of storm. She doesn't have to. If this old world had a few more like her, hanging onto ideals and keeping the home together, the younger generation wouldn't have to step so fast to keep up with its parents. I'm all for her, and I surely hope she will have heaps of happiness some day. Elma.

Another view-point:

Dear Marion Lambert: When you commend Battered for her noble stand you speak from her point of view. I feel that I am qualified to speak from her children's point of view, for I was the sole lie which bound my mother to an unhappy union. The day is bound to come when those boys will realize, as I did, that their precious home was built on a structure of falsity. I say the disillusionment of this realization is more searing than any inconvenience which might arise during childhood. I feel that it is more deserving of respect to reach out and make something of one's own life than to live a wretched mistake. When the real truth dawns upon these boys, will they have tender memories of the home fireside? Personally, I do not believe they can. Earnest.

There's truth and there's heart-break in both these letters. I wonder which of the writers is right? One thing I wish this discussion might do is to lead all unmarried girls to think long and carefully before they marry *any* one. Think of the wonderful boy in terms of living together for many years; bring out this much-talked-of modern straight thinking and square shooting and clear vision and apply it to your children-to-be. Are you sure you are going to give them a fair chance?

One of the most encouraging signs of the times is the way in which mothers are striving to give their daughters, and their sons, too, a proper fund of information about the real facts of life. Mothers all over the world are asking for a copy of the letter written by Mother of Two, in which she tells just how she explained life and birth to her little ones. Only yesterday a request for the letter came from Brazil and another from China.

One mother has just written:

Thank you for the lovely, sane letter about telling the little ones. With a box of seeds planted on the window, a mother cat with two babies under my kitchen stove, and your wonderful letter tucked away in my desk I feel ready for anything.

Dear Marion Lambert: You have comforted and helped so many unhappy people. I wonder if you can console me!

For over two years I have had a wonderful lover. I was so happy, and I thought he was. But now his love has cooled and I am wretched to the point of desperation. I have become cynical and can not believe that there is such a thing as true and lasting love of a man for a woman. Do you think I ever will fall in love again? The future looks like a long and weary road, with no love to brighten it. What will I do with all the empty years? Rowena.

Yes, the future looks like an empty road, but looks are deceiving! What you think is the end is really just a bend in the road ahead. Just around the corner, a little way along, you will find lovely things waiting for you if you only keep going. You don't believe me now, but some day you'll say, "Why, here are the lovely things, just as Marion Lambert told me!"

Cynical? That is natural just now. But I want to ask you this: Do you think *all* mothers are bad because one deserted her baby and ran away with a lover? Do you think *all* girls are deceitful because you know one who is false to her friend? Of course you don't. The real fact is that there are faithless human beings in both sexes and in all walks of life. Both men and women prove untrue at times. If we misplace our faith, that is our bad luck, but it doesn't mean that all the world is bad.

There are two kinds of people in the world, Rowena: those who are narrowed and embittered by a sad experience, and those who are made kinder, deeper, more understanding. Which kind will you be? Take your choice!

Why shouldn't you love again? You are young. You have intelligence, training, the ability to make friends. The one thing you must do is *go on*. Keep up all the motions and the machinery of life, doggedly and persistently. Go out, make friends, cultivate new interests. Day after day will drag by, and then some morning you'll wake up feeling happy. You'll be surprised!

Here is a letter you will all be glad to read:

Dear Marion Lambert: I never can thank you enough for sending me the recipe for fruit-cake and the hints for selling. I'll admit that I tried three times before I got the absolutely perfect cake. Possibly my husband got a bit tired of fruit-cake, eating up the imperfect ones. But I can make them perfectly now, and in the months since December first I have averaged six dollars a week profit.

Maybe that doesn't seem much to you, but, oh, it means so much to me! I sell them for weddings, parties, and to "have in the house when a caller comes in at tea-time." You know, with an apple in the box, the cake does keep indefinitely. I got splendid results from a two-line ad in our county paper. My husband objected a little bit at first, but now he is so proud of me you'd think he invented the whole idea! Mary.

And here's the new money-making hint for this month:

We live near a factory which employs about three hundred young men who earn very good wages. I wrote on cards, "I'll darn your socks and they won't hurt your feet," and let my small son stand out by the gate and hand out the cards as the men went by. I have about fifty steady customers who pay me from twenty-five to thirty cents a week. I charge ten cents a pair unless there is a difficult run to repair, when I ask a little more. I can do the work evening and in odd moments.

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Look through glass dishpans

These actual color photographs* prove Super Suds gives *instant lasting* suds

See how this new bead soap floods the water with suds clear down to the bottom of the pan—cuts dishwashing time in half

←*At Left* ***Bead soap in action***

Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly—shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

Slow-dissolving chips ***At Right→***

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the water. Look at the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.

DON'T wash dishes again until you've studied these photographs. The first photographs ever made of dishwashing soaps at work!

They show you how soaps act *below* the surface of the water. Down where the dishes are really washed. Notice (on the right) the gummy bunches of flakes that can't keep dishwater from getting greasy, can't give you their full cleansing power, because they're only half dissolved. While every bead of Super Suds has dissolved instantly . . . flooding every drop of water with rich, creamy, lasting suds.

Far faster than chip soap

Now see (at the left) how Super Suds' instant and complete dissolving saves your time. (1) ***Saves waiting for suds.*** No stirring . . . or heating water extra hot to dissolve soap. (2) ***Washes dishes clean faster.*** The rich, penetrating all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. (3) ***Saves dishwiping.*** Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to shining cleanliness without wiping.

Totally new form of soap

Super Suds washes dishes faster, easier—because it's an utterly different *form* of soap. It's tiny, hollow "beads," made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. The walls of each bead are 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake ever made. Hence they dissolve instantly—completely. They flood the water in your dishpan with quick, rich, lasting suds, exactly as in the dishpan photographed at your left.

Don't let slow-dissolving chip soap slow up your dishwashing any longer. Get Super Suds from your grocer today.

*These tests were made under identical conditions. ½ oz. of Super Suds were placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ½ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

Super Suds 10¢

5243

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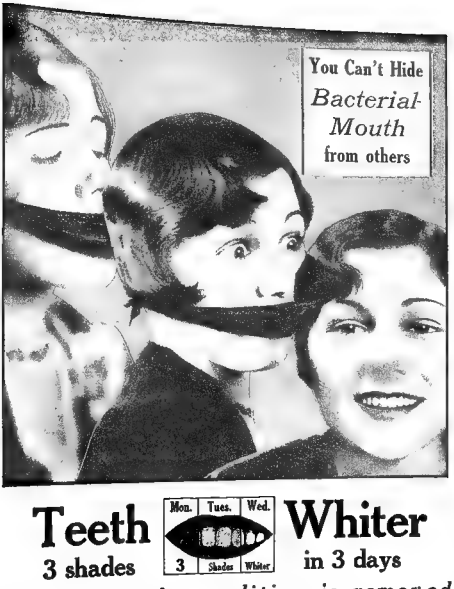


Teeth Whiter

3 shades in 3 days

Mon. Tues. Wed.
3 Shades Whiter

when this ugly condition is removed

EVEN the most unobservant people notice Bacterial-Mouth and the most forgetful always remember its presence. For there's nothing more offensive to the eye than unwholesome gums and teeth that are stained an ugly yellow cloudy, marred by decay. This condition is due to germs that sweep into the mouth and defy the ordinary toothpaste. They attack teeth and gums. Kolynos kills these germs and so removes Bacterial-Mouth with remarkable result.

Use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique for 3 days—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Then look at your teeth—fully 3 shades whiter.

In 10 days the improvement will be so marked you will never again say that white teeth are a gift received only by a fortunate few.

Dentists have long advocated the Dry-Brush Technique as the one way to use a dental cream full strength and keep brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly. Only Kolynos permits this approved technique.

This highly concentrated, double-strength dental cream is unique in action. When it enters the mouth it becomes a surging, antiseptic foam that makes wetting the toothbrush unnecessary.

You can feel Kolynos work. It foams into the mouth and cleans out every pit, fissure and crevice.

Germs that cause Bacterial-Mouth and lead to stain, decay and gum diseases are instantly killed. They vanish and the entire mouth is purified. *Kolynos kills 190 million germs in 10 seconds, 424 million in 60 seconds.*

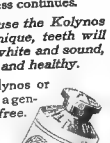
This amazing Kolynos Foam removes food particles that ferment and cause decay . . . neutralizes acids . . . washes away tartar and the unsightly mucoid coating that clouds teeth.

Easily and quickly, it cleans and polishes teeth down to the naked white enamel—without injury. And for 3 hours after each brushing this cleansing, purifying process continues.

So long as you use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique, teeth will remain gleaming white and sound, gums will be firm and healthy.

Buy a tube of Kolynos or mail this coupon for a generous trial tube, *sent free.*

FREE



The Kolynos Co., Dept. 5-PR-51X
New Haven, Conn.

Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos

Name.....

Street & No.....

State.....

Make the Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday Test with

KOLYNOS

the antiseptic

DENTAL CREAM

Continued from Page 74

that attended to, but it was the apple that he really came in for.

At twelve o'clock Jim came home and washed in the kitchen, leaving huge dirt marks on the roller-towel. The women hurriedly dished out the dinner—Jim didn't like to wait for his meals after he got into the house. At a quarter past twelve Junior and May burst in.

Junior had had a quarrel with a boy, Ralph, on the way home about a school-strap, and he and May were bursting with the news of it. The strap had been left in the cloak-room, it seemed, and Ralph claimed it was the strap he had bought two weeks previous and had tried to walk away with it. But Junior knew it was his strap. Miss Rutherford, the teacher, had separated them in the school-yard, but they were going to have it out after school.

MARY and Ida hushed Junior as well as they could. Jim didn't like to hear the children quarrel.

"Can't we have a little peace here at meal-time?" Jim roared, sitting down at his own place without waiting for Ida and Mary to be seated.

The children sat down, too, and on account of the quarrel were able to eat without washing their hands, for no one remembered to remind them of it. Ida helped Lulie into her high chair and fastened Freddie's bib. For no reason at all—or perhaps for the very good reason that he did not like loud voices around him—Freddie began to cry. Jim had finished dishing out the stew, and Mary had put beans and potatoes on the plates before Ida had finished quieting Freddie.

The meal was a usual one. Jim did not like the children to talk much at the table, tho to-day Junior said little undertoned things about "that old Ralph," and Freddie whimpered a little. Sometimes Mary talked with Jim, assuming a pert brightness, tho Jim never played up to it, and answered in monosyllables.

Sometimes he volunteered news. "Joe Kelly was in the store—said the family might move into town for the Winter," or "Dave Markham was in and wanted to charge a bill, but I told him there was nothing doing. His credit's no good any place any more."

Ida never talked at the table. She didn't have anything to say, which was perhaps her best reason for not talking; but, more than that, she knew that, no matter what she said, it was disapproved of by Jim. Jim looked down on Ida, and she knew it. In a way he looked down on all women, for he realized the vast superiority of the male sex; but he looked down on Ida in a special way because she was of no importance to any one. Of course she was of importance in his family inasmuch as she did the work of a good hired housekeeper or servant and did it conscientiously and sympathetically, without complaint and without salary.

But the only kind of woman who could be of any importance to Jim was the woman who had married an important man—in a way, then, she would reflect her husband's importance. Marriage was the only career for a woman. Ida had summed up her own life, and she it never occurred to Jim that it had not been entirely Ida's fault, she became, in consequence, of absolutely no importance as a person.

To-day Ida wanted to tell Jim something—did and didn't. She felt that for once in her life she could break through the wall of not being anything and that he would listen to her. Yet—if she told him—Junior fussed, Freddie whimpered. Lulie, catching the atmosphere, began hitting her spoon on her high chair and yelled loudly.

"Can't you teach these children how to behave?" Jim asked. "It seems to me you women ought to be able to do something with them; you have them around you all day."

THIS was no time to tell Jim.

Jim left, as always, as soon as he had finished dinner. Jim drove, back and forth, from his store at noon, and he always was in a hurry, "so Stacey could go to his dinner." Stacey, the bookkeeper and assistant, always took a good hour and a half for himself. Junior and May went to school. Freddie, after a rather disagreeable scene, was persuaded to take a nap. Lulie took a nap, too, but the baby woke up now and cried and had to be nursed again.

When the children were quieted the two women washed the dishes, talking a little the while. Mary was going to a bridge game at Mrs. Ellison's.

"I bet she'll just try to see how much she can have to eat," said Mary. "Last week Jessie Porter had shrimp salad and hot rolls and Lady Baltimore cake—and you know how hard that is to make—but she'll have more than that; she tries to outdo every one since she's in that new house."

And a moment later:

"When Junior and May get home don't give them anything to eat but one apple apiece, and a piece of bread and butter with sugar on it if they are real hungry. And if they bring a lot of kids with them don't give them anything. I'm not going to feed the whole neighborhood."

At two o'clock Mary was gone, dressed in her new brown poplin, with last directions about the baby's bottle, the children, and starting supper.

Ordinarily Ida would have put on a clean gingham house-dress and gone down-stairs to read the morning paper, which, of course she hadn't had a chance to look at yet, or to darn socks and stockings—children do run through their clothes—but to-day she put on her black-silk dress with the new collar and cuffs on it. She went down into the living-room and sat unaccustomedly idle, waiting.

It didn't seem true even to herself. For eleven years she had lived with Jim and Mary and there had seemed no way out. Dishes and housework and babies—more housework, more dishes. It wasn't as if she didn't like children. She did like them. If they had been her own, now, she wouldn't have minded them half as much. She felt that. But Mary and Junior had already absorbed the family atmosphere toward her. When she called them they came—"when they got good and ready." They really never listened to what she said.

Freddie—of course it wasn't his fault really, but there was decidedly something wrong with Freddie—simple, sort of. The other children had known so much more than Freddie—did things better—when they were six. No use worrying. Mary wouldn't see when she had tried to point this out. Lulie was a nice baby, but there is a hard age to take care of, and little Rosie, six months old, she'd grow up and there'd be other babies to take care of. Not that Ida minded the work, really, but day after day— Jim would get a hired girl soon enough if—when—she was gone. Mary would see to that. Not that Mary didn't do her share; but then, after all, it was different with Mary.

NOW she was getting away. Actually getting away from Jim—if she wanted to. Not that she hadn't tried before. She had made an effort, a year or so after her father died, to sell "The Star Book of Information" through the country. How Mary and Jim had laughed at it!—If she remembered Jim's hearty laughter yet, his.

"Think of Ida—a book-agent knocking at people's back doors and asking them if they will have a book to-day! Say, it would make me the laughing-stock of the country to have my sister-in-law peddling things at back doors. Have a heart, Ida, and lay off a silly thing like that. Haven't you got a good home with us—best we've got—and anybody in Dalesford'll tell you that I've got as good a name as anybody in the county. You're too old to get any of these notions in your head. Of course if your marriage had turned out different—but you got a good home here. Get this book-peddling thing out of your mind."

There had been nothing else. What could there be in Dalesford? Ida didn't know anything to do. She had a little money—her share of the old house and of her father's insurance—but it was too little to do anything with—to get away. Besides Jim had invested it for her, and while he was strictly honest she could not get her money away without a lot of embarrassing talk and explanations.

Now, there was Chester Flack. He was going to marry her—that is, he would marry her if she wanted to get married. Ida saw Chester Flack as he really was. She did not glorify him. He was fifty-five or so, a lean man with a brown and rather mottled face and almost bald. He had been a widower for some twenty years, and had a married son and daughter living in Ryan, a town near by. He lived in Church Street, in a tall, narrow house with a neglected yard, and he was reported to be miserly.

He had his money in real estate and was

Continued on Page 80

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SHEET STEEL PRODUCTS FOR THE HOME, FARM, FACTORY AND FOR BUILDING CONSTRUCTION

WINDOWS NEVER HELD MORE FOR SHOPPERS

Metalware Guaranteed

Hand Dipped

in pure molten zinc and made of

COP-R-LOY

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL

Any store featuring Wheeling Hand-Dipped Metalware invites you to save on the values which these household necessities now offer. Nothing has been spared in making them distinctively superior in appearance, in usefulness and long life.

While their price is reckoned in pennies, into them has gone exacting craftsmanship with a copper alloyed sheet steel, COP-R-LOY, not an ordinary commercial steel, and each article has been slowly dipped by hand in a pot of pure molten zinc. All this is added quality without the least extra cost to you. There is no similar line that offers so much in trustworthy return for your small expenditures.

Wise merchants and wise homekeepers have been quick to realize this. For this reason better hardware and department stores display Wheeling Hand-Dipped Metalware, with the Wheeling Hand-Dipped Label, that you may shop and save. There are many different articles—all of necessity to the home—tubs, pails, ash and garbage cans—ask for Wheeling by name.

Wheeling
CORRUGATING COMPANY

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

WHEELING CORRUGATING COMPANY
Wheeling, West Virginia

Branches:—New York Chicago Philadelphia St. Louis Detroit Kansas City Minneapolis Richmond Columbus, Ohio Buffalo Chattanooga Des Moines

GUARANTEED
Hand Dipped
IN PURE MOLTEN ZINC

Thirty-nine years' experience has emphasized the superiority of the Wheeling process of dipping each article separately by hand in pure molten zinc. While modern production methods offer a quicker and cheaper way to perform this operation, the slower but more thorough hand-dipping process is retained because it gives a heavier, longer-wearing zinc-coating inside and out.

EXCLUSIVELY WHEELING RAW MATERIALS AND CRAFTSMANSHIP IN EVERY PRODUCT

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MOTHERS' HOPES

What Chance Have They if Real Music Must Be Sacrificed to Machine-made Sound?

MOTHERS strive valiantly to give their children happiness—a chance to enjoy the richest, fullest lives. Contrary forces forever oppose Mothers' hopes.

Today change—speed—unrest—work to thwart her longing for contentment. . . The ruthless spirit of the Machine Age threatens to crowd out all humanizing culture. . . . Men and women whiz heedlessly through life to the clatter of the eternal machine. . . Now, the machine has entered the realm of the musical art. Is this the Song of Progress? No! Machine-made music can never provide a substitute for the mellowing cultural influence of Real Music. Those concerned for the future of the race will resent the strangling of the art of music by a mechanical substitute in the theatre. Yet the art WILL BE strangled if this false economy is not halted by public demand. . . . Millions of music-loving Americans and Canadians are demanding Real Music in the Theatre by signing a petition. You, too, may join this Army of Cultural Defense. SIGN THE COUPON BELOW. Then mail it.

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS
1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Pm-5

Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

(*Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada*)
JOSEPH N. WEBER, President, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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Continued from Page 78

considered well off. He owned a lot of little houses in the poorer section of the town and spent most of his time collecting the rents from them and seeing that they were kept filled and in repair. He was considered a hard landlord but just. It was also whispered that he owned some houses of ill repute down on Pine Street, but there was not much said about these houses because he was not the only one dealing in Front Street property.

Three o'clock—the front door bell rang, and Ida hurried to the door. It was Flack, as she had expected.

"How do you do, Ida!" he said rather solemnly, and then almost bashfully, "Is—is she at home?"

"Come on in, Chester. Mary went to the Ellisons' for the bridge-party. I haven't—didn't tell them yet."

"Just as well, just as well," said Flack as he sat down in the living-room. "Might as well have this first. This will show them." He produced a small white box. "Sure you don't want me to come and tell your brother-in-law?"

"No, no, I'd rather tell him," said Ida. She reached over for the box and opened it. A lively, warm feeling came over her. This, at least, was real. The whole thing seemed absurd, a dream, an imagining, and yet here was something she could put her hand on—could show Mary and Jim, could use to sort of back her up if she needed it—wanted it.

THE diamond was a good size, much larger than she had expected. It was a good color, too, set in a filigree of platinum. She held it out shyly.

"It's—it's beautiful, Chester," she said. "I can't tell you how lovely it is." Surely that was the thing to say. "Won't you put it on for me?"

He took the ring and examined it critically as if he had never seen it before.

"Yes, it's a good stone," he admitted. "And I think the setting is real tasty. I got the stone a couple of years ago from Ernie Condon for a bad debt. I wore it in a stick-pin for a while, but I don't like diamonds on a man." He slipped it awkwardly on her finger.

Ida looked at the ring again. The small haze of glamour had gone out of it. What an old fool she was—nearly forty and expecting romance! She had had romance—romance—Rudy—fourteen years ago—that Summer back in the Dixon cottage when he had come to see her—those Summer evenings—Rudy was dead—she was old, forty—this—or—another woman's babies—

She hadn't even really thought of the ring at all, and here was the ring to show Jim and Mary—if she decided—

"I like it a great deal," she said.

Flack praised the ring again and made unimportant observations concerning the weather and life in general in Daleford. Then he stood up.

"Got to go," he announced. "People down in one of the Pine Street houses—having trouble with them. Rent. They got the money, but won't pay. I'll show them who owns that house." He picked up his black hat.

"I'll come around to-night and see Jim Harbeyer. Guess it ought to be talked over with the family. You tell them before I get here, mind you, if you want to be the first to tell them. We'll get married first part of the week. No use waiting. I got to go to Kansas City, and we can make a honeymoon trip of it. Get you a new coat and dress, too. Have you ever been to Kansas City?"

He leaned over, put out his arms, drew Ida to him, and kissed her with surprising warmth and vehemence—such warmth indeed that Ida grew slightly dizzy, almost nauseated, wanted to push him away. She didn't. After all—

She sat down almost weakly after he had gone. She couldn't think straight, yet she had to think straight. "One chance, one chance," she said, over and over again, and "Out of the frying-pan into the fire." How silly! Why should she be happy—glad of the one chance—a good man? Why, a year ago she'd have been happy at the thought of this. And now—

She heard children's voices, a banging at the door. There were Junior and four other boys. Junior's face was scratched and bleeding and dirty. The children, all talking at once, told of the fight. Ralph still had the strap. Junior had not been triumphant. Ida washed Junior's face and, who she knew Mary would object, gave each of the children an apple. They tramped out.

May came home now with two little girls. The sty on Mayf's eye hurt. They wanted to play tea-party on the side porch and demanded refreshments. Ida buttered bread for them, sprinkled sugar and cinnamon on it, and cut it into careful little squares. She made them cambric tea of milk and water in May's little teapot.

Freddie woke up crying. He had had a bad dream, and he had to be comforted. A non-existent balloon had been taken away from him. Ida comforted him as well as she could. Lulle, hearing Freddie cry, woke up too, but she was in better humor and allowed herself to be bathed and dressed. The baby cried and was given her fresh bottle. It was time to start supper. Ida cut yesterday's meat-loaf into thin slices. By the time Mary came home she had set the table.

Mary was full of the bridge-party.

"What did I tell you?" She had more to eat than at any party this year. Fried chicken and home-made Saratoga potato-chips and peach pickles and devil's food-cake. I don't see how I'll be able to eat a bite of supper."

Supper was at six o'clock. Jim got home at a quarter to six and spent fifteen minutes puttering around the house and yard. Each Fall he talked about planting bulbs, just as each Spring he talked about making a garden, but in spite of his farm-training he never did anything about it, and there never was a garden unless Ida made one. He said now:

"I guess I'll plant some tulips soon for next year. A crescent in the front yard. It will look nice in Spring." Then he took Freddie's mechanical mouse away from him and broke it, winding it too tight, which made Freddie cry.

For supper, besides the cold meat, there was a dish of damson preserves and some mush and milk for the children. Freddie whimpered throughout the meal. Junior told a rambling and rather impossible tale of the loss of the school-key. Mary, as always after a social gathering, was full of little mannerisms. She had not changed from her brown poplin, and in spite of her encasing gingham apron she tried not to do any work, so as not to spoil it.

All through the meal Ida thought about her news. Over and over in her mind, "Out of the frying-pan." How silly she was—a good man, a good home— It wasn't as if she were a child—didn't know about marriage. As Jim was finishing his last piece of bread and preserves Mary noticed the black dress.

"Why so dressed up?" she asked in her best manner. "Expecting company tonight?"

"Yes," said Ida, and cleared her throat and then, "Yes."

"You *are*? And who might that be?" from Mary, brightly.

Ida hesitated, made the plunge.

"Mr. Flack—Chester Flack. He's—he's coming to see me. He's coming to see you and Jim. He's—we—we're going to be married."

MARY stared at her speechless. Jim was speechless, too, but only for a minute. He broke into one of his loud, meaningless laughs:

"Aw, come now, Ida. Say—this is too good. You and Chester Flack going to marry?"

"Why, yes, Jim. I—he's coming here to-night to talk to you about it."

"Say, Mary, what do you think of this?" Jim laughed again. "Does she really mean it? Ida and Chester Flack—I ain't heard nothing funnier in a coon's age."

"Here's my engagement-ring," said Ida, and she handed it over.

"Why, why—I never knew that you and he ever saw each other," said Mary.

"Oh, yes," said Ida, "he's been coming in sometimes afternoons—when I was alone. He had a lot of time and he'd drive by."

Jim looked at the ring without comment. There was nothing he could say against that, and he refused to praise.

"Well, Flack knows one way of getting a free housekeeper," he said. "You know what marrying him means, don't you, Ida? It means taking care of him and his house—and you know his reputation for breaking a dollar."

After Mary had examined it Ida reached over and took her ring and put it on her

Continued on Page 82

THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

BEATRICE FAIRFAX *advises wives..*

"It may be only a bureau drawer or a box—but the successful wife retains the idea of the trousseau hope chest . . . keeps herself dainty and feminine every day of her life."

"Never lose the Key to your Hope Chest"

Beatrice Fairfax

WIVES who write so frequently to me asking what is the secret of keeping romance in marriage after the first few months and years have flown by can find the answer to their question in the example of those many wives who have succeeded not only in *keeping* romance in marriage but in *intensifying* it.

The secret of the successful wife is simply this—she has never thrown away the key to her hope chest.

Dainty, Feminine, Always

It may be only a bureau drawer or a box but the successful wife retains the idea of the trousseau hope chest—she keeps herself dainty and feminine every day of her life.

A wife must believe in her own femininity, must feel dainty and womanly before she can impress others.

The surest way to build up this faith in oneself is to wear enchantingly colored underthings and negligees. Then you, yourself, will feel like the girl of your dreams—exquisitely charming, enchanting, feminine, and this joyous self-confidence will inevitably impress others. *For confidence is contagious.*

Some wives hesitate to wear these lovely underthings, sheer hosiery, every day—think they cannot afford them, feeling that frequent washing will lessen their charm, shorten their life.

How to Preserve Color Charm

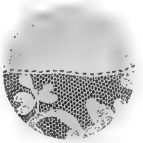
But such fear is needless, for if you use Lux they will stay colorful, beautiful as new, surprisingly long. Lux is made to preserve the vibrant life of color, the shimmering beauty of dainty fabrics. Anything safe in clear water alone is just as safe in Lux.

Keep Your Home Charming, Too

It is important, too, that your home should always seem dainty and charming to your husband.

Keep the glamour of lovely fresh color, not only in your house frocks, blouses, scarfs, handkerchiefs, but in everything about the house, for *men love cheerful color.* Curtains, linens, spreads, cushion covers, all retain color charm with Lux.

BEATRICE FAIRFAX



After 12 Lux washings—every thread in place, silk and lace fibres intact, color intact.

After 12 washings with an ordinary "good" soap—fibres out of place—lace damaged. Color off.

***If it's safe in water . . it's safe in* LUX**

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ONLY A FEW DAYS LEFT TO WIN $1000.00

Of course, this contest has proved tremendously popular. Yes, we've received lots of entries. Some days the mail has been pretty heavy, we'll admit. But there's almost a whole month left; you still have plenty of time; a letter is easy to write; you have a splendid chance of winning; sit down right now and write us that letter!

Read the rules printed below. Notice that you can enter all or any of the three divisions of the contest. Remember, too, that no special literary talent is required. The judges are plain, ordinary human beings just like the rest of us . . . talking our language . . . living on our street . . . thinking and acting just like millions of fine, splendid people all over this country. Simply imagine yourself in any of the situations given and put down what you would say.

You may win $10 . . . $20 . . . $150 . . . $250 . . . and if you're the grand prize winner, $750 extra! Judging will not begin until after the contest closes, May 31. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

Rules of the Contest

For the best letter of each of the three types listed below, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will pay $250; second best, $150; third best, $100; for the next five, $20 each; $10 apiece for the ten following; with additional prizes of Eaton's Highland Vellum to the next 100 winners. At the end of the contest a special prize of $750 will be awarded to the letter judged the best of all three classes, making a possible total of $1000 which this letter may win.

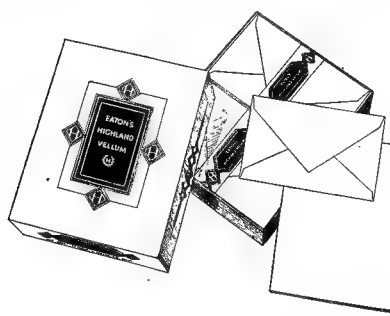
Types of letters: 1. Love letter. 2. "Bread and butter" letter (a letter expressing appreciation to your hostess after a visit). 3. Farewell letter (a letter sent to some friend who is going away).

Closing date: All entries must be in the mails by midnight of May 31, 1930. Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass. You may submit as many letters as you wish, and you may enter all three contests or any one.

Identification: Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page.

Winners: The winners will be announced through the columns of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. No manuscripts can be returned. The decision of the jury is final. The letters will be judged solely on *what you say*.

Final judges: Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine;* Fannie Hurst, famous short story writer; Emily Post, authority on social usage.



EATON'S
HIGHLAND VELLUM HIGHLAND LINEN

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finger. She had made her declaration, and nothing much had happened. She wondered, now, what she had expected would happen. For weeks she had been afraid—and here—a few sentences—and it was settled, all over. Was it, really, tho? After all—her life——

"You'd better think it over," said Jim. "You get on so nice here with the children—really are doing your duty, in a way."

Suddenly Ida wanted to stand up at the table and say things—make a sort of speech. She had planned it so often. She knew the kind of thing she wanted to say to Jim—to Mary. Hadn't she told herself a thousand times that if she ever got a chance to get away she would give Mary and Jim "a piece of her mind"?

The things she wanted to say crowded into her mind, pushing each other aside: "I've been a housekeeper here for years—working and working without a day off or a word of praise. I've had everything planned for me, and I've never had a word to say about anything." There were other things too. "You never even called down Junior when he broke up my garden—little green things just pushing their heads through. Mary borrowed my silk shawl that Mrs. Renwick bought me and never asked me if she could cut the hole in it—and now I can never wear it again. It was the only nice thing I ever had all my life."

More thoughts—things that wanted to be said: "You let Junior and Mary answer me back. You let me take all the care of Freddie, and won't do what I tell you about him. You're ashamed of me when company comes in. You——"

A thousand things she could say and wanted to say, and she said not one of them. They wouldn't understand if she did. They would think her ungrateful. Hadn't Jim given her a home—and talked enough about it? Jim folded his napkin, stood up from the table, and said heavily:

"Well, Ida, I hope you'll never regret this step you are taking—marrying if you call it that—really being housekeeper to an old miser like Chester Flack. Remember this, tho, if things don't turn out right, you've always got a good home with me." He liked that last sentence, repeated it. "No matter what happens, you've always got a good home with me."

Ida folded her napkin, wiped Freddie's mouth, and untied his bib.

That was it—one reason. She was a coward, she was a coward—about marrying, about taking a chance—a coward about saying anything because she might have to come back. Well, she had done it now—had taken the step. After all, Chester Flack meant freedom in a way. It might be worse really—why, it was wonderful—it would be something happening. If—well, at the worst, she could always have a good home with Jim!

The door-bell rang. She went to welcome Chester Flack.

FATHER KICKS OVER THE TRACES

Continued from Page 15

I've got some girls that have some brains in their heads and some character in their systems. Don't try to tell me that all youth is as dirt-selfish as these kids of yours are!"

"Mark!"

"For example, I've got an office-boy. He's eighteen years old—two years younger than Warren is. And that boy is a corker! Why, he *likes* to do things for people. And he's got a decent disposition. Any way you look at it, that boy is worth twenty-five of Warren."

"And do you mean," Mrs. Macomber inquired indignantly, "that Warren is no good?"

"Is he anything else?" Macomber asked bluntly.

"He's your son," his wife reminded him, as if that observation would preclude further argument.

MACOMBER subsided, lit a cigar, and idly began reading. Presently Madeline hurried down the stairs—apparently in response to a whistle from outside. She went out the front door, and after a moment came back inside.

She went down the hall to the kitchen and called to her mother. Obediently, solicitously, Mrs. Macomber hurried out. There sounded a moment of murmured conversation. Then she returned to the living-room.

"Some money for Madeline," she whispered to her husband.

"She apparently hasn't much confidence in her own selling ability," Macomber observed unsmilingly.

"Sh-h!" Mrs. Macomber placed a finger on her husband's lips.

As usual, he surrendered and handed over his wallet. She extracted some bills from it and handed it back, then hurried softly back into the kitchen.

"Mother, I don't know what I'd do without you," Macomber heard his daughter murmur fervently.

He listened with a wry grin on his face as the girl hurried out. He listened to the hum and chatter of youthful voices as she led the way to the family garage. A moment later the car purred by.

When his wife came in he was still grinning.

"What's the joke?" she inquired.

He tapped his chest.

"Nonsense!" she scoffed. "They both think the world of you! You simply don't understand them."

Macomber shook his head.

"All I represent is a convenient and ready source of supply," he said. "And I most certainly do understand them."

"Then why don't you take more interest in them? Why don't you share in their pleasures instead of just scolding them?"

"Eh?"

Macomber was plainly surprised.

"Huh! A fine chance there is to share in anything! Why, if I ask what's on for the evening, that's a cross-examination. It's none of my business where they go, what they do, whom they're with. If I want to know, I'm narrow-minded. And if I criticize, I'm a bully."

Mrs. Macomber merely sighed impatiently, and did not reply.

"Now, take that office-boy of mine," Macomber continued. "There's a boy for you. He's put himself through night-school. He's helping keep a young sister in school. He turns every dime over to his mother. His father's dead, you know. I want to tell you, there's a boy that *is* a boy! You ought to see the way he'll wade into a problem of policy that I put to him, just to see what he'll do with it."

"It's a pity," Mrs. Macomber scolded mildly, "you can't be as proud of your own children as you are of a hired office-boy."

"It's a pity that I haven't got the kind of children that I can be proud of," Macomber retorted promptly. "I would be a fool to be proud of a couple of selfish, egotistical brats that think of nothing but themselves and their physical comforts—regardless of the cost to others!"

"Mark, you ought to be ashamed to say such a thing!"

"I'm more ashamed of the condition. But I'm not going to just let it go at that. I'm going to remedy the condition."

"Now, let's not have any scenes, Mark. Those children have to be dealt with carefully."

"Bunk!" snorted Macomber. "That's one thing you do wrong, Mother: you run away from trouble. You don't want me to face it. You want peace at any price—and those kids know you do. That's the one big reason that they are what they are."

"But you can't change a generation, Mark. You *must* know that."

"I can change the Macomber portion of it," Macomber replied quietly.

PROFFITING from long experience, Mrs. Macomber sat silent for a time. Then her husband began again. He spoke quietly, but with a ring of determination in his voice that bespoke a mind made up.

"You see, Mother, I don't want to throw up the sponge and admit that I'm a total loss as a father until I give the job a real try. I've been too easy. I've been like an easy-going donkey—allowing those kids to use you as a persuader to make me do

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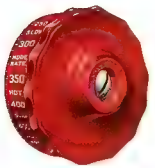
MAGIC CHEF

.ends Character o Any Kitchen



UNLESS the gas range has a RED WHEEL it is not a LORAIN

MAGIC CHEF," the new vogue in gas nges, lends character to any kitchen. And e character of the kitchen, more than any her room of the home, reflects the character id taste of the owner.

e sparkling, colorful beauty of "Magic ıef" transforms any kitchen, large or small, l-fashioned or modern, plain or colorful, o a charming, inviting room.

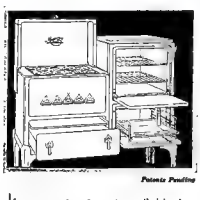
ɔreover, in addition to its incomparable veliness, "Magic Chef" embodies many usual time-and labor-saving features, luding the famous Lorain (Red Wheel) ven Heat Regulator.

lagic Chef," the first cooking appliance be designed along ultra-modern lines, s quickly won the unqualified approval gas-engineering and home economics ɔerts, as well as the unstinted praise of thorities on design and interior decoration.

u'll find "Magic Chef" on display on the es floors of dealers and gas companies oughout the United States. You are rdially invited to inspect it at your tiest convenience.

Showing "Jonquil" Model of Magic Chef in Modern American Kitchen

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY •• DEPT. B, 65 CHOUTEAU AVENUE, ST. LOUIS, MO.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World



Patents Pending

If gas service is not available in your community, let us tell you how to obtain tank-gas-service for use in a Red Wheel Gas Range.

1. "JONQUIL" Model shown above in Old Ivory with Peacock Green trim. Also, "PATRICIAN" Model in Italian Grand Antique Marble finish with Old Ivory trim. Handles of Onyx Green Bakelite.

2. The "Magic Chef" Oven is equipped with the famous Lorain (Red Wheel) Oven Heat Regulator.

3. Cooking-top cover spring-balanced, easy to operate. Unsightly utensils quickly covered.

4. "Magic Chef" Oven is insulated. Keeps kitchen cooler when baking.

5. Pipes, gas valves and all bolts concealed. All valves convertible into "safety" valves.

6. Unique Broiling-feature includes an extension carriage that brings broiling pan into full view for the easy turning of meat Reversible broiling pan requires no rack.

7. Top-burners of new, vertical-injection type have removable, non-corrosive heads. Each burner can be used as a simmering or a giant burner.

8. Roomy service-drawer on rollers.

CASH-PRICE
$195.00
($210 West of the Rockies)
Arrangements can be made to pay out of income.

Send your name and address for free copy of booklet showing modern kitchens.

Magic Chef

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It's the *top* of the can that counts these days

A color photograph

Now you can choose just the grade of pineapple best suited for each salad, each dish, each dessert

GROW pineapples carefully as you may. Choose only the finest plants, the richest soil. Gather them, as we do, at the peak of ripeness. Even with such care there are degrees of perfection.

So we have always graded every can of our pineapple—over 70,000,000 cans a year. But never has it been so clearly and simply marked as now—*by numbers stamped right in the top of the can.*

First—the perfect fruit. That's Dole 1—and so stamped in the top of the can. Fruit not quite so perfect in shape, in color—Dole 2. Broken Slices—Dole 3.

Gleaming cans of Pineapple on the grocer's shelf. Which shall you buy for that dish or dessert you're planning for dinner? Look, first, for DOLE stamped in the top of the can, for that tells you the ripe and freshly gathered fruit inside is Dole grown—Dole packed. And beneath DOLE look for the grade you wish—1 or 2 or 3. Yes, "It's the top of the can that counts, these days."

You can thank "Jim" Dole for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple.

Do you know you can now buy pure, unsweetened pineapple juice—packed by DOLE?

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY

Honolulu, HAWAII

Sales Office: 215 Market Street, San Francisco

World's largest growers and packers of Hawaiian Pineapple

The three NEW *grade numbers are fully explained below:*

Grade 1

Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Tidbits (Salad Cuts)—Grade 1 slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup.

Grade 2

Also comes in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. Grade 2 syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

Grade 3

Broken slices packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good, wholesome quality.

39 new recipes created by food editors of four famous magazines

*You'll find them in this beautiful and useful booklet, and you'll also find the full story of the Hawaiian Pineapple industry and the man who started it all—*James D. Dole. *Fill in and mail coupon—that's all you need to do.*

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things that I knew were wrong. I'm like the stupid, willing little creatures that you can drive right off the edge of a cliff.

"Well, we're uncomfortably close to that edge right now. So from now out I'm going to be somewhat hard-mouthed. I'm going to take the bit in my teeth for a change. I'm going to kick over the traces and give this family a fast ride over the road that I think is the right road. There'll be plenty of bumps—and there'll be plenty of hollering when we hit the bumps. But I'm going to keep right on going until the hollering stops. When the hollering stops, Mother, I'll know I'm on the right track. But until then—all I can do is hope."

Macomber left earlier than usual the following morning, and returned later than was his custom that evening. The children had both gone again before he arrived.

"When did Madeline get in last night?"

"It was after four," Mrs. Macomber told him. "I don't see how they stand it—up till all hours. Yet they all do it. It seems as natural to them as swimming to a fish."

"What's up to-night?"

"It's a swimming-party at the Ramseys' pool. They have a wonderful enclosed pool, you know."

Macomber grunted. Finally he went upstairs into the attic; and shortly before midnight he came down again, dressed in his outing attire and carrying a huge armful of fishing-paraphernalia.

He grinned at his wife as he dumped his load in a corner.

"I told 'em at the office," he explained, "to look for me when they see me. I'm going fishing. Yep. I'm going to have a little talk with these kids of mine just as soon as they get in, and then I'm going fishing for a week or two."

"You're going to talk to them to-night, Mark?" his wife exclaimed. "Why, they'll be all tired out."

"And so will I. That will make it even."

There was silence for a time.

FINALLY Macomber said, "I burned all my bridges to-day. So I've *got* to do what I've planned. Here is the program."

He talked. She listened. In due time she protested at her husband's "program," yet in the end agreed to it.

It was close to daylight when the purr of the car sounded on the drive beside the house. Its sound roused Macomber from a doze. Mrs. Macomber had long since gone to bed. Macomber stirred the embers of the open fire and shook himself awake, examined his watch. It was after four o'clock.

In a few moments the front door opened, and Warren and Madeline came in.

"Why so late?" Madeline inquired. "Whoopee! A fire in the fireplace!"

She hurried into the living-room, flung aside her coat. Macomber was momentarily startled, for she revealed herself in her backless, trunkless swimming-suit—the last word in daring fashion. She stood close to the fire, warming her very attractive young self.

Presently Warren came into the living-room also, and likewise tossed off his coat. He, too, was garbed in a swimming-suit. Like Madeline's, it apparently had no trunks. But it did, at least, so Macomber noted, have a back.

"Where are your clothes?" Macomber inquired mildly.

"Warrie brought 'em in the suitcase," Madeline explained. "We hustled out just as soon as the dance was over."

"Dance? You didn't dance in that rig!" Macomber was gathering information that was plainly new to him.

She laughed mischievously. "Isn't it shocking to poor old King Victoria! Such indecent intimacy!"

Macomber said nothing for a time. Finally he turned to Warren. His son sat sprawling in a big chair, letting the warmth of the fire play on his well-proportioned limbs.

"Warren," he said. "On the level, why do you go to college? You cut your classes half the time. Your marks are rotten. You show no interest in your subjects. Why do you go? What's the attraction?"

"The gang," Warren replied promptly. "The study is the bunk! It's nothing you'd use in a thousand years. That part of it is a waste of time!"

"Well, you won't have to waste your valuable time on that sort of thing any longer," came Macomber's prompt reply. "I arranged for that with the dean to-day."

"Arranged what?" inquired Warren indifferently.

"Arranged to sever your connection with the college. Neither the college nor you were profiting by the relationship, so we brought it to a formal close."

Warren's eyes opened wide with interest. The mask of boredom fell from his face.

"You've been making a fuss at the dean's office—is that what you mean?"

Warren asked, with a wrinkle of petulant disgust creasing his forehead.

"No, sir. That is not what I mean. I simply discussed you with the dean. He said you were of absolutely no value to the college or those in it; and he was equally frank to declare that you showed no evidence of having been or of ever being of any value to yourself or to anybody else."

"Big-hearted and broad-minded, isn't he?" Macomber ignored the sneer.

"The story simply boils down to this, Warren," he said. "My job is to give you an education by whatever means seem to me to be the best means. I tried the college method. It didn't work. Now I'm going to try another method—work, and plenty of it."

"Oh, if it's money you want, I can get a job!" Warren declared loftily.

"Then that's the thing to do." The answer came so promptly and so emphatically that it surprised Warren, made him wish that he had not spoken so quickly.

"Getting a job will be the first step in your education," Macomber continued. "Right now you have no sense of values—you are nothing but an expensive parasite. You don't know what it means to produce anything. You have that childish notion that you can get something for nothing.

"Now, the quickest way for you to make the discovery that people do *not* get something for nothing is to get right out and try it on your own account. Unless you are more stupid than the average wisecre of your age you will not be very many days finding out that you can get any profit out of anything, you have got to produce something worth paying for. People have a pretty set habit of demanding full value for their money."

"I guess I can borrow money if I have to," Warren remarked sullenly. But he was not as cocky as he had been.

"Fine! If you can keep right on borrowing without paying back what you borrow, you won't ever need to work! Nobody has ever succeeded in doing that yet. But that doesn't mean that *you* can't! Somebody is always discovering a new way of doing things!"

WARREN considered that. He had no ready reply. He was very sober as he stared into the fire; and there was no trace of a sneer on his face. He was doing some real thinking for the first time in his life. He was facing a problem which made thinking essential.

"Now, just to show how differently people feel about education, take my office-boy. He wants a college education. He wants it badly enough to work for it. He has put himself through school. He has passed his entrance examinations. I am going to help that boy through because I think that he has a need for that sort of education—just as I think you have a need for a different sort of education.

"Oh, I'm not going to send you to a reform school. I'm not going to put you to work in a factory. I'm not going to do anything that will make you feel that you are being punished. But I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of things. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of money. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of time. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of effort. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of character. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of self-respect. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of independence. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of responsibility. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of duty. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of love. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of life. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of death. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of eternity. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of God. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of Christ. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the Holy Spirit. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the Bible. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the church. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the ministry. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the sacraments. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the creeds. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the confessions. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the catechisms. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the liturgies. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the hymns. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the prayers. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the sermons. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the Bible. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the church. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the ministry. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the sacraments. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the creeds. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the confessions. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the catechisms. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the liturgies. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the hymns. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the prayers. I am going to see to it that you get a chance to learn the value of the sermons.

SLIP-COVERS

SLIP-COVERS protect your furniture and enable you to change your decoration-scheme inexpensively. Our booklet has been so well planned that if you follow the directions given you may make the smartly tailored slip-covers of the professional yourself. Send 25 cents to Slip Covers, The Home Bureau, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Little eleven year old Bettina Belmont lives in Middleburg, Virginia. She is the granddaughter of August Belmont, banker, and founder of Belmont Park

She can do anything a boy can . . . *this little* BETTINA BELMONT

To keep her strong and stalwart her mother stresses one simple care

The heart of Virginia's fox hunting country is a splendid place for a little girl to grow up. Especially if she has a piebald pony, Punchinello . . . and jumps him . . . and is one of a very few children permitted to ride with the Middleburg Hounds.

Bettina Belmont almost lives in her riding tweeds. She swims, too, and is a breath taking performer on a complicated trapeze affair that hangs in the peaceful old southern garden. In her odd moments she collects turtles—there are now eleven of various sizes—and drops them casually around to be played with when the mood seizes.

An outdoor life that is ideal for a growing child. And Bettina's mother sees to it that Bettina's playtime is quietly regulated, with a little rest every afternoon.

Her diet is a matter that receives great care. Especially the matter of a *hot, cooked* cereal. The cereal Bettina eats is the children's favorite, and the one that child specialists recommend—Cream of Wheat.

"When Bettina was a baby we were advised to give her Cream of Wheat," says Bettina's mother. "It's a habit that we have been very regular about."

"I just love it," says Bettina herself. "Eat it every night for supper."

Mothers are used to this recommendation. Specialists give it almost as a matter of course. Recently when we asked 221 leading pediatricians in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto, they were *unanimous* in approving Cream of Wheat. And just a little surprised that anyone would *ask!*

That's because for years they've known—as mothers know too—how rich in energy Cream of Wheat is, how exceptionally easy to digest.

Make a habit of a hot bowl of Cream of Wheat for your children.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal at breakfast. The H. C. B. Club, with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 854,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION, DEPT. E-42.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Child's name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here.....

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CREAM OF WHEAT

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TANGEE

The Magic Lipstick!

famous for natural color

Tangee is Nature's loveliest color. And therein lies its magic . . . because though you be fairest blonde, darkest brunette or titian red, apply Tangee to the lips and immediately the color changes to blend with your complexion! It provides a lipstick color entirely your own!

Tangee is like a glow from within . . . a natural blush without thickness or greasy smear. Yet Tangee is permanent. With it your lips remain lovely all day.

Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base, one that soothes, heals and protects. And one Tangee lipstick outlasts several of the ordinary kind.

Tangee *Lipstick*, $1. Also the same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact*, 75c . . . *Crème Rouge*, $1. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and nourishes, $2. *Day Cream*, a foundation cream, protects the skin, $2. *Cremetic*, a new "mascara," will not smear, $1. *Look for the name TANGEE on the package, and patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.*

SEND 20c FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")
THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. P. R. 5
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name.....

Address.....

sort of education. Not all patients need the same kind of prescription.

"Now, his job will be open. Maybe you could swing it. Maybe you could not. At any rate, if you want to apply for it see Mr. Maguire. There will be other candidates for the job, of course. They will all be younger than you are, I suspect. You see, it is unusual for a boy to have so little knowledge of being useful as you have. However, I think you would find Mr. Maguire ready to listen to your story, and ready to size you up—to see how you'd measure up. He'll pick the one he wants."

Warren eyed his father.

"Do you honestly think," he inquired, "that I'd take an office-boy job?"

"I'm not at all sure of it. Frankly, I believe that you would have your difficulties convincing any employer that you are worth fifteen dollars a week. You've had no experience. You have no record to point to. As a clothes model you might be grabbed up; you *do* wear clothes nicely."

"You don't think a college education is worth—" Warren began.

"Let's look to the future and not the past," Macomber interrupted. "The college is a closed book. All your bills have been paid. Your account has been closed. Your name has been removed from the roster. So forget all about that. Face the music and show whether you have the stuff in you to make a useful citizen. To date you have given no indication of it. But here is the opportunity to learn how. The rest is up to you."

Macomber paused, watching his children. His son, now beginning to gather the full import of what had happened, was plainly adrift on a sea of uncertainty. Unaccustomed to facing and solving problems, he was confused at the prospect.

Madeline, still standing motionless at the fire, had amazement and incredulity written on her pretty face.

"Father!" she exclaimed suddenly. "You don't really mean that you'd deprive Warrie of college—that you'd do everything?"

"That's all past history now. Forget it!" Macomber advised. "And one more thing, Warren: two weeks from to-day I want you to pay twelve dollars every week for your board and room. I admit that you couldn't get a third of the facilities elsewhere for twice the price. But that's all right. Now, it's up to you to get busy and convince somebody that you are worth twelve dollars a week to him."

Madeline stared at her father a moment, then looked down at her brother. Warren seemed to be more impressed with the fact that he had a real problem on his hands. Every vestige of flippancy had left his face. Even his usually sullen mouth had straightened. His eyes, too, betrayed concern. Nervously he began to pat out a jerky tattoo on his bare thigh, meanwhile staring solemnly at the rug.

Macomber studied the youth silently. Then he looked at his daughter. Standing beside the dying fire, she seemed to be sharing Warren's problem with as much concern as his. But resentment shone in her eyes as she considered the situation; and her feeling seemed to bring to her a maturity and depth that her father never before had seen in her. Indignation fairly radiated from her vibrant, well-rounded young body.

"I think it's the meanest thing I ever heard of!" she declared, stamping a bare foot emphatically. "Father, I never even dreamed that you could be so—so—very brutal!"

FOR an instant she watched the downcast Warren. Suddenly she stepped to his side, squeezed into the chair beside him, and pressed his arm comfortingly.

"Don't you care, Warrie!"

He did not look at her.

"I don't," he replied. But his voice was woefully unconvincing.

Impulsively Madeline put her arms about her brother's neck, draped her soft white legs across his, and so drew herself onto his lap, hugging him close, her cheek against his forehead.

"I know just how you feel, Warrie," she crooned. "But don't you care!"

The affection of the girl really touched Warren. It made him deeply sympathetic with himself. He put his arms about her and held her close. But almost at once he regained his normal state of studied indifference.

"What am I supposed to do?" he inquired. "Break out with sobs?"

"I think it's just as mean as it can be!" Madeline insisted.

"Mean?" Macomber grunted. "Mean? Humph! It's just! You two have been mean—just as mean as a couple of ungrateful pups could be! You never in your lives have given mother and me a square deal! Why, you never even realized that a square deal is a two-way proposition."

"Mother and you," observed Madeline. "I suppose mother will approve of this idea of yours—throwing Warrie out." Madeline was quite proud of her command of sarcasm.

"*Will* approve?" echoed Macomber. "Your mother has already made a solemn promise not to try to make me alter my plans regarding you two, and not to listen to either of you if you should try to coax her into interceding for your much-abused selves. As you know, mother never broke a promise."

"Oh!" Madeline remarked, trying to conceal her amazement at this news of her mother's attitude. "I am to become a scrubwoman, I suppose?"

"No," replied Macomber solemnly. "That requires a certain amount of knowledge as to how to turn a useful hand. That isn't in your line."

MADELINE flashed an angry look at him. He noted her mounting color.

"You spend a lot of time in cultivating your endearing young charms," Macomber persisted. "You might interest Mr. Ziegfeld, possibly."

"Father! I can't help it if I'm good-looking, can I?"

"No, I suppose one shouldn't be blamed for what she inherits."

"Oh!"

"All I want you to do, Madeline, is to show that you're worth something. You've got to pay board, too. That's the best cure I know of for such a case of the 'gimme's' as you have—work and lots of it. I'll leave it to you to decide what sort of work you'll do."

Madeline gulped and swallowed. She started to say something. But something caught in her throat. She leaped from her brother's arms and straightened her feet.

"What a perfectly outrageous thing!" she exclaimed. She could get no further. She hesitated, on the verge of tears.

Warren reached up. She flung aside his hands. He grabbed her about the waist. They grappled a moment. But almost in a second his strength prevailed, and he pulled her down again onto his lap. She sniffed and fought back the tears of rage at the parental outrage that had been perpetrated.

"Keep your shirt on, kid," advised Warren, now taking the rôle of comforter.

SHE put her arms about his neck again, and lay softly against him.

Macomber studied his children a moment, comforting each other in their embrace. The warm embers in the fireplace gave a golden tint to their naked arms and legs and to Madeline's hair.

"It's a good sporting proposition, you two," he said, struggling to appear composed and indifferent. "Now, I'm going fishing. In a couple of weeks I'm coming back—maybe a couple of days—I don't know. But when I get home again, Warren, I want to hear from you that you've done something toward raising the first twelve dollars on your board bill. And that applies to you, also, Sister. And I don't want either one of you to say that nobody in town thought you were worth that much money."

He gathered up his fishing-gear and carried it out to the garage. His heart was pounding—he nobody ever would have dreamed it. He was wondering whether his children would stand up under fire, or whether they would turn and run from their tasks—whether they would prove sound or worthless. He wondered, too, whether the tasks he had set for them should have been set at all. He was stumbling in a labyrinth of fears.

To bolster up his courage he began whistling. He knew that his sole hope of success lay in concealing his fears—else the youth and his sister would use them to batter down his plans. These had always been their weapons.

So he began whistling cheerily—as if he had not a worry in all the world.

Still in the big chair, with his sister in his arms, Warren listened to that whistling. Madeline listened, too. It impressed them both—more so than Macomber would have dared to hope.

"He means it," Madeline commented finally, as if for her own information. "That man is utterly hard-boiled!"

Continued on Page 88

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of Those Ugly, Rusty Spots

Do you know how easy it is to fade out homely, rusty-brown freckles so that no one will ever again call you Freckle-Face? Do you know how to protect your sensitive complexion from the damage caused by Spring sun and wind?

Simply get a jar of Othine Double Strength, and a few nights' use of this dainty white cream will show you how easy it is to rid yourself of freckles and regain the fair, lovely, soft, milk-white skin that is your natural birthright.

Spring sun and winds have a strong tendency to bring out freckles, and as a result more Othine is sold during this season. Be sure to ask for Othine Double Strength at any drug or department store. Othine is always sold with guarantee of money back if it does not satisfy.

OTHINE
DOUBLE STRENGTH

TO
HASTY EATERS
who repent
at leisure

PEPTO-BISMOL will end your digestive discomforts quickly.

It brings amazingly swift relief from hyper-acidity, heartburn, sour stomach, and indigestion. It checks acid fermentation.

Pepto-Bismol is safe—prescribed by doctors for 25 years. Even children love its agreeable flavor.

Pepto-Bismol is sold with a flat promise of money back if it disappoints you. Buy it in the 3-cornered bottle at your druggist's. Only 50c. Take it and enjoy serene after-eating hours.

Pepto-Bismol
RELIEVES INDIGESTION QUICKLY
MAKERS OF Norwich UNGUENTINE

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MAKE THIS TEST YOURSELF: You can prove in your own kitchen that Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin sets in half the usual time. Prepare a package the same way you always prepare gelatin desserts. Chill it the same way. Notice how quickly it jells! (By following directions on package, the time can be shortened to from 30 to 45 minutes.)

New—Royal Gelatin wins in *Ida Bailey Allen* speed test

Jells nearly twice as fast as other gelatin desserts

Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, famous food authority, President of National Radio Home-Makers Club.

THIS gelatin dessert test was made in Mrs. Allen's model radio broadcasting kitchen in New York City.

"All four gelatins," says Mrs. Allen, "were made exactly the same way. All four went into the refrigerator at exactly the same time.

"In one hour the Royal Gelatin Dessert was ready to unmould!

"One of the other gelatins was still soft—it collapsed at once when we tried to unmould it. The remaining two had not even begun to set.

"The result of this speed test did not surprise us. For in every refrigerator test we've made, Royal has set twice as fast as other gelatin desserts.

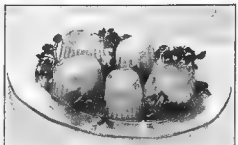
"This marvelous quick setting quality of Royal is invaluable to me in my broadcasting of speed meals.

"Now—with Royal—we prepare a gelatin dessert or salad at the beginning of a half-hour radio broadcast. Invariably, it's ready to serve—beautifully jelled—before the close of the talk." . . . .

Think what this means to busy modern women! You can prepare your gelatin dessert in three minutes—just before your meal is put on to cook. At dessert time, your gelatin is ready—perfectly jelled, tender and quivery. Don't confuse Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert with any other gelatin you have ever tried or have been using. It's an entirely new formula developed in the laboratories of the Royal Baking Powder Company.

Serve this amazing new gelatin dessert for dinner tonight! Combine it with berries or other fresh fruits. Or serve with sweetened whipped cream. But be sure to get the quick setting kind—Royal Gelatin Dessert. In the red box. Tell your grocer nothing else will do.

Five delicious fruit flavors to choose from: Raspberry, Cherry, Strawberry, Lemon and Orange.



JELLIED CHICKEN SALAD

Dissolve 1 package Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin (lemon flavor) in 1 cup boiling water or boiling chicken stock. Add 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon grated onion, ¼ cup lemon juice, 1 cup cold water. Chill until thick, then gradually beat in ¾ cup thick mayonnaise. Fold in 1 cup diced chicken, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 pimiento and 1 small green pepper, chopped fine. Chill in loaf pan. Garnish with small pimiento cups filled with mayonnaise. To serve, cut in slices.

DUCHESS SALAD

Dissolve 1 package Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin (lemon flavor) in 1 cup boiling water. Add ¾ cup cold water and ¼ cup grapefruit juice. Color delicately with green. Chill until it begins to thicken; add ½ cup diced cucumber and 1½ cups grapefruit pulp. Pour in small moulds, each of which has been garnished with sliced cucumber. Chill until firm. Serve on watercress with mayonnaise.

ROYAL *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert

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Cleans

QUICKER

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NO RAGS

NO POWDERS

Cleans as if by Magic!

As if by magic, Brillo cleans ALUMINUM —agate—glass—wood—linoleum . . . In fact, these soft fibre lubricated pads and pure free-lathering soap clean practically everything in the kitchen.

(1) Brillo saves time. No powders! Simply pass Brillo over dirty surfaces and dirt vanishes at once. (2) Brillo saves work. No "elbow grease" is required. (3) Brillo saves money. The pads can be rinsed and used over and over. (4) Brillo saves hands. It keeps them soft and dainty.

Keep Brillo handy. Use it for everything from glasses to iron-wear. Millions of thrifty modern housewives do!

BRILLO GUARANTEE

A new aluminum or other cooking utensil free for any BRILLO fails to clean.

BRILLO is sold at Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory and all 10¢ and 25¢ stores; and at leading grocery, hardware and department stores.

Generous trial package... 10¢

... write for it!

BRILLO MFG. CO., INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

IT'S NEW—*the Brillo rubber pad-holder. In separate package with Brillo Pad and Soap. Send for it—10¢*

4 Brillo Pads and Brillo Soap 10¢ P.S. 6-30

Continued from Page 86

Warren had no ready reply. He was too busy gathering his wits to remember any of his usual fund of "wisecracks." Besides, he hesitated to speak, lest he betray his uneasiness of mind to Madeline.

Presently he became conscious of the rapid beating of Madeline's heart against his breast. The hammering of that excited heart gave him comfort. It was soothing to discover that she was even more disturbed than he. "What's the big idea in the panic?" he inquired calmly. "Nobody's going to lynch you."

Madeline stared at the glowing embers. "But what am I going to do?" she demanded with a wailing inflection.

"You're going to get a job, you poor ham!"

"But doing what?"

"How about that bird that calls you up for news about the dances and—er—who's going away, and that sort of thing? You could get that job."

"Warrie!" gasped the girl. She was breathless. "Why, he even gave me the publisher's private number——"

There was a wild scramble as she disentangled arms and legs from the youth's and flung to her feet—dashed to the telephone. She had given a number before Warren realized what she was doing.

"Hey!" he exclaimed in horror. "For crying out loud! Do you know what time it is?"

Unknown to either of the two in the living-room, an eavesdropper, with a kimono wrapped about her shoulders, sat on the top step of the stairs listening intently. And it was she who was able to tell exactly what had taken place when Macomber returned from five long days up-country.

He had caught no fish. He had thought of little except the two youngsters. Never had time seemed to pass so slowly. Even before he spoke to his wife, his eyes—half afraid of the answer—asked her a question.

"They both have jobs," she said; for she had read messages in those same eyes many, many times. "But, Mark, you're worried to death!"

"Tell me about those jobs," he interrupted. "How'd they get 'em? What are they doing, anyhow?"

They're both with the *Gazette*, at four dollars a day."

Macomber blinked. "Mike Burleson gave jobs to these neophytes? That hard-boiled son of a gun? How'd it happen?"

"I listened in at the extension," his wife confessed with a guilty look in her eyes. "And it was very funny—but Mr. Burleson wrote you a letter—and—and that tells the story better than I can. I opened it. You don't mind?"

She handed Macomber the letter.

Mark Macomber, Esq.,
Woodlawn,
Pottsburgh, N. Y.

DEAR MARK: Any young woman with sufficient gall to get a man out of bed at four-thirty in the morning to ask for a job ought to make a good reporter. Madeline is observing and energetic, and learns quickly. I could gladly have murdered her when she got me to the telephone the other morning; and I was almost in a mood to throw her down-stairs when she appeared at my office at seven the same morning. But when I learned that she was your daughter—well, that explained the gall.

When I put her on she started right in selling me her brother. Said that the advertising in this newspaper was the deadest in the State and needed new life.

Curious, I consented to talk to the brother. He has as much gall as she has. But has self-confidence to match it, and no trouble. I am taking a chance on them both. Warren will set space for a time. Good training.

All they need is hard-boiled handling. I shall provide that. I am certain that they will continue to prove assets to me—in spite of their heritage.

Fraternally,
MIKE B.

MACOMBER laid down the letter. His relief was positively audible.

"Now, you see, Mother," he commented, beaming. "This was the way to work it—slam their problems right at 'em—make 'em sink or swim—make 'em show their mettle. It would have been the ruin of 'em to have gone on the way you wanted to."

Mrs. Macomber smiled. "I never would have had the courage," she confessed.

"Courage?" Macomber scoffed. "Pah! Why, Mother, I never had a moment's doubt of the outcome! Why, the only reason in the world I didn't do this before was that I just didn't want you to do any worrying."

And Mother Macomber smiled and nodded—as if she actually believed him.

ELMIRA'S IDEAL OF SERVICE

Continued from Page 28

play and the dramatic events undertaken by the Thespis Society. Indeed, all college dramatics are supervised by the professor of dramatic production and her trained students.

Music at Elmira has also its social expression. There is no college choir, but there is a Glee Club and there are two orchestras. One of these offers a novel feature to college life. It is a jazz-band so good as to have made itself indispensable not only for informal college dances, but for small affairs in town. Sixteen hours of technical instruction in voice, violin, organ, or piano may be credited toward the degree, provided an additional four hours of theory are taken.

Since girls who major in music must present fifteen units in this subject for admission, they reach a high standard of proficiency. Certainly, student and faculty recitals are a valued supplement to the several artist and orchestra concerts arranged at the college every year.

The fine arts department likewise credits applied work. In addition to four one-hour courses in Greek and Roman archeology a general yearly course in the significance of the fine arts is offered all students. Those who wish to concentrate in this department take courses in design, lettering, drawing, and painting.

"What department is considered the strongest at Elmira," said a 1929 graduate, "depends altogether on the girl you're talking to. There are many who believe that English work ranks first, and it usually has more majoring students than any other course leading to the B. A. degree. Now, I specialized in science, and naturally I am of the opinion that the science work at college is superior in every way."

This opinion has considerable evidence in its favor. Elmira graduates from science courses have obtained fellowships in various branches of science in many of our leading universities, and every Summer for a number of years an Elmira girl has received a scholarship at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole.

Prestige, however, must indeed be shared at Elmira. It is attached to the departments of ancient and modern languages and no less to those of philosophy and sociology. Work accomplished in history is praised alike by students and faculty.

Yet, as we have already stated, a particular emphasis is placed on the department of education.

Those who wish to qualify for that certificate issued by the University of the State of New York must have practise as well as theory. Through the co-operation of the elementary and high schools in the district of Elmira, students get practical experience in teaching children. Moreover, by an arrangement which is quite unique, they also practise on each other. In twelve of the courses offered by the curriculum a special class in methods of teaching that particular subject is included. Needless to say, the girl who prepares a German or chemistry lesson with a view to instructing her peers delves into it as she never did before. It is a pity that this method of learning isn't applied everywhere more generally.

In another direction Elmira sets a novel example in the application of theory. This is the correlation between the courses in finance and college activities. No one can serve as treasurer for any student organization unless she takes or has taken a course in accounting.

Moreover, each year an advanced student in this course is appointed by the president of the college to act as financial supervisor of all college organizations.

FINALLY, the department of law and finance must approve the budgets and reports of expenditure of every student organization. To include such definite standards of sound business is a very real contribution from the college to its students.

It is all the more valued at this college because the students for the most part come from families of small incomes. Many of them are helping to defray the expense of their education. There isn't, for example, a paid waitress in the place. All the meals are served by students. They also act as secretaries and mail-carriers. Since the total yearly expense is only $710 for room, board, and tuition, the girl who earns money at college can buy her instruction for a considerable sum. An extra charge is made for single rooms and for suites, but otherwise all rooms are the same price.

What vitality and concentration these youngsters possess! They take for granted that they can earn part of their budget, stand high in their classes, and still participate joyously in student activities. And a large majority of them succeed in all three enterprises.

Of these activities the Students' Association is probably the most important. Altho, as the freshman handbook explicitly states, by the college charter ultimate responsibility in student affairs rests upon the administration, that body does delegate powers of management and control to the association. Its functions are legislative, judicial, and executive. Through a Joint Council it works closely with the faculty. Rules are mutually agreed upon and, except in special cases, are enforced by the presidents of student houses and by the House of Representatives.

Elmira presents the rare picture of a college which has kept its pristine ideals of youthful behavior. Almost every other such institution has succumbed to the changed standards of the day. The girl who comes to Elmira comes to a chaperon. Without one she is never permitted to remain off campus after eleven. Moreover, the chaperon must be approved by the dean or the girl's family, or by both.

True, groups of two or more students can, unchaperoned, attend church service, lectures, and plays in the evening. They may even dine and dance with men at approved restaurants in town. But, without special permission to be at large, ten o'clock finds each student in her own room, except, of course, on Saturday night.

Not here, either, does one find any faint tolerance of nicotin. It is a misdemeanor to smoke anywhere at any time, either on campus or in town, so long as a girl remains under the jurisdiction of the college. So slight has been the agitation against this dictum as to indicate that only a small minority among these undergraduates feel any kinship with tobacco. Yet an officer of the college describes with amusement how the vacation special train has hardly got under way for New York before cigarette-cases are pulled out and clouds of smoke burst from lungs which by majority rule have been innocent of carbon for a whole semester.

The modern spirit takes quite another form for most Elmira students. In debates, for example, they are attaining a special prestige. Intercollegiate debating ranks high among favorite activities here, and recently the girls won the debate carried on over the radio between Elmira and Union Theological Seminary.

Moreover, in diverse ways Elmira stimulates that interest in internationalism which is so predominant among college youth to-day.

Speakers engaged weekly by the Forum frequently talk on foreign affairs. Students send delegates to those meetings of the Model League of Nations at other colleges which reflect so clearly what is being accomplished at Geneva. Furthermore, the Foreign Policy Association, organized by the history department, and open to all students for the price of three dollars, brings men of distinction to discuss the inter-

Continued on Page 90

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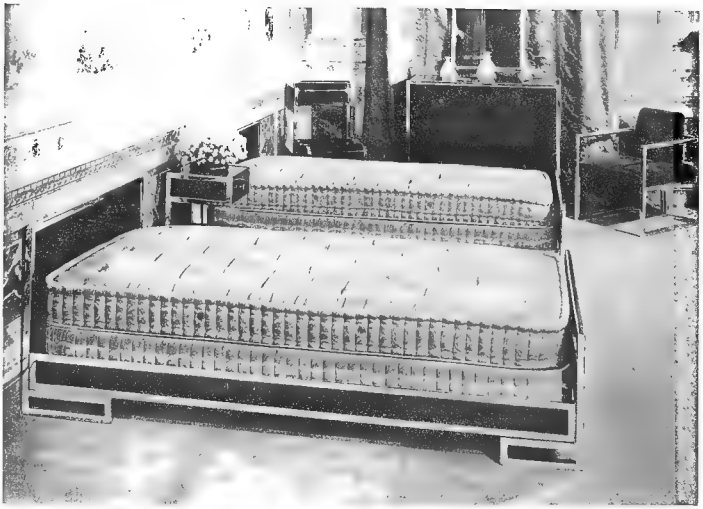
the duchess of sermoneta

has taken back from America to her ancient Roman palace the "extraordinarily comfortable" beautyrest mattresses which she discovered in our "amazing country" . . . . .



Fot. Vasari, Roma

vittoria colonna, duchessa di sermoneta, is a member of the famous Italian family, whose records go back to the year 900

● "An achievement in comfort typical of your amazing country." So says Vittoria Colonna, Duchess of Sermoneta, beautiful descendant of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of Italy. She refers to the Simmons Beautyrest Mattress on which she slept in the home of distinguished friends whom she visited during her stay in America over a year ago. "I must send some of these wonderful mattresses and springs home," the Duchess said. And there they are today, the most modern of mattresses—in one of the most ancient palaces of Rome! The Duchess's experience is also that of thousands of Americans who learn, in the homes of friends, of this new type of mattress with its heart of tiny, resilient coils. Now the Simmons Company have produced a second inner coil mattress, the new Deepsleep, at a price that millions can afford.

The Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Ace Box Spring to match, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75. The new Deepsleep Mattress, $23.00; Deepsleep Box Spring, $27.50; Slumber King Spring, $12. Beds, $10 to $60. Rocky Mountain Region and West slightly higher. Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

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● Above. Corner of bedroom in the historic Palazzo Sermoneta. Against its marble and frescoed walls, a modern suite in metal designed for Simmons by Norman Bel Geddes offers a rich and interesting contrast. The complete suite consists of nine pieces.

Below. A glimpse into the gardens with their orange trees and fountains.

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eugène
permanent waves

Continued from Page 88

national questions of the day. These conferences have the enthusiastic support of all forward-looking undergraduates. The presence of half a dozen students from foreign lands also assists in inspiring these broad sympathies, and even the work of the language clubs contributes indirectly to the obliteration of national barriers.

All activities at this institution, however, are not of such solemn import. The girl with literary tastes and she of journalistic inclinations have plenty of chance in the *College Quarterly* and the *Elmira College Weekly* to exercise their talents.

The Press Club offers further outlet for active pens. Members of it co-operate with the college in getting out publicity, and sometimes sell special-feature stories to newspapers.

THE Athletic Association is the chief rival of the Thespis Society in popularity. It manages the intercollegiate meets and the interclass games, which bring out the entire college in cheering masses. Almost every type of sport is represented on the athletic program, and each is carefully supervised by the department of physical education as part of its unceasing effort to promote the health of the students. Here the dance is stressed as at almost no other woman's college. "We can take dancing instead of regular gym work," said a senior, "and in four years a girl can get up quite a technique. Our dance exhibitions are among the most beautiful events in college."

Not the most exciting, however! Everybody agrees that the paramount occasions of the year are the two week-end proms, which include a formal dance on Friday night, a tea-dance on Saturday afternoon, and a dinner-dance that evening. The juniors give one in the Fall, the seniors in the Spring.

These are, indeed, gala celebrations, when every thought except for the golden, flying moment is filed away for future reference. And while their betters are thus ceremoniously engaged, are sophomores and freshmen relegated to the gallery? Not much! They are also dancing their gay toes off in a like series of parties, distinguished from the others by the casual term "sophomore hop."

HOW different from its prim aspect of early days is the old college during these lively week-ends! And next June all the quaint and inspiring traditions surrounding the foundation of this institution will be surveyed anew. For this year Elmira will celebrate the seventy-fifth year of its existence.

It seems peculiarly fitting that just at this time a book has come from the press which gives to this college a certain recognition which it has long desired. Walter Thomas Woody, professor of the history of education at the University of Pennsylvania, is the author of the volume, entitled "A History of Women's Education in the United States." In it he has undertaken to settle the age-old question as to the priority of women's colleges.

After meticulous examination of early records, Professor Woody unhesitatingly grants this priority to Elmira College. In his opinion Vassar in 1865 and Elmira in 1855 were approximately of the same standard. Each had certain strengths and weaknesses. Explicitly he states that Elmira's curriculum "formed a justifiable basis for issuing the bachelor's degree." And inasmuch as seventeen girls were graduated from Elmira in 1859, he logically concludes that "Elmira College is the oldest existing woman's college in the United States which succeeded in attaining standards in a fair degree comparable with men's colleges at the very beginning of her career."

This assertion offers a preliminary tribute to the great birthday-party It is to be hoped that material blessings will also come pouring in for the 1930 celebration. With its long history, its prestige, its close connection with the educational authorities of the State, Elmira has functioned well and bravely despite insufficient endowment. Here, indeed, is a pioneer college which holds fast to the ideals and purposes of its dauntless beginning.

SUGAR MIXTURES

By Marguerite Maddox

THE questing hostess finds in good old-fashioned sugar little-known virtues that add the bright touch of distinction to otherwise familiar dishes. Roasts with enticing brown glaze, vegetables that seem a bit more of the garden, and hot breads with the golden glow of Autumn on their tender crust are kitchen mysteries worth unraveling.

Glazing is as easy as it is uncommon. The following is a reliable recipe for a basic glazing sirup:

1 Cupful Sugar	2 Tablespoonfuls
½ Cupful Water	Lemon-juice

Boil together until the sugar is completely dissolved.

TO BARBECUE beef, select a tender cut, preferably a large tenderloin. Season and sear. Brush with the above basic glazing sirup, to which have been added ¼ teaspoonful of tabasco sauce, 1 tablespoonful of tomato catchup, and ½ teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Broil in a shallow pan. Brush frequently with this piquant sirup, taking care that none of it drips into the pan and crystallizes.

For broiled pork tenderloins prepare by trimming off tapering ends that are likely to dry and burn. Season and dust with paprika. Sear and brush with the glazing sirup, in which 1 cupful of brown sugar is used in place of the white sugar. Brush frequently while broiling, as for beef. Garnish with glazed baked tart apples quartered.

For roast fowl use either a brown- or white-sugar glaze, with 1 tablespoonful of beef extract added. Brush as for meats.

In glazed roasts always sear before brushing because the extreme heat of searing will caramelize the sugar too fast and destroy the fine color.

Roast ham and sugar are old friends. But try the following method of using sugar for a new delicacy. After the ham is boiled and partly cooled in its boiling liquor, peel off the skin, leaving most of the fat on the ham. With a sharp knife crisscross the fat. Dot conservatively with cloves. Then brush generously with the basic glazing sirup made of brown sugar, making sure all cuts are filled. Bake only a short time, until the glaze is temptingly brown.

The glazing sirup will cook into the ham, flavor the fat, and give a sweet crackling.

Sugar lends a subtle touch to most fresh vegetables. Of course in tomatoes and corn, sugar is a byword. But many famous chefs add a lump to the water for boiling peas, beans, and greens that taste better for a suspicion of the sweetness that means "fresh from the garden." In France both lemon-juice and sugar always boil in harmony with vegetables, which may explain the high rating of the cooks of France.

Tea-biscuits sometimes are paler than they are beautiful. The hostess who adds 1 teaspoonful of sugar to her recipe takes pride in the golden glow of her baking-powder biscuits, and her guests punish a bit over the delicate flavor.

Pastry gains in appearance with the help of a little sugar-sirup washed over it for a last brief moment in the oven. The same basic glazing sirup as used for meat gives pie-crusts, tart-shells, and rolls the healthy tan of out-of-doors.

Fruits in open pies and tarts, washed with sugar-sirup will awaken memories of the *pâtisseries* of Paris. To the basic glazing sirup add 2 tablespoonfuls of a suitable clear jelly for a fruit-glaze.

A RELIABLE recipe for butter-scotch sauce, for ice-creams and puddings, is as follows:

½ Cupful Water	1 Cupful Brown Sugar
½ Cupful Corn-sirup	1 Lump Butter
	½ Teaspoonful Vanilla

Boil to 240 degrees F., or until the sirup forms a soft ball in cold water. Frost the tops of tinted beverage-glasses with powdered sugar, flavored with vanilla-bean, kept in a jar especially for this purpose.

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"STRANGERS STOP NOW TO ADMIRE MY LITTLE GIRL

Yet Only a Few Weeks Ago She Was Nervous, Pale and Underweight"

A Swiss Discovery That's Working Wonders For Nervous, Underweight Children

DISCOVERIES have been made in Switzerland that throw a new light on the underweight, nervous child. The result of those discoveries—*an utterly NEW TYPE and supremely delicious food-drink*—has spread over some 54 different nations of the world, largely through medical influence.

New to America, it is virtually a national beverage in most of Europe. Over 20,000 doctors are already advising it.

The two examples of its results, pictured on this page, are typical of thousands of others coming from mothers in practically every part of the world.

It may do much or it may do little for your child. But, in light of what it has done for others, we think you will agree that trying it is well worth while.

So that you may first test it, before purchasing a larger quantity, a special 3-day supply coupon is printed below.

What It Is

It is a food-drink called Ovaltine—that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. Enticing beyond words to the childish palate. A scientific food-concentrate; not remotely to be confused with powdered cocoa, chocolate, malt or sugar mixtures offered as substitutes.

Ovaltine may make your child over—try it.

Developed 38 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, virtually every vital food element necessary to life, including, of course, the Sunshine *Vitamin D*.

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases, nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often astonishing.*

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Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of all starch foods your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Results will surprise you. Note the difference in your child's weight, in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals. Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store or send coupon for 3-day test.

*(Note): *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the Great War it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.*

"He's Gained 5 Pounds in 4½ Weeks"

After my little boy had had his tonsils removed I found it impossible to build up either his nerves or his weight. He was much underweight and so fretful that I thought I might have to take him to the Mountains for his health. My husband and I decided to give Ovaltine a trial—giving it to our boy regularly twice a day. Yesterday we weighed him and do you know what we found?

He had gained 5 pounds in 4½ weeks! These results were so surprising that I weighed him twice to make sure that I was right. Really, I can't be thankful enough for Ovaltine.

Mrs. M. W. C.
2640 N. Charles St.
Baltimore, Md.

"Strangers stop now to admire my little girl, yet only a few weeks ago she was nervous, pale and underweight"

Only a few weeks ago my little daughter was nervous, pale and underweight. Her appetite was poor, she even refused her milk and her sleep was fretful and restless. People used to look at her and remark that a city is no place in which one could raise a healthy child. Naturally, this made me decidedly unhappy.

Finally, I took the child to the doctor who advised Ovaltine. A short time after she began drinking it we noticed results that are almost unbelievable. She has rosy cheeks, a gay, happy manner, an excellent appetite and is gaining in weight.

Strangers stop now to admire my little girl. And I no longer hear remarks about the city being no place in which to raise a child.

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OVALTINE The Swiss Food-Drink

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Reference Chart

THREAD AND NEEDLE SIZES

Black and white six cord threads are made in many sizes, each size for a purpose. In sewing, use threads and needles right in size for each other and for the fabric. Then they will glide easily through the material, the thread will blend into its texture, and the stitched seam will be as strong as the fabric itself. This convenient guide shows the types of sewing for which you should use ten important thread sizes:

No. 36-40 For buttonholes, buttons and little boys' suits—wherever sturdy, firm seams are necessary, use thread size 36 or 40, machine needle size 21, Milward's hand needle size 5.

No. 50-60 For blouses and dresses of firm fabrics, including woolens; for draperies, quilts, and household sewing; for children's tailored clothes, use thread size 50 or 60, machine needle size 16, Milward's hand needle size 5.

No. 70-80 For little girls' party dresses and dainty house dresses and aprons; for glass curtains, use thread size 70 or 80, machine needle size 14, Milward's hand needle size 7.

No. 100-120 Forgeorgette, chiffon, light weight rayon, fine dimity, lawn, batiste and other featherweight or sheer fabrics. For infants' clothes and dainty lingerie, use thread size 100 or 120, machine needle size 9. For hand sewing, use Milward's needle size 9

No. 150-200 For gossamer fine sewing; for lingerie touches on dresses; for exquisitely fine handwork; for lace and delicate fabrics, use thread size 150 or 200, machine needle size 9, Milward's hand needle size 10.

Use hand needles that are perfectly polished and smooth in the eye to avoid cutting the thread. Milward's needles are the highest standard of quality.

Wherever you live, you will find at a store near by J. & P. Coats or Clark's O.N.T. six cord black and white threads. This chart is your guide in asking for threads by number. These famous brand names are your guarantee of quality.

For complete Thread and Needle Chart in permanent reference form send to Spool Cotton Co., Dept. 118-S, 881 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Clark's O.N.T. or J. & P. Coats

BEST SIX CORD SEWING THREADS

THE LONESOME TIME

Continued from Page 4

ranch on the Pacific shore. They have peppers and figs and eucalyptus and flowers and chickens and a muddy car; they have a radio and a phonograph, sunsets and grandchildren. They call their ranch "La Quinta Contenta," which translates prettily into "The Happy Corner."

But this financial question is of first importance. Not only does her own little establishment enhance a woman's sense of individuality, and preserve her self-respect, her pride, but about two-thirds of the so-called fear of old age is really fear of dependence and poverty. It is hard to have to creep into the coldest corner of some son's or daughter's house at fifty-eight, at sixty-eight—hard on mother and children.

It does not comfort her to remind herself, and even to remind them, that she sacrificed her youth for them, educated them, went without necessities that they might have comforts. No, what she was in their childhood means nothing to them now; they only want her to be self-sufficient, happy, independent—out of their way.

That's the truth. And if it sounds hard it is only because we have coddled ourselves, deceived ourselves so long. Children do not want us wistfully edging our way into their busy lives; the only way to hold children is to let them go.

The business of the middle years ought to concern itself largely with this fast approaching time of change, when the fortunate woman will be the woman who *can* let her children go, who can tell them, rather than ask them, what her future is to be. She has seen this coming, she has expected it and prepared for it; and without knowing it they have expected and prepared for it, too.

Those years in their babyhoods when she and dad lived in the quiet cottage rather than the smart apartment, those years when half the rent went into the bank, those public-school rather than private-school years when the boys brought in wood and swept snow and leaves from the sidewalk, and Mary and mother did the cooking, and every one helped with the dishes—those were the years that were for her this sunset time of peace and beauty.

They were happy years. The children did not miss much of education or development or fun, but every month saw one-third of the income invested; and now, when daddy can work no longer, and when the last child marries and leaves the home, then mother and dad are off to see how London looks, and to watch the mooh rise over the Grand Canal.

Childhood, we all see, is a time of preparation for youth. Youth, with love-making and mating and the choice of a profession, prepares the way for the middle years. And surely those middle years ought to be a time of deliberate schooling and preparing for the long Autumn, the days when we can work no longer.

Could any logic be simpler than that? But we will not admit it; we push aside the thought of age. Seventy per cent. of us—seventy per cent.!—are dependent upon others when we are old. No wonder we do not like to think about it!

Even if we suppose that you and I are going to be among the fortunate thirty per cent., what harm does preparation do? What harm does it ever do? What skipper was ever sorry to have a life-boat along, and water and hardtack in that life-boat? What camping family ever regretted packing the snake-antidote?

Suppose faithful old John does live, and the investments prosper, and the old servants cling, and the children come flocking home, with their children, in all the joys and sorrows of life; suppose your beauty lives on to seventy—beauty does sometimes—and between clubs and cards and dinners and travel you are distractedly busier and happier in old age than you ever were in youth—for such things *do* happen.

Even then can you conceive of yourself regretting that you did plan the simpler way, did plan for being alone, for having less money, for being parted from the children and grandchildren you love? Just that planning—just that resolute anticipation—may be what has carried you healthy and busy and happy into this successful time. Perfect love casts out fear.

Old age may mean being put in a corner. But corners, while frightfully dull things to look into, are real coigns of vantage when it comes to looking out. We could plan, we women, we could plan for age so that it would be an experience to which to look forward eagerly in the storm and heat of the battle, a sort of glorified childhood, without childhood's helplessness and dependence, without childhood's fears and naughtiness and punishments, without tears over circuses and broken dolls.

Childhood is not often consciously happy, and youth almost never so. But age, with the deliberate selection of a comfortable type of dress, a limited diet, duties selected rather than imposed, memories, music, some study of language, or some pursuit, a dog or a cat—age could be a sort of leisurely savoring of the distilled delights of all the mistaken years—no longer jealous or passionate or unreasoning or ignorant, but tempered and serene, "the last of life, for which the first was made."

Of course we have to put our very hearts and souls into the preparations, as we do for a new baby or a company dinner. But there is no crown on a successful life like the crown of a beautiful old age.

Then all doubts, all resentments, and the angers of the years soften into a strengthened faith; we are older, more temperate; we begin to see the great pattern, that divine pattern into which our rebellious younger hearts could not fit all the sin and suffering, the injustices and hypocrisies of life. In the cooling airs of the twilight we can smile to know "God's greatness flows around our incompleteness; round our restlessness, His rest."

With something of the old trust of baby days we can look at the peaceful garden paths about us, and at the sky far overhead and perceive that everything shall be well, and everything shall be well, and everything in all ways shall be well. For God walks in gardens when the sun has set and the dew is falling. There is no glory in the dawn, no burning beauty at high noon, that compares to this still light of eventide.

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If you are going to build, or even if you are just thinking about it, be sure to send for a copy of this splendidly illustrated new booklet, "Modern Homes." Send 25 cents for your copy (post-paid) to Modern Homes, Home Bureau Department, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Can You Stand the Public Gaze?

Laura La Plante, Universal Star, appears dainty and lovely in the tennis court. Page 42

SMART though they be, autostyles and fire embarrassingly revealing. Yet you can wear them with confidence and meet the public gaze with poise if your skin is smooth and free of ugly fuzzy hair.

And it is so easy to keep your under-arm devoid of superfluous hair when you use Del-a-tone Cream. Insures cleanliness, so essential to personal daintiness. Easy to use—a cold cream, it removes hair safely and surely in 3 minutes or less.

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Beautiful lipsticks to match above compacts in red, blue, green or black. $1.00 each

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NICE GIRLS DON'T

Continued from Page 21

were and dark-lashed and set wide, and tho they were friendly they were not bold. Her voice, too, was the sort of voice he had known she would have—soft, well pitched.

He fumbled his way into his chair. He felt strangely rattled. Probably it was because his experience, as he remembered it, had been mostly with girls of a different sort. He knew he must say something, and he couldn't think of anything. So he said, a little confusedly, "I'm glad you let me speak to you. I wanted to yesterday."

"Did you? Why didn't you say so? I thought you wanted to be left alone."

"Did I act that way?"

"Nothing else but."

"Well, so did you," he countered.

"Yes, but a girl has to," she explained.

He agreed and then he told her his name, and he learned that hers was Amanda Lane

"Miss or Mrs.?" he asked, smiling.

"Absolutely Miss."

"That's entirely satisfactory to me," said Rodney gravely. And then, "Do you know, I think maybe my luck's beginning to turn."

"You'll have to do a little better than that, Mr. Gannet, if you are looking for a snappy comeback from me. What have you had, good luck or bad luck?"

He looked at her and found her steady brown eyes meeting his. "I've had crazy luck," he informed her after a moment. "Maybe if you can stand sitting next to me a few days more I'll tell you about it."

For another moment she eyed him, then turned away and picked up a book that lay in her lap. Rodney, vaguely embarrassed, asked her what she was reading.

"Oh, nothing much. Just a book I picked up in London. It's called 'Nightmare.' It's a sort of love-story, with crooks and everything in it. I thought it would keep me awake, but it doesn't."

"That sounds like a hint to this soldier," Rodney remarked.

"Oh, no! Really—really!"

"Just the same, I think I'll go to the ship's library and dig out a book," he said. "I practically haven't read a thing for twelve years. I think it will do me good. We'll both read, and then when we wake up we can talk to each other. How's that?"

"Perfect."

"Will you be awake when I come back?"

"Absolutely," she promised.

But she wasn't. The book lay open in her lap. Her head, tilted sidewise a little, rested against the high back of her chair. She looked very sweet, thought Rodney.

He said to himself, "Maybe I'd better send another wire to Wally, just to warn him in case I really do fall." But even as the thought framed itself he shook his head with decision. "No, I'll be darned if I fool any more. This girl's real."

He tried to read, but concentration was difficult. There was no sense in trying to keep either his mind or his eyes on a dull printed page when right next to him, so close that he could reach out and touch her, was the kind of girl he had been dreaming about; a girl who was really a girl, a girl his mother and father would unquestionably take into their hearts.

Yes, he mused, he certainly was beginning to get the breaks. It was about time, too. But then a thought stabbed him and he scowled. What if she was engaged? She had said she wasn't married. He considered this, frowning. Well, the only thing to do was to ask her.

But he didn't.

TWO girls with short skirts, their lips brilliant red, their eyes questioning and bold, were coming toward him along the deck. They walked arm in arm, each seeming to hang from the other, and as they approached they eyed Rodney and giggled. Without particular interest Rodney eyed them back.

Directly in front of him they hesitated, looked at each other, and marched on.

"Chickens!" he scoffed to himself. "They're on the hunt for a man," he decided. "They want to pick me up, but they haven't got the nerve. Well, the dickens with 'em."

They vanished, and he thought, "Good riddance," but in a few minutes, having made the round of the deck, they appeared again. This time they halted a dozen yards away. Then one of them came forward. She moved slowly. Call it slight self-conscious undulation of her hips. She wore a tightly fitting sweater of green knitted silk; her short pleated skirt was of the color of her stockings, which in turn were the color of her skin. Her hair, except a curl or two, was hidden by a snug little hat of green.

She stood in front of Rodney Gannet and observed him quizzically. Then her vermillion lips moved, and she spoke. "Why so snooty, boy friend?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Rodney.

She said, "Oh, it can talk! Are you married to that chair of yours, or what?"

Now, Rodney had had considerable experience with girls who made advances. He either could rise and be civil or he could stay where he was. The moment occurred to him as a splendid one in which to put into practise his new resolves. So he merely yawned slightly and said, "I don't want any, thanks."

THE girl's eyes hardened.

"Come again?" she said.

Lying back in his chair, he examined her speculatively. She was tough, all right; young and rather pretty, but nevertheless tough. No matter what the amazing new styles were, he was sure that nice girls didn't paint that way; and most certainly they didn't display the intimacies of their figures. Accordingly he refrained from moving and looked through her at the horizon.

"Say, are you high-hatting me?" she demanded.

Now he said, speaking softly, "Run along and sell your papers, Sister." After all this encounter was not his fault.

The girl stamped her foot. "You can't talk that way to me," she flung at him.

Rodney turned instinctively to glance at the girl who lay sleeping in the chair next to his. Her eyes were still closed, but she no longer was smiling happily. She stirred uneasily.

He motioned with his thumb and his head. "Lay off," he said quietly to the girl who faced him. "Beat it."

"Who do you think you're talking to?" she blared.

He shrugged, started to rise. The one thing in his mind was to seize the belligerent stranger by the arm and lead her out of ear-shot of Miss Lane.

But the girl herself checked him.

"Oh, don't bother to stand up for me," she said in a haughty, stagy voice. "I've seen all I want. They said you were a gentleman, but it's quite plain you're not. You don't even know that you should have risen when I first spoke to you."

Rodney, on his feet now.

"The only reason I spoke to you at all was to settle a bet," the girl continued. "As far as I'm concerned it's settled."

"Maybe you've made a mistake. Maybe you've mixed me up with somebody else. If so I'm awfully sorry——"

Again the shrill laugh. "I suppose you're going to try and deny it now," she said.

"Deny what?"

"That you're posing as Rodney Gannet!"

Again he looked at her blankly.

"Why, you don't even look like any of the pictures I saw in the American papers! Wait till I tell them. The whole smoking-room has bet on you."

Rodney asked bewilderedly, "Was my picture in the newspapers?"

"As if you didn't know it! And what a red-hot story—that you were a flier and lost your memory for ten years! And that you were knighted by King George for something or other under another name. Nobody believes that, not even the bar-steward."

"The bar-steward's opinion is sometimes valuable," said Rodney with the ghost of a grin. "So the bar-steward doesn't think I'm Rodney Gannet, hey! What makes you think so?"

"I don't think so," snapped the girl. "But you're on the passenger-list as Rodney Gannet, and that's the name on your steamer-chair. Of course it's a publicity stunt. But you're no more Rodney Gannet than I am."

A feminine voice at Rodney's side spoke incisively. It said, "And are you Rodney Gannet, Miss Van Veere?"

Rodney turned quickly. Amanda Lane, straight and slim, was standing beside him.

"Because if you're not Rodney Gannet, Miss Van Veere, I don't really see that it is any of your business. Or is it?"

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The girl with the red lips could only blink.

"If you don't happen to know who I am," said Amanda Lane with dignity, "you can wait until I've gone down to luncheon, and then you can read it on the back of my chair. In the meantime if you will——"

THE girl called Miss Van Veere laughed harshly. "I didn't know you two were together," she said.

"There are probably several things you don't know," observed Amanda, "and now, if you don't mind——" She smiled sweetly.

"I'll stay right here as long as I like," the other girl retorted.

"Do you intend to stay here?"

"Yes."

"Then do have my chair," said Amanda. She caught Rodney by the arm. "She wants to stay here," she said, and marched away with him. And it was only then that Amanda began to laugh. She laughed until they had rounded the corner of the deck-house.

"Who is she? How did you know her name?" Rodney asked.

It was Amanda's turn to be surprised. "Why, didn't you know? Her picture's in the rotogravure sections of the Sunday papers almost every week. She's Margot Van Veere. All the millions in the world—all that stuff. When she walked up to you you were supposed to jump to your feet and salute. You didn't, and so she got mad."

"Nice girl!" mumbled Rodney.

"She probably really is. Spoiled, that's all. If you had all the millions you wanted wouldn't you be spoiled?"

Rodney agreed. Once he had been. "So would I," said Amanda. "It'd be just as bad as she is. Because you can't have everything you want for year after year and not get thinking finally that you're a princess or something."

They had halted at the other side of the ship and were leaning against the rail.

Rodney said suddenly, "Why did you stand up for me?"

"Because I don't like to see anybody picked on. And anyway a man's at a disadvantage with a woman. He can't tell her what he thinks."

"Can't he!" commented Rodney. "I think you're great."

She turned and shot a glance at him. It was a questioning glance. And Rodney read it.

He said/ "No, I'm not kidding. The minute I saw you in the chair next to me I wanted to start talking to you that minute and not stop, ever."

"That sounds a little one-sided to me. Weren't you going to let me do any of the talking—ever?"

He shook his head. "No, you're a wonder woman. You just sit on my knee in the firelight and look up at me and listen."

"That's me all over," she said.

He said, "I don't believe that." And they laughed together and were all at once very happy. Suddenly she said, "What's all this Rodney Gannet mystery? Are you or aren't you, and who is he, if and when?"

He told her of his career without any mention about the chorus-girls and about his family, because if she didn't know who Dominick Gannet was, and that he himself was Dominick Gannet's son, then everything would be all the more wonderful. He told her about his being fired from Princeton and Cornell and Dartmouth, about enlisting and becoming a flier with the Royal Air Force. He told her about his last recollection of flying, twelve years before.

"You see, we were flying low over the German lines, taking pictures, and they were blazing away at us with everything they had. I didn't know they'd got me till I was out of control and diving down at a big open field with a lot of little men in gray uniforms scattering like ants to get away from the crash. And then I cracked. The next I knew was five weeks ago, when I woke up in a hospital in London, with a nice vacant gap of twelve years in between."

She asked practically, "But why couldn't they tell who you were?"

"Because I didn't know myself. They fixed my head up with the rest of me, but they didn't find a piece of bone that had jammed against my brain. I just drew a blank on my past; amnesia, they call it. You see, my photographer was killed, my ship burned up, and I was in British uniform without any insignia—we didn't wear that stuff flying. I sat in a German prison-camp for eighteen months, and then at the end of the War I was shipped back to England as an Englishman.

"Somebody identified me as a missing flier named Barton, John McFarlane Barton, and apparently that was all right with me. I went ahead and got a job experimenting with secret trick planes for the British army, and they tell me I worked so hard I got knighted for it. You can't prove it by me. I know it must be true, but I don't really believe a word of it."

"Oh, but I do!" Amanda exclaimed.

"Good for you! Somebody's got to. The rest of it's simple. Five weeks ago I'm riding a horse—I never knew how to ride back home in the States—and I spill myself against a stone gate-post. Fractured skull again. Only this time the surgeons find the little piece of bone, and bango!—I'm the same guy I used to be twelve years ago, and this time all the English stuff is a blank. I haven't the faintest recollection of it."

"You poor thing," she whispered.

"No, I'm not either. I've lost twelve years, but at least I'm back where I was. I'm holding my own." He grinned.

She said hesitantly, "It must be pretty awful for the girl, whoever she is——"

"Oh, there wasn't any. I was too busy for girls, I guess. I'm told I was engaged to a girl six or seven years ago, but she broke it and married a millionaire, and after that I left girls alone. That's the story, anyway."

"And you haven't any recollection of her either?"

"Not a speck. She may have been blond or brunette or light lavender, for all I know or care. They haven't even told me her name. Probably she had buck teeth."

Amanda said softly, "You're lucky then. Because you must have cared for her a lot to stop going with girls afterward."

He laughed. "You don't like girls, do you?" she asked.

"I like you," he said frankly. "I like you a lot. Do I have to like any other girls?"

"You don't even have to like me."

"Don't I, though!"

For a moment she gazed down at the sliding, swirling foam-pattern of green and white. Then she raised her head and faced him and smiled. "I like you too," she said.

"I think you're going to have to like me a lot," he warned.

"Maybe that won't be very painful," she told him, still smiling. But she added hurriedly, "Let's keep on walking till we get to our chairs again, just to see what's happened to the lady dragon. I bluffed her, you see, but my name on my chair won't tell her a thing, of course——"

"It hasn't told me a thing either," Rodney reminded her. "Since we've been talking all the time about me, and the really important one is you."

THEY were walking now.

She said lightly, "There's nothing to know about me. I'm just average. I've been in Berlin for three months taking voice-lessons, and now I'm going home. I came over with—with a gang, but they left earlier. I wanted to come back students' third, only father wouldn't let me." She hesitated, then said, "I'm glad I didn't."

"Why?"

"Oh, my gracious!" She laughed. "Do you need a chart for that one? I thought I was being nice."

What he said was, "Let's have lunch together in the grill."

"Don't you think that's rushing things a little?"

He nodded. "Of course I do. That's why I suggested it. Would you rather not?"

She looked up at him sidewise. "Wrong again," she said. "I'd rather."

The lady dragon had vanished, just as Amanda had predicted, and so they sat down in their chairs again, and suddenly it was luncheon-time. The steward had to present the menu three times before they could remember to order.

Rodney learned that her father was vice-president and cashier of a bank in a very small city in New Jersey.

"You'd be crazy about him," she volunteered. "He doesn't make much money and we're almost always just one jump ahead of the sheriff, but he's a peach. In the Spring he fishes all the time and in the Fall he hunts. He's a crack shot."

"My father too," said Rodney stoutly. "You and he would just love each other. I'm only beginning to realize how much trouble I used to be to him. I thought he was hard, but he wasn't. He was only trying to make a man out of me. He's always been rooting for me to settle down. I don't believe anything on earth could please him more. As long as I don't bring home a chorus-girl dad will fall on my neck and kill

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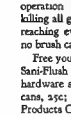

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the fatted calf. He continued to laugh, as if he had made a joke.

And then Amanda said, "Why, of all things, a chorus-girl?" and Rodney, humbling himself, told her.

She seemed to be considering his confession. She shook her head dolefully. "But I think you're wrong about chorus-girls. Nowadays they have to work hard. I—I have a friend who's a chorus-girl, and she says most of the ones she knows don't drink or smoke or go on parties or anything. You can't do it and get anywhere."

"Don't you believe it," said Rodney largely. "They're all the same. Dad's right about 'em too. That's one thing I've learned, anyway. Look at all those girls on deck—I'll bet half of 'em are in the chorus just by the way they act. Nice girls don't act that way."

"But, Rodney, you're crazy. Things have changed in the last ten years, I guess. Those are all nice girls. Maybe it used to be the way you say, but nowadays it's just the other way around. What you call nice girls act any way they want to—get tipsy and neck around and everything. It's only the girls who have to work for a living who have sense enough to know that that's all wet. They may want to act that way, but they can't. For one thing they'd be fired, wherever they are. It's just the same with girls on the stage as it is with girls in offices. There's no difference. They're all earning a living and they have to play the game."

Rodney smiled tolerantly. He said, "That's bunk, only you don't know it. Chorus-girls are chorus-girls and always will be. All they're out after is men, rich men. I don't know why we're arguing about it anyway. What's it to us? I just wanted you to know the kind of bird I used to be, that's all. I mean I wasn't any prize. But maybe now if I work hard I may get somewhere. At least I'm going to try. You can count on that."

She was reassuring him.

"I wouldn't like you if you were that kind of a snob," she said slowly. "But I know you're really not. It's just because the world was turned upside down and you don't know it yet."

He sobered at her look, leaned forward quickly, asked her what he had said that had offended her.

She said gently, "Let's forget it, please. Probably we're both right. And as you say, what does it matter anyway? Besides I'm too sleepy to argue. I'm going down-stairs now—or below or whatever they call it—and take a nap. You stay on deck."

"But when will I see you?" he pressed. "How about dinner to-night?"

"No—I think we'd better not. I'd love to, of course, but it would be a little conspicuous, don't you think? I'll be on deck after dinner, tho."

"That's much too far away," he grumbled.

She said, "That's sweet of you, Rodney. I like nice compliments like that."

He eyed her moodily. "You know darned well that's no compliment, young woman."

All afternoon Rodney Gannet stalked savagely about the decks. To kill time he explored the entire ship, every visible nook and cranny from forecastle to stern. Presently he wandered into the smoking-room, where almost immediately he distinguished Miss Van Veere and a group of satellites. He nodded stiffly to her, and she glared through him, and that annoyed him again.

"She needs a good spanking," he decided. "She and the rest of them. They can't be nice girls, but if they are they're crazy."

He changed for dinner and ate alone philosophically. His eyes ranged the dining-room, but he could not find Amanda. He thought miserably, "I'll bet she's tying a can to me. I wouldn't blame her either. She must think I'm an awful sap."

Nevertheless he went on deck, and there he found her in her chair. She jumped up as he approached. "Let's walk," she said eagerly.

Her skirt was a spreading fluff of chiffon net, quite down to the ground, just revealing a pair of gleaming silver slippers, exceedingly high-heeled. A tweed coat bundled up the rest of her.

He glowered at her. "You can't walk in those," he said. "Anyway they'll get wet."

"What are you going to do—drop me overboard?"

"Easier than that. I've found a place."

"Under water?"

"No, on the boat-deck. But there'll be dew."

"Lead on, Scout-master," she laughed.

Rodney led on, and presently they were sitting in a snug little corner, with the great bulk of a lifeboat towering over them.

Bluntly he said, "I'm in love with you. You might as well know it now. I'm terribly in love with you. I can't think about anything else. I want you to marry me. Will you?"

Her voice, when it came to him, sounded strained. What she said was, "I'm sorry. No—I —I can't."

"But do you want to?"

"What's it matter?" she questioned.

He said, "It matters everything. If you want to it's all right. Anyway, we'll make it all right."

Slowly she sat up very straight. She spoke haltingly. "After what you told me—it would be—well, a joke. I've been thinking about it all afternoon. I knew I'd have to tell you. I didn't want to, but I knew I'd have to. Rod, I'm a chorus-girl."

"You're a what?"

"I'm a chorus-girl. I went to London with 'Frivolous Sal' and it was a flop. That's why I went on the Berlin, where mother had some friends. I really did do that, the way I told you. And I studied voice too. But—well, that's all, I guess."

Rodney said dully, "I don't believe it. You're kidding me."

"But I'm not—I tell you I'm not. I've been on Broadway two years, first with 'Eccentricities' and then with 'Sal.' Oh, Rod, you've got to believe me! And I did so want you to like me."

Then Rodney said, "You do love me! I may be nutty, but I think you do."

"Of course I do. But that isn't it. Don't you see? You're father and mother would hate me. You'd hate me too."

It was then that he moved his arm, and very gently swung it toward him. And then the other arm went around, and he was holding her warm slimness tight against him, and she was crying, crying and laughing at the same time.

She said, looking up at him, "Oh, you're everything I've always dreamed of."

He said, tasting salt, "So are you."

And presently she looked up again, and the whole skyful of stars was shining in her eyes. "Oh, Rod, I'm not really a mermaid fish," she whispered. "After all, I'm not marrying a man who's rich. That was all dad was ever worried about, that I'd fall for a millionaire. He was mad when I said I wanted to go on the stage. You see, we've always been so poor, and there are seven of us kids. I mean we all had to do something. But when I chose the stage dad said I was mercenary."

"He said just what you said to-day, that girls only go on the stage to make good marriages. Only it wasn't that at all. I really have a rather sweet voice, Rod. You'll get it for me, I think. I mean if I don't sing too much around the house." She smiled happily. "It will be fun showing dad he was wrong."

"But wouldn't you like to be rich some day?" said Rodney, who knew that he was destined to be many times a millionaire.

"Oh, I'd love it!" she murmured. "I guess any girl would love it." She smiled. "Maybe we will be some day."

He said gruffly, "Don't let's worry about that to-night. Maybe we will. But to-night let's just talk about us."

Ten minutes later she sighed contentedly. "Isn't it wonderful," she said, "just loving somebody so much that you don't have to talk at all?"

BANQUETS

THE end of the school or club year is usually celebrated, or should be, by a get-together banquet. The idea is excellent, but just how to do it is not always easy. We know that; so we have planned it for you in every detail, including several types of menus with recipes elaborate and simple. Send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Banquets, The Home Bureau, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City, for your free copy.

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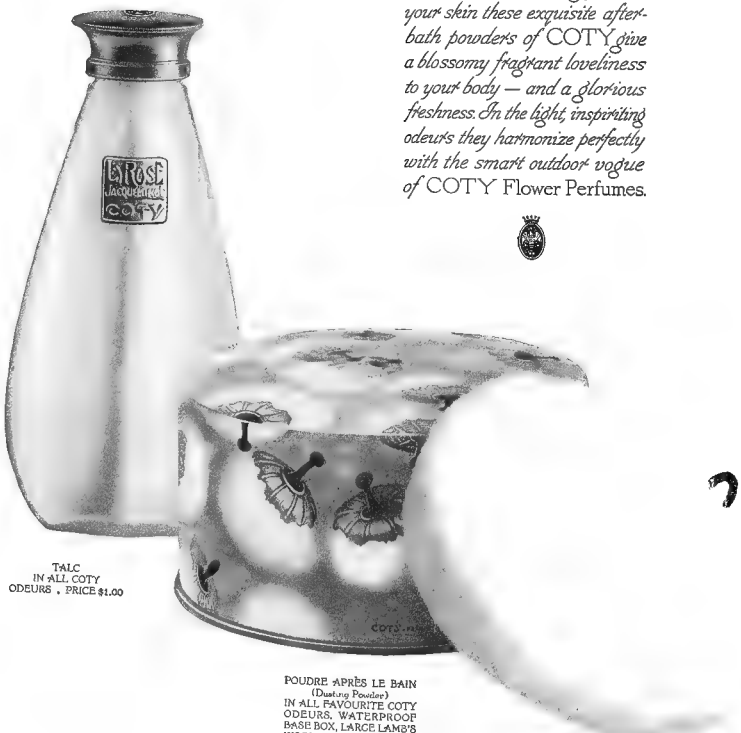

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PICTORIAL REVIEW INTERPRETS OUTSTANDING SOFTENED STYLES

THE new little "dressmaker" suits are tremendously important this Spring and are fashioned from all sorts of smart fabrics, in the new lightweight woolens, or formal worsteds, while heavy silk crêpes are liked, for the first warm days of late Spring. Eton jackets, bolero themes, the new peplum types attain a smart distinction through such feminine details as little capes in deep models or the abbreviated types that give the smart postilion line. With these are worn the new costume blouses—many in tuck-in versions; frilled linen, embroidered eyelet batiste, net and silk in soft pastel shades.

Multiple tiers, circular drapery, fringe and peplums appear in new evening fashions and bring fulness near the hemline. This picturesque silhouette, favored by Chanel in her favorite tulle models, is in striking contrast to the Directoire and Grecian types. Paris combines Chantilly lace and chiffon—marquisette, crêpe and the new nets, as well as patterned laces, gain a new chic translated into terms of the modern silhouette.

Accessories become more complicated with the general softening of the silhouette; gloves in pastel tones are established for formal evening wear, in twelve-button lengths and the longer styles. Gauntlets and pull-on styles designed by Lelong, in daytime models, show contrasting appliqués, novel stitching and unusual piping in contrasting colors, in one- and two-tone effects. Paris endorses flowers for Spring for practically every type of costume. Boutonnières of pastel piqué, or the new colorful felts, register for sports wear, and Patou is partial to starched gardenias in two-tone effects of pink, blue or white. Chanel's silk violets come in combinations of blue-and-white, black-and-white and one-color effects.

Colette Cartier

5221

5233

6233 5221

8232

5232

5233—The peplum and the long, ribbon sash give a naïve charm to this evening dress, though it depends for its smartness upon its quaint lines. Skirt reaches to the ankle and is even all around as Paris suggests. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 6¾ yards 39-in. fabric—3¾ yds. 11-in. ribbon for sash. Width about 4¾ yards.

5221—This frock depicts a typical Chanel silhouette, with gracefully draped and flounced skirt and flowing scarf collar. A picturesque fashion portrayed with one of the new printed chiffons in dainty twilight colors. Note the ruffling detail. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5¾ yds. 39-inch print. Width about 1¾ yard around.

8232—This winsome evening dress with its tiered flounces on the skirt, its bloused bodice, its tiny cap sleeves, takes its inspiration from the Directoire period. It applies these details on a favorite fashion fabric—lace—to smart effect. An ankle-length model. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 7¾ yards 36-inch lace. Width about 1¾ yard.

Patterns, including Pictograf—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing, Pressing and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 119.

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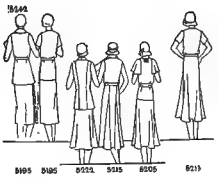
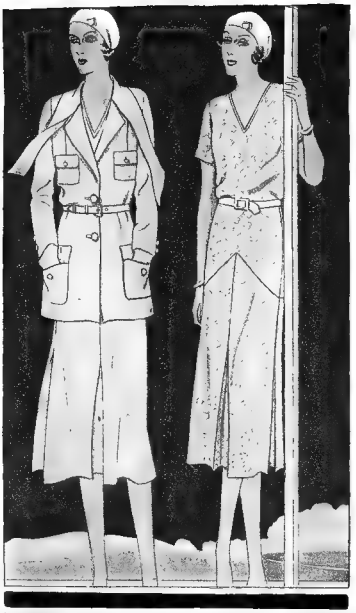
FEMININE DETAIL ATTAINS CASUAL SOFTENED TYPES





Jacket 5242
Frock 5195

5195 5213

5222

5215 5205

5242—Jacket. The informality of the ensemble mode is suggested in this combination of jacket and frock for spectator sports wear. Patch pockets add a casual note. **5195—Frock.** Each designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5⅝ yards 39-inch material for jacket and frock. Width about 1¾ yard.

5195—The simplicity of this spectator sports frock is given a sprightly air by the use of printed linen. The silhouette gains a becoming slenderness with yoked skirt and slim bloused bodice. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch fabric —2 yards binding. Width about 1¾ yard.

5213—The flared skirt—decidedly flattering to the figure—gives unusual verve to this sports frock. The flare, in this instance, is cleverly effected by means of godets at the front of the skirt. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch material —2⅛ yards binding. Width about 2⅛ yds.

5222—The frock with a jacket fills an important place in the Summer wardrobe. Correct to wear for business and town, or for spectator sports. It is tailored to achieve very trim lines. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 5 yards 39-inch material—⅛ yard contrasting. Width about 1⅝ yard.

5215—The beauty of the natural silhouette is emphasized in this sports frock of shantung—with belt at normal waistline, bodice slightly bloused and skirt falling to gradual fulness. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch plain—⅞ yard 39-inch striped to trim. Width about 2⅛ yds.

5205—When the little cape serves as a sleeve it adds a quaintness to the costume which is extremely chic. Foremost among the younger fashions, it has a demure air further accented in by a tied belt and long bodice. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-in. material. Width about 3 yards.

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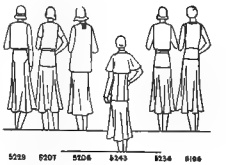
SPECTATOR TYPES PROMOTE VARIED STYLE THEMES

5229 5207 5206

5243



5229 5207 5206 5243 5236 5196

5229—This cost umeportrays the new 3-piece bolero ensemble. The yoked and flared skirt is fitted at normal waistline; the bolero, finished as a jacket, closes with tie-fastening; the tuck-in blouse is sleeveless. An outstanding fashion, youthful and practical. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch material. Width about 1⅞ yard.

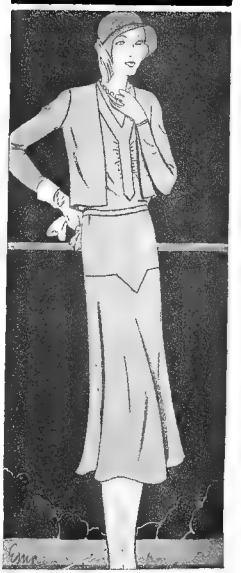
5207—Simulating the tuck-in effect in all its trimness, this one-piece frock in twin-prints catches the chic of youth. Note the short sleeves and surplice detail. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch light print for bodice—2⅛ yards 36-inch dark print—⅛ yard 36-inch material for trimming. Width about 2 yards at the bottom.

5206—The cardigan suit—the all-occasion suit for Summer, 1930—may be correctly tailored for its particular purpose of wool, of silk or of cotton. All are correct. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material for skirt and jacket—¾ yard 39-inch fabric for blouse—2⅛ yards 39-inch lining for coat. Width about 2¾ yards.

5243—The suit with a cape and nipped-in waist creates a silhouette of verve and changing line, extremely new and flattering in a softened way. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch fabric for skirt and jacket—1⅜ yard 39-inch fabric for sleeveless blouse—2⅛ yards 39-inch lining. Width about 1⅞ yard.

5236—The bolero of this frock, because it is made sleeveless and detachable, gives a dual personality to the frock, emphasizing its versatility. The fitted-yoke skirt with low flare and bloused bodice, portrays the natural silhouette that's so greatly favored. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch material. Width about 2¾ yards.

5196—The sleeveless sports frock gains unusual formality because of the yoked skirt and surplice closing of the bodice, accented with bands of contrasting material. Note the chevron pocket detail. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch striped shirting—¼ yard 39-inch plain silk for trimming. Width about 2¾ yards.



5236

5196

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GRECIAN INFLUENCE IN "PRETTY" STYLES

YOU may be as pretty and frilly as you choose to be, in the new softened afternoon frocks, for Paris, you know, endorses chic in a new feminine manner. Capelets, in deep circular effects, vie with partial capelets and thus create a flattering postilion line—essentially youthful and smart. Boleros, too, in simulated or separate versions are favored. Ruffles, flares and graceful panels all contribute a new and softened charm. Grecian and Victorian influence is evidenced in outstanding couturier types.

5220

Paris—Madeleine
5211

5201

Paris—Augustabernard
5197

5210

5220 5211 5201 5197 5210

5220—This sleeveless frock flaunts a deep capelet, scalloped in contrasting effect, and ties in the center-front with a loose bow. The circular skirt joins the slim molded hip-yoke in an uneven line and is finished with tucks and a smart bow-tie at the waistline, as well as at the V neckline. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4½ yds. 39-in. print—⅞ yd. 39-in. plain. Width about 3¼ yds.

5211—For formal afternoon wear this charming model features the new drapery influence with a wrap-around circular flounce that finishes in the front with a ribbon motif. The blouse is softened with shirrings under the extension at the left side and by a lace detail. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch material—⅞ yard 36-inch allover lace. Width about 3⅛ yards.

5210—Lace is an outstanding favorite with the smart woman for formal afternoon and evening wear. In this charming design a capelet is arranged to outline the yoke and to substitute for the sleeves. Graceful circular flounces are arranged about the skirt in a spiral outline to the waistline. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 6⅛ yards 36-inch allover lace. Width about 1¼ yard.

5197—In spirit with the Paris mode, this youthful model incorporates outstanding fashion features; in the back-dipping lines of the circular skirt, shaped yoke and deep bertha collar, which is shirred on either shoulder for a correct fit. Tie-bows finish the V neckline and waistline. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 39-inch material. Width about 3⅛ yards around the bottom.

5201—An exquisitely feminine model with triple ruffles arranged in a back-dipping line. The molded bodice is finished with a ruffle-trimmed capelet, cut in a deep V and finished with a rosette in the center-front. This is the sort of thing that smart women will adopt for formal afternoons. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 6¼ yds. 39-in. print. Width about 1¼ yard.

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PARIS EMPHASIZES CAPES AND PEPLUMS

FABRICS in general are drapable, with soft massed designs or large, widely scattered prints that lend themselves beautifully to the new silhouettes. In addition to the printed crêpes and chiffons, façonnés—a new pet of Paris—are exceedingly smart. Georgette has staged a chic comeback and Flamenga is favored among the heavier crêpes. Chiffons are made in matching designs to go with this material. Lace, tulle, and net retain their prestige, while flowered taffeta appears for formal afternoons.

5218

5218—The alluring, feminine frock of soft silhouette that bespeaks garden parties and lazy Summer afternoon teas is once again in high fashion favor. This model features shoulder capes that follow the outline of the V neck, a soft bow at the shirred waistline and double circular flounces. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 39-inch printed material. Width about 4 yards.

Paris—Chantal
Jacket 5202
Frock 5217

5202—Jacket. 5217—Frock. The suit is one of the newest gestures. The circular ruffle at the front edges of the jacket cleverly suggest a peplum as they continue across the back. The sleeveless frock has high Empire bust seamings. 5202—Jacket. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. 5217—Frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5⅜ yards 39-inch material. Width about 3 yards.

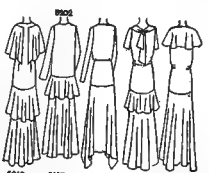
Paris—Jane Regny
5212

5212—Careful detail on the bodice is the hall-mark of 1930 chic. In this model the cowl neckline and inverted-tucks across the front of the bodice just above the high waistline are features well worthy of notice. The circular skirt dipping at the side in points is approved by Paris for afternoon. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch material. Width about 3⅞ yards.

5204—The peplum frock is still the darling of the mode. Here the peplum is posed over the circular lower skirt section. The scarf-like collar becomes a bow at the back and at the front slips under the applied front band. Short sleeves and shirred waistline complete the fashion picture for afternoon wear. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch material. Width about 2¾ yards.

5234 5219

5219—For the informal formality of a Summer afternoon there is nothing more appropriate than the supple sleeveless frock with cape collar. This adaptation is especially smart. The hemline dips in softly curved outline. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch printed material—⅞ yard 39-inch plain material for the collar and tie-ends. Width about 3½ yards.



5202 5217 5212 5234 5219

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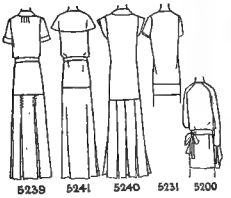
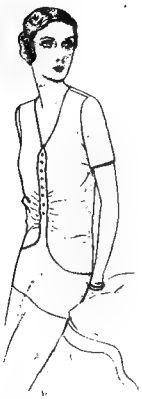
THE LINES OF THE SILHOUETTE NOW GROW COMPLEX IN ALL NEW DAYTIME FASHIONS




5231

5231—Tie becoming lines of the molded silhouette are smartly interpreted in this separate blouse with yoke to swathe the hips and shirring at the waistline. Short sleeves. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 1⅛ yard 39-in. silk—2⅝ yards binding.

5200—Few women can resist the flattery of the jabot. As shown here, it imparts a delightful softness to a printed blouse with shirring detail. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2 yards 39-inch printed material—¾ yard 39-in. plain material.

5239—This street and morning frock reflects the tailored lines of the new silhouette—which, today, influence even the most casual fashions. Designed for sizes 14 to 48. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yds. 36-in. print—¾ yd. 36-in. contrasting. Width about 1⅝ yard.

5241—When Fashion steps forth sleeveless in the sunlight, she adds a little shoulder cape to cover the upper arm. The effect is new and charming. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 39-in. washable material. Width about 1½ yard.

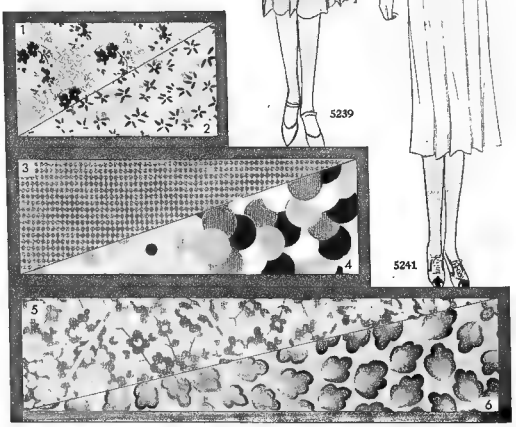
5240—That popular perennial—the jumper frock—refreshed with new details, occupies an important new position. Designed for sizes 14 to 48. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yds. 39-in. polka-dot fabric—⅜ yd. 39-in. plain. Mon. 573. Width about 2⅜ yards

5200

5239

5241

5240
Mon. 573



1. Directoire cotton print, Denzer & Nathan, Inc. 2. Small floral cotton print, Fruit of the Loom Fabrics. 3. Pin check rayon print, Aberfoyle Fabrics. 4. Novelty dollar dot cotton print, Peter Pan Fabrics. 5. Printed cotton voile, A. B. C. Fabrics. 6. Leaf print cotton voile, in colorful design, Trippe Barker & Co.

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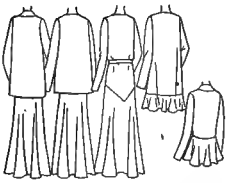
DAYTIME FROCKS ARE CASUALLY SLIM AND ADOPT GAY COLORFUL PRINTS



L.H. 5216 L.H. 5235 L.H. 5194 5230 5223

L. H. 5216—Another charming reason for the combination of print and plain fabrics. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch printed material for frock—3⅛ yards 39-inch plain for jacket and tie-ends on frock. Width about 2¾ yards.

L. H. 5235—The delightful suppleness of this ensemble constitutes its irresistible allure. There's youth and spirit in the set of the jacket and flare of the skirt. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 6⅝ yards 39-inch material. Width about 3¾ yds.

L. H. 5194—This is one of the "pounds lighter" frocks that larger women delight in. It's the diagonal seams that do it. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch polka-dot material—⅜ yd. 39-in. plain to trim. Width about 3¼ yds.

5230—You must have a little jacket to slip on with your soft afternoon frocks. This jacket wisely chooses to have its ruffle at the bottom, and to be content with a soft bow at the shoulder. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yds. 39-inch material.

5223—A slyly youthful fashion—this of posing a peplum jacket with tuxedo front over a one-piece frock, matching the lapels. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch material for jacket—⅝ yard 39-inch contrasting for collar and tie-ends.

5230

5223

L.H. 5216

L.H. 5235

L.H. 5194

1. A safari print, Belding-Hemmingway. 2. Aberfoyle Fabrics' rayon crêpe. 3. Celanese taffeta in the very small check that spells chic. 4. Leafy design in multi-color from Amalgamated Silk Corp. 5. The large leaf design in Aberfoyle Fabrics' rayon crêpe. 6. Conventionalized leaves in silk crêpe, Schwartzenbach Huber.

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UNUSUAL DETAIL MAKES A YOUNG THING VERY SMART

5228—Puffed sleeves that peek out under a double neck ruffle are as piquantly youthful as the frock. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yds. 39-in. dotted material.

5220—Pleats are very much favored, posed low on skirts. Designed for sizes 8 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch material—1¾ yard ruching for neck and sleeve trim.

5204—The cape that Paris insists upon is given an unusually chic effect by revers that button. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 54-in. novelty woolen.

5238—The masculine half of a brother and sister costume. Designed for sizes 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch material for trousers and shirt—¼ yd. 36-in. material for ruffles.

5237—The feminine half of the costume is dainty. Designed for sizes 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material for frock with bloomers—¼ yard 36-inch contrasting for ruffles.

5209—A quaintly charming frock. Designed for sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch material—2½ yards 1½-inch ribbon for binding of neck and sleeves and the bow.

5227—A sturdy roustabout suit. Designed for sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Size 6 requires 1 yard 36-inch printed material for trousers and trimming on blouse—1⅜ yard 36-inch plain.

5225—One's never too young to learn that this season it is chic to have the skirt follow the flare of the cape. Designed for sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 5 requires 2¾ yds. 36-in. material.

5203—Practical and attractive. Designed for sizes 1 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅛ yds. 36-in. printed material for frock with panties—2 yds. 36-in. plain material for ruffled edgings.

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VEGETABLE COOKERY

Continued from Page 47

avoided we should never have this blue-gray color if we watch ourselves on this point.

Preserving Flavor and Texture

PRACTICALLY all vegetables, with the exception of onions, have a milder and a better flavor before they are cooked. Therefore our aim in cooking should be to preserve the *original* flavor. For best results a short cooking-period again stands out as the most important factor. Cooking whole in the skins is probably second in importance. Cooking in a small amount of water, in a steamer or pressure-cooker, also makes for good flavor except in the case of onions and the cabbage family.

While long cooking of any vegetable is undesirable, it is fairly disastrous with any member of the cabbage family. Long-cooked cabbage, for example, is of an ugly brownish color and has a strong, almost offensive, odor and flavor. In marked contrast we have the original pale-green color and mild flavor of raw cabbage and the delicate green color and delicate flavor of cabbage which has been cooked only 6 to 8 minutes in rapidly boiling, salted water.

Onions, the other exception, lose flavor on long cooking—so much so that we must guard against the danger of their becoming bland, tasteless, and unappetizing.

In preserving flavor by quick-cooking and short-cooking periods, we also preserve texture. All vegetables at their best are tender, but never mushy. They should retain as much of the original texture as possible, crispness and "chewiness" being very desirable characteristics.

Serving the Vegetables

WELL-COOKED vegetables, served either buttered or creamed, are general favorites, altho we all enjoy an occasional variation from the every-day methods.

For buttered vegetables, either heat the vegetable in butter or pour melted butter over it after it has been placed in the serving-dish. Cream sauce may also be poured over a vegetable after it has been placed in a serving-dish. This procedure adds to the appearance of such vegetables as potatoes or cauliflower or any other vegetable which is served in fairly large-sized pieces.

The thickness of the white sauce should depend on the vegetable it is to be used with. Moist vegetables are best served with a medium sauce, while the drier vegetables, such as potatoes, require a thin sauce.

Cream of vegetable soup is being served more and more as a luncheon-dish. To make a cream soup of any vegetable, combine a cupful of the mashed or strained vegetable with 2 cupfuls of very thin well-seasoned white sauce.

If your family enjoys the flavor of scalloped foods, you are fortunate. This is an easy and nutritious way of serving and is an excellent method of getting more milk in the menu. To scallop raw vegetables place a layer of the sliced vegetable in the bottom of a buttered baking-dish; sprinkle with flour, salt and pepper, and dot with butter. Repeat until the dish is three-quarters of the way full, then pour milk into the dish until enough has been added so that it can be seen through the top layer. Bake in a moderate oven until the vegetable is tender. If you wish, you may sprinkle grated cheese over the top before baking.

Carrots and String-Beans au Gratin

2 Cupfuls Diced Cooked Carrots
1 Cupful Cooked String-beans
½ Teaspoonful Salt
3 Tablespoonfuls Melted Butter
½ Cupful Grated Cheese
1 Egg, Beaten
1 Cupful Bread-crums Mixed with 1 Tablespoonful Melted Butter
1 Cupful Milk

COMBINE all the ingredients but the buttered crums. Place in a buttered baking-dish, cover with the crums, and brown in a moderate oven for about 25 minutes.

Beet-Cups

Whole Beets of Uniform Size
1 Pint Greens, Cooked
2 Hard-cooked Eggs
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Tablespoonful Vinegar
Salt and Pepper

WASH the beets well and drop into boiling water. Cook until tender, then drop into cold water, and slip off the skins. Remove the center of the beets to form cups. Brush the inside of the beets with melted butter and salt. Place in the top of a double boiler to keep hot until just before serving. Then fill with the cooked greens, prepared as follows:

Drop the greens into boiling water and cook only until tender. Drain and chop. To 1 pint of greens add the 2 hard-cooked eggs (chopped into small pieces) and 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 1 tablespoonful of vinegar, and salt and pepper to season. Mix well, and fill the beet-cups heaping full of the mixture. Sprinkle the chopped beets, taken from center, over the top and serve.

Stuffed Tomatoes

6 Large Tomatoes of Uniform Size
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Onion, Sliced
Bit of Parsley
Salt and Pepper
1 or 2 Cupfuls of Chopped Cooked Beef (Beef-steak is Excellent)
½ Cupful Corn Crackers, Rolled

CUT the tops off the tomatoes and scoop the insides into a bowl and remove the seeds. Place the butter in a frying-pan and add the onion and tomato-pulp. Cook until the onion is almost tender, then add the remaining ingredients, and cook until the mixture is thick. Fill the tomatoes, put the tops on, and bake in a moderate oven until the tomato-shell is tender and the top is slightly brown. Serve at once.

DID COLLEGE HELP ME?

Continued from Page 2

go to Hartford, New York, or even farther, for the company of some girl.

CONSIDER that all day in the classrooms and on the campus I was associated with men, men, and more men. In the evenings when I played I was still among men. During the long hours of travel to the places at which we played, which were usually two or three hours distant from New Haven, I was with men; and as I sat among the men in the band, I had to watch other men with beautiful women in their arms, dancing to our music.

I had to sit there and see beautiful women returning the ardor of the men with whom they were dancing by nestling close with eyes closed, cheek to cheek, all wrapped in bliss and happiness, waltzing to the strains of music. Women with beautiful forms, in beautiful gowns well calculated to show these forms to best advantage; women whose lips, artificially colored as they were, stood out like vivid wounds or like tremulous petals, moist, warm, and full of life, inviting the lips of the men whom they found appealing.

I HAD been perfectly happy at the University of Maine, where the coeds were attractive but not so alluring as the girls that Yale men had down to their fraternity dances. And in Maine my sax had given me, even in my first year, a bit of popularity, so the fellows were anxious to have me dance with the girls they brought to the dances.

There was no drinking at Maine; very few, if any, girls smoked; the whole atmosphere was one of simplicity. Yet every one was happy. "Cutting in" was unknown and the boy who possessed a fur coat or even a medium-priced car was to be envied indeed.

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To be suddenly transplanted to a college in which were enrolled boys accustomed to having everything they wanted and to see the beautiful women whom they brought to the dances was a disturbing experience. I was never so miserable as at the first Yale fraternity dance at which I played. I did not expect prominence. I knew that I might go through Yale and never experience the admiration for my musical ability that I had known at the University of Maine.

But the contrast was too great, and I have never been so unhappy as that first night that I sat in the background and played from ten o'clock in the evening until five in the morning with almost no stop, while tall, good-looking, well-groomed, well-dressed young men, feeling very gay, danced by me, holding in their arms the most beautiful creatures that my eyes had ever seen; and when we went outside for a breath of air, I had to watch them walking arm in arm under the lantern-lights, or sitting and driving in the beautiful, specially built foreign cars that these boys owned.

I HAD no right to be envious and unhappy, or to expect anything else but what was my lot; but after all I had tasted of the spotlight, and had been a big frog in a small puddle. I was young and human, intensely so; I was trying to play music that had feeling, passion, and it was so hard to feel that I was always destined to have to play for the other fellow.

I do not think that any of the men in the orchestra with whom I played knew that I was so unhappy. Neither did I try to forget or drown my gloom with the refreshments that were served to us every two hours, which to the men were necessary stimulants to weather the long, hard stretches of continuous playing.

I have always had a fierce pride in my musical work. I have always liked to feel that I could give my best "cold sober," and it was the most extraordinary thing in the eyes of the men for whom I played while at Yale that I was just as ready and eager to play the last hour in the morning as I was when we began in the early evening. I have known certain musicians who could only give their best when properly "ginned up." I am so thankful that in my own case I can give my very best with no alcoholic "shot in the arm."

Therefore it was no wonder that when I did get a night off I did not stay in and study, do extra reading, or go to a lecture that might be presented by some great visiting celebrity, much as I wanted to do these things, for I always loved to study, never hailed a course, kept my studies high.

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THE DUEL OF THE QUEENS

Continued from Page 27

choke him with his own treachery in payment for the harm he had done his rightful queen. I am a rough, plain man, and I have no room for smooth-lying traitors. Now you have the truth. Again I say, remember Rizzio, and the threads are in your hand."

It kindled her. She grasped the arms of her chair as if to rise in triumph. Then controlled herself.

"My lord, I thank you. I also know, and together we will crush them. I do not forget Rizzio. I need ask no more of that. I thank God for your aid. And now another question. Where is my brother gone?"

"Madam, your own knowledge should tell you. To England. To the queen. They plot together your deposition. You are to be a prisoner in Lochleven, and the child in England, and Scotland a province of England."

This was true, and she felt it.

"I knew it; I read it in his false face," she cried. "I made a test and he broke under it. I knew it was England. But with you true to me we will trample him yet—the smooth-faced traitor!"

Her face fired into youngest beauty, younger than her five and twenty years. His blood burned at her brilliant eyes. He stood leaning on his sword, glad at heart. He had beaten Moray's wit and Lethington's skill. He had won her—and with her the crown.

She was on her feet too, facing him, one slim hand laid on the carved chair-back.

"My lord, there is more. I must not lose you. They have spread these lies of you to get you in their net. They have forced this trial. You shall not let yourself be tried; they will ruin you; they will kill you, and me with you. Tell all the world what you know now, this living day, and there shall be no trial."

He pressed nearer to her.

"Madam, consider. Moray is in hiding behind Elizabeth's petticoats. We could not get him. Lethington is booted for instant flight. Morton is over the Border. No. Now is not our moment. Also if I am to be your worthy minister the people must see me take my trial and stand acquitted. How else face them? Moreover, know this: Holding what I hold, our foes will not dare find me guilty. You may wager your crown on that and safely. I shall be acquitted. The judges are their creatures. No, madam, let your grace take a rough soldier's counsel. Trust to me. All shall be well."

She gladdened, feeling her charm on him for the first time—the woman's charm on the man, the queen's on her subject. At last here was the man she could trust. She cast her eyes to heaven, most angel-fair in the black she wore for his crime, and, seeing her so beautiful, desire swelled in him like a wave of fire and nearly consumed his pr

"Madam, have I your leave to go? There are no idle times for me, and also I must not have your countenance until I am a cleared man. But there is one thing I would tell you. My wife, Jean, seeks divorce from me, and it must go through, for I have not been true man to her. I own it at your feet. I am as I am, but hope to be a man more leal and true, now I have earned my liege lady's trust. Let Jean tell you her story. It is ill to hear, but I would have you know the worst."

"Yet you loved her! Your marriage was joy to you both!" Mary said faintly.

"Madam, I did not love her. I loved a woman that could never be my wife. But may I go? Times now wait for no man."

He went after a kiss of no significance upon her hand, thanking his stars he had escaped the deadly sweet temptation of her presence.

Mary Seton rushed in when he was gone. "Oh, madam, what?"

With exultation shining in her eyes, the queen told her:

"True as steel. I tested him by your knowledge. I tested him every way. Do we near the end of our woes, Mary Seton? See! We need dread the trial no more. Lennox will not dare accuse my Lord Bothwell. He knows too much of Lennox's own plots. Oh, my glad heart! I see deliverance."

THERE was indeed nothing to dread in the trial, either for Bothwell or those who valued him. Such as the lords as were in Scotland rallied about him, not daring to do otherwise. Lethington rode by Bothwell's side to the Tolbooth in the character of a firm, unflinching friend.

The justice-general of Scotland, the Earl of Argyll, himself a relative of Moray's and in league with him, presided. Lord Lindsay of the Byres, Moray's brother-in-law; Henry Balnaves, and Makgill, his creatures, were the judges. The jurors were peers.

Bothwell pleaded innocence of part in the slaughter, and, no witness against him appearing, the Earl of Lennox was called into court. A servant of his entered with a paper, read in court, to the effect that his lord could not appear by reason of the shortness of the time and because he was in fear of his life. He demanded that the trial be postponed until such time as he could bring sufficient proofs, and he required the murderers should until then be held prisoners.

The court, however, held that trial must be made that day. Bothwell produced a few witnesses, who gave an alibi, and he was acquitted without either triumph or displeasure in court. Yet probably every person in Scotland and England, the queen alone excepted, held him for the head and front of the murder. The matter dropped dead from that moment so far as any inqui-

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sition into the guilt of either Bothwell or any other person was concerned.

"Madam, I told you they would not dare, and your grace believed me," was Bothwell's comment to the queen. "Believe me yet again. The time will come that we shall dare them to their own faces and they shall not deny their guilt. I have my proofs in a sure place. And now, being a cleared man, I take my right to kiss your majesty's hand as your lord admiral should."

WITH the acquittal of Bothwell came the confirmation of the great offices held by him. It was inevitable, and yet for Mary Stuart a fresh and terrible danger. Elizabeth, hearing it in England, smiled.

What! Have a man lord admiral and guide of the state who had stood his public trial for the king's murder, who was believed by all Europe to be red-handed with the king's blood! Not only this, but a man steeped in lust, a savage in his loves and hates. That the queen should see him daily, trust herself and the kingdom to his care, could be fanned into a scandal for the whole world's delight.

With Moray's prompting Elizabeth had foreseen that before the queen could be destroyed her reputation must be destroyed, but had never dared to hope she could be forced into the position of appearing to choose such a one as Bothwell for her accomplice. Yet, as Moray from his safe retreat in England pointed out to her, that was exactly what she had done.

"You will see, madam; your majesty will see!" he said to the eager Elizabeth. "In a year or less the queen will be deposed, Bothwell hounded out of Scotland, the prince in your hands, and I the humble regent at your service and obedience."

But in these promises, as in all else, there was no truth in Moray. The prince in Elizabeth's hands, never! Himself regent, yes! But king also as he strengthened, knowing the strength and weakness of England.

"The first act of the drama is over, madam," he told her, sitting in her luxurious little cabinet at Whitehall, where the picture of her father (his great-uncle) stared down with his smooth, broad face and small eyes resembling Moray's own.

"And the second act—what of that?" she asked him. He smiled.

"The catastrophe will certainly be the third act and in your majesty's gracious hands. But in the second you will find all the great events blending that will insure it. The lords are about to recommend that very worthy noble and valiant gentleman, the Earl of Bothwell, for the queen's new consort."

He looked at her, smiling genially as he spoke, but even to Elizabeth that suggestion was horrible. She winced.

"The murderer!" she said, and was silent, looking downward. No one knew better than she the threads of the conspiracy against Darnley's miserable life. But she also knew Mary's innocence. He felt the horror in her voice and changed his tone instantly.

"The man was acquitted in the face of day. There are circumstances, madam, which incline the lords to think my Lord Bothwell the only possible consort for the queen's majesty. She is not twenty-five and has not your majesty's powerful mind. She needs a man beside her and a strong one, and since she must be much in private with Bothwell as her minister it is more seemly to the Scots people that he should be her husband."

"But she—will she—can she?" asked Elizabeth. A fan of feathers with jeweled handle lay in her lap. She took it up and looked at him over its bridge of thin lips.

"Madam, in the strictest secrecy and with grief I must own that it is believed in Scotland both at court and abroad that the queen has a passion for him that has carried her to the uttermost.

"My Lord Bedford had yesterday a letter from Sir William Kirkcaldy wherein he writes, 'The queen is now so shamelessly enamored of Bothwell that she has been heard to say she cares not whether she loses France, England, and her own country, for she would go to the world's end in a white petticoat with him rather than lose him.' Being so, better marry her to him than see her shame herself and us for him. She is indeed transported by passion for the man."

Elizabeth dropped the fan, uncertain how much was true—how much policy.

"But is it true, my cousin, or—statecraft?"

Moray shook his head.

"True, madam; the bitter, dolorous truth! And being so, it is necessary they should wed lest worse follow, especially as wed she must."

"But a man like a villain in a play," Elizabeth persisted. "After all, what like is he?"

Moray shrugged his shoulders.

"Madam, my sister's taste is not delicate. As for his eloquence and beauty I need make no long tale of them. They that have seen him can well remember his face, his bearing, and the whole form of his body, how gay it is! They that have heard him are not ignorant of his rude utterance and blockishness. It is not every woman whose fine eye recognizes beauty and wit and worth."

The indirect compliment pleased her

"A fool must rush on destruction after his own fashion," she said dryly, "but as queen and woman I own I regret my good sister should deliver herself over to the world's ill opinion. I warned her in my letter that a frightful suspicion already attaches to her in all honest minds. If she weds this man, what can men say but that birds of a feather flock together? Thank God, we ourselves have judgment and discernment which can never stoop to the weakness it despises in others."

Moray bowed. Those two old hawks at the game understood each other so perfectly that there was almost enjoyment in playing against each other with the skill it demanded.

Meanwhile in Edinburgh, Bothwell, growing more loud and boastful daily as he felt his power with Mary increase, had taken a step which he believed consolidated all his schemes.

Parliament having confirmed him in his offices, he made a great feast for his friends and allies at a resort known as Ainslie's Tavern, where the wine was strong and the cooking good. His purpose was to flaunt his power with the queen in every man's face.

They trooped to the supper, the great majority servants of Moray's, acting on his prescribed orders. Bothwell was a tool and a fool, no more, to be humored that he might be used. A few true friends of Mary's were among them, bewildered by her favor to Bothwell; therefore bound in honor, as they thought, to support him as far as they dared.

Argyll, the justice-general, who had lately tried Bothwell, was now his guest, Morton, Lethington, and others biding their time, and the drinking grew fast and furious and men's tongues were loosed.

NONE knew how it started, but as it seemed suddenly, Argyll was on his legs, shouting:

"And if the queen's grace must wed as wed she must, it is the reasoned judgment of many gentlemen here present that the fittest, the only consort for her is that noble and valiant peer the Earl of Bothwell—a man to protect the throne, to unite us all in unity, to get us strong sons in case the prince's life should fail. Those who are for the Earl of Bothwell, shout! Those who are not, remain silent!"

A babel of shouting rose in the big tavern-room. Cups were raised and drained. Bothwell sat there with a heavy smile, moving his face from one to the other. Another sprang up behind his shoulder, shaking a great paper in his hand.

"A bond, a bond, lords and gentlemen! Bonds are the French fashion nowadays, whether for murder or marriage. A bond! Hark—hush! Listen a moment! A word with you all!"

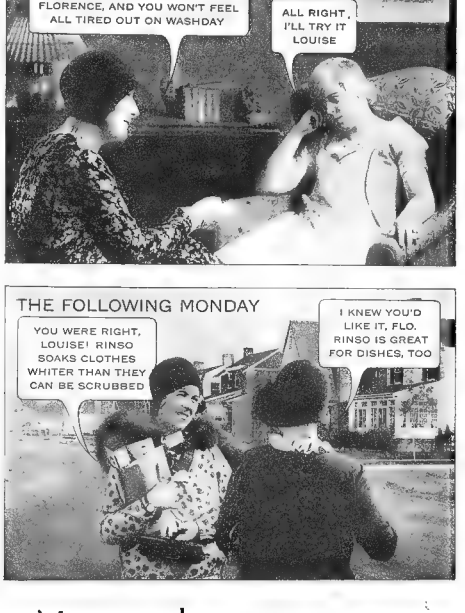
Except for one remonstrant roar the noise ceased by magic. Bothwell dropped into his chair. The man—it was a satellite of Morny's—held up his paper and read the contents in a loud voice. It was a pledge to support Bothwell in marriage to the queen.

He ended with "God save her highness and the noble Earl of Bothwell," and flourished the paper, another man behind him yelling:

"A good paper and for the peace of the state! Sign, sign, gentlemen all, for the queen's sake and the realm's! Health to my Lord Bothwell! Sign, sign!"

In a moment twenty were shouting "Sign!" some of them men who in their sober senses would have died sooner. The Earl of Eglinton and one or two more, liking neither their company nor the purport of the bond, glided noiselessly out at the back and were gone.

As to Bothwell—for to his brain like the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strong drink of which he had swallowed his share and more. He was on his feet, shouting the great things he would do for those who signed.

"For I have the queen's ear. She does nothing without my counsel and agreement. He who seeks her favor must come in by my door"—and so forth.

In the storm of applause a man caught the bond from the holder's hand and signed with a flourish. Argyll, Huntly, Morton—they rained in signatures. None held back. Like cattle herding in a common rush, they surged in to sign until the paper was covered with twenty wild, scrawling signatures.

They all knew Bothwell was a married man, but shamelessly they signed. And Bothwell, at last, fell heavily asleep in his chair, with the paper of the lords' proposal of his marriage with the queen stuffed in the bosom of his doublet.

SOBERED next day, with his brain still half addled with drink, he took it with him to Holyrood for his usual interview with her. She sat in a high *prie-dieu* chair, pale and slender, in her falling black robes. Beside her on a heavy oak table was a mass of papers and letters to be dealt with presently, too great a weight for a hand so slender. Mary Seton stood stiffly behind her chair with eyes fixed on Bothwell.

He made his salutations, then reared himself to his height and listened while she spoke of the letters. He was dressed with more attention than usual, and wore a rough chain of hammered gold about his neck.

Her questions finished, he spoke, still standing.

"Madam, shall I ask your grace to dismiss this lady that I may speak in private of a most urgent matter proceeding before the lords? I have a paper—"

"Wait in the anteroom and send my secretary," the queen said, turning to Mary Seton with a look which warned, "Wait by the door." But Bothwell intervened.

"Madam, this is so private that you will not yourself desire your secretary's presence until you shall hear. If after five minutes you desire him I will summon him."

Mary Seton slipped to the door, melted through it, and was gone. The light, closing click sent a shuddering through Mary. What could be coming from the lords? Bothwell put the bond on the table and stood waiting.

She read and sprang to her feet.

"The insult! The dastards! But you flung it in their faces, my lord! You told them I would sooner die! You said—"

Perfectly silent, he stood like the granite pillar. Her voice wavered.

"Die? I would be burned alive! I trusted you. What have you done? You have a wife. I charge you tell me the meaning and what you have done to protect me?"

He answered stolidly.

"Madam, you are a queen from the cradle. It is not now you learn that liking gives way to policy. The lords desire you to be wed and to no popish prince. And they choose me as being a man sworn to your service and one of the Reformed faith. Of myself in person I own myself unworthy, but your faithful servant. Failing me, they see no way but what will provoke the anger of England and Scotland."

"But—Mother of God!" she cried. "Your wife—"

"Madam, your grace will remember—she divorces me shortly."

It was clear even to his dull senses that this was no time for love or flattery. Repulsion spoke in every gesture. He clenched his teeth, thinking that the dainty creature should pay dear for the white look of horror. But it was with mastery he watched her slowly sink into her chair. She looked up at him with a sorry attempt at the old kindness.

"My lord, I ask your pardon if I have said one word discourteous. But you know well one word lately charged with my husband's foul murder, and I believe you for innocent as you yourself know it, still you were infamed before the world. I also am infamed. God forgive the slanderers. But this being so, were I to consent it would be said the murderess marries the man for whom she murdered, the hand and she the brain. Were you the only man left alive in the wide world I could not do this thing."

"Not by the counsel of all your lords and Parliament, madam?"

"Certainly not by the counsel of men I despise. And, further more, I am a Catholic. In my eyes you are your wife's husband till death do us part. With us marriage is a sacrament. While she lives here you are."

"But if these two objections were lacking is my person displeasant to you, madam? I lay no claim to anything but manhood, but I have that. Does it displease you?"

Again she looked up at him directly.

"My lord, I hold you in affection as the truest of my friends, and God knows I have few!—as my kinsman. Is not that enough? To me it is much. But as a husband—no. Never. In any time or circumstance, never."

He refolded the paper carefully and put it in his bosom.

"Then that ends it. I constrain no woman against her will; my sovereign lady least of all. It is forgotten. But I will ask your grace for delay in breaking your refusal to the lords, for there will be anger and more, and the end can not be foreseen."

"Willingly! Take your own time, but keep it secret. You are not angry, my lord? You understand?"

She stretched a pleading hand. It appeared he did not see it. He answered coolly:

"Madam, your will is my law. How else? It will take more than that to break my love and loyalty. And doubtless you are right. I am to fit mate for a queen, and there are plenty gay princes in Europe. And shall we get to business now? Shall I summon the lady?"

It wounded her that she should have wounded him. "Shall I never learn wisdom?" she thought as she bent over the papers. Not even to Mary Seton until much later did she break the news.

When he left she looked down as he kissed her hand.

"All is well between us, my lord?"

"All is well. What better than plain speaking, trust, and confidence?" he answered.

The door closed.

A few weeks later Mary rode down to Stirling, where her little son dwelt under the guardianship of the Earl of Mar, and spent a few brief hours with the infant on whose frail life there hung issues that move kingdoms. Later she rode to Linlithgow on her way to Edinburgh and there spent the night with a small attendance. Next day she mounted to ride to Edinburgh.

Would it have availed her if she could have read a letter which Drury, the Englishman, was writing there for a waiting messenger for England?

On Monday last the queen took her journey to Stirling to see the prince, and some say she would be glad to recover him into her own keeping. This day she wills to return to Edinburgh on Dunbar. The Earl of Bothwell has gathered many of his friends, very well armed, some say to ride into Liddesdale, but it is feared there is some other purpose by the very different from that, of which I believe I shortly shall be able to write more certainly. He has furnished Dunbar Castle with all necessary provisions of victuals and things of war.

No, she would not have distrusted him. In her mind the dignified manner in which he had borne her scornful rejection had confirmed her trust in him Not a word of reproach or even of pain. So brave men take defeat.

So musing in the intervals of her longing thoughts of her child, she rode slowly toward Edinburgh with her little following. Such are bad Bothwell's policing struck into the freebooters and lawless men that the roads were safe enough now, and for her especially, whose fair face was known from north to south. She felt the safer also for Moray's absence. Let him brew mischief with Elizabeth as he would! Bothwell would keep both him and the lords in check.

A WHIRL, a rush of galloping hoofs, a troop of horsemen, not less than a thousand, riding at full speed down the Foulbriggs road—in haste, hot haste. It was Bothwell's duty as high sheriff to see her safe along the roads, and he should have met her sooner—but the haste! She reined up, fearful of some alarm, as Bothwell bore down upon her, galloping hell-for-leather.

Did he speak—shout? Did she hear a cry of "Danger! Halt! Ride, ride for Dunbar Castle!"?

In the confusion she believed this, yet was not certain. All she knew was that he caught her bridle-rein; his men closed round her, and "Ride, ride the wind," not to Edinburgh, but down the road to Dunbar. He leaned aside to speak to her.

"Danger! Madam! A plot! Ride swiftly! Dunbar Castle is armed and provisioned! You are safe if we can reach it!"

Continued on Page 113

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He waved his sword and shouted to the galloping thunder of the men about them

"For Dunbar! For the queen! Ride, ride! A Bothwell! Ride! Liddesdale lads for the queen!"

She rode, keeping up with them gallantly, riding until the black towers of a castle cut huge gaps in the stars, the portcullis creaked upward, the drawbridge fell, and they rode into the courtyard of Dunbar.

IT WAS not till she had dismounted, and Bothwell, preceding her, offered his hand to lead her up the winding stone stair to the great hall, that doubt began to steal into Mary's heart. Danger? And from the lords —but what? Where? Had the troopers swept up Mary Seton, who rode behind her, as they neared Edinburgh? She turned sharply on that as they reached the stone passage debouching into the withdrawing-room.

"Where is Mary Seton?"

Bothwell looked over his shoulder.

"Surely she came, madam. My thoughts were on you, for the lords were after us."

"Send and see!" Mary ordered imperiously. She was irritable with fatigue, and the thought of solitude with Bothwell whipped her into anger. He called a brief direction to the man on the stair below, and put out his hand for hers again. She kept it to herself, and followed.

Leading the way now, she walked stiffly into the great hall used by the ladies of the castle for pleasure and recreation when they met their men in leisure hours. Some straight-backed chairs in faded velvet and leather stood round the walls. There was a great table, and no more.

The bare stone floor resounded to Both well's feet as he followed her in and out of the light and dark of narrow windows to one which overlooked the wide country beneath. A chair with armoral bearings stood near it, and she seated herself in this, thinking, "I am more royal seated while he stands It will hearten me," and so fixed him with a penetrating look.

"My Lord Bothwell, I have trusted you. Justify that trust. Now tell me why you snatched me from my guard and why we have ridden like the wind to your castle of Dunbar"

He stood before her unafraid, and answered briefly:

"Danger, madam. The lords. They desire to secure your person and imprison you in Lochleven Castle. That castle is on an island in the midst of a lake. Your jailer would be a jealous woman, Lady Douglas, Moray's mother, whom your mother dispossessed. Judge if she loves you! In this my poor house comfort is scanty, but you can leave it when you judge it safe. Thus if I have done wrong I ask you pardon with a clear conscience."

To Mary this assertion carried conviction. She knew well that Lochleven Castle was the fate Moray had prepared for her. She knew the bitter, vindictive temper of her father's paramour. The frown on her white brow relaxed a little.

"If this is true— Have you proof?"

"Madam, if my word needs proof I have it."

He laid in her hand a paper soiled, crumpled from where he had pushed it into his iron-clad breast.

These are to warn my Lord Morton that by the Earl of M's command all is prepared for the queen's coming to Lochleven. We judge she will sup there on the Friday.

"The Friday!" she said with a beating heart. "And this is Thursday. If I had ridden to Holyrood— My lord, you have proved your truth again and yet again. I thank you. I bless you. It is you always who come when my fate is darkest."

Bothwell took this reception of his forgery in sullen silence. She believed only that she had wounded his blunt honesty and, rising, laid a hand on his gauntleted one.

"My Lord Bothwell, you can hold no anger against me. Remember what I have borne—what treachery and cruel usage. To me it could never seem impossible that any should turn against me, and it is truth that the rewards I have to offer for fidelity grow smaller daily. But you are true and, so being, I will owe to you that I grieve to my soul that deadly necessity brought me here. Consider! I am charged with part in my husband's murder. So are you. And now, much against my will, I am driven to ride with you to your castle of Dunbar and there abide. My good name is gone. For you are a man much spoken of with women. It is a very deadly plight for me. Therefore you will forgive despair which has the voice of anger."

"Madam, I do forgive—if you will have a subject's pardon. But there was neither time nor choice. I would have taken you elsewhere, but knew not whom to trust. Your true Lord Herries signed the marriage-bond that angered you. So also did my Lord Seton, kin to your trusted woman. Whom can you trust? For my part I know not, except it be the despised Bothwell."

She dropped back into her chair, wearied out, and answered very low:

"Nor I either. It seems all are against me! Yet I have lost my reputation. How in your castle of Dunbar who will believe me an honest woman? Lord have pity on me!"

"Madam, I am sorry. I wish better could have been or I more innocent of women. But a few days will free you, and you can then forget poor Bothwell and his windy castle."

IT WAS a cold April, and the chilly draft, blowing along the floor and through the crannies of the ancient windows, chilled the blood in her veins as much as the admission he made which recalled his evil reputation with women to her trembling recollection.

An armed man appeared at the door, saluting Bothwell.

"My lord, no lady rode with us."

Bothwell turned snarling on him.

"You had orders to bring her majesty's two ladies."

"My lord, not I. I can not say for the others, but no lady rode with us."

Bothwell hurled his sword at him. It struck his shoulder and fell clattering on the stone pavement. The man picked it up and advanced to present it to his master, but Mary stepped between.

"My lord, this is my castle of Dunbar in every castle in Scotland is mine, and I will have no brawling in the queen's presence. Go, man. You have said your say."

As he went she turned to Bothwell

"Mary Seton would never have left me—no, not if she followed barefoot. What this means I do not know, but if she has had misusage Scotland shall ring with it! Are there no wives of these men in my castle who can vouch upon me? It is my custom to be surrounded with women, and women I will have. Who is there?"

He stuttered in answering as was his habit. "Madam, you shall have women's attendance. I never supposed otherwise. There is my sister, widow to Lord John Stuart of Coldingham, therefore your own sister-in-law, and her son is your nephew and mine."

"I desire her presence now," Mary said with eagerness, struggling to remember what she had known of her sister-in-law beyond the fact that she had been little more than a fat figure at court—a small, pale-faced woman, exceedingly reserved and secret. So this was where she had been, lonely and perhaps grieving in the stern castle of Dunbar!

She came in preceding Bothwell and carrying a guttering candle, which she set on the table; small, white-faced, crouching, and dropped on one knee at Mary's feet. She raised and embraced her affectionately.

"It is years since we met, sister, and life has not been gentle either to you or to me. But I am glad we shall now for a little time be together. I desire you will not leave me night or day, sleeping in my chamber in place of Mary Seton."

"Madam, every wish of your grace's is law to me, but that I can not do. My boy Francis has the scarlet fever, and I must be with him night and day for he has no nurse—care but myself. I should not now be with your highness."

MARY stared at the mean, alert, flitting face. This refusal was unbelievable. She would not plead. She would command—a thing very foreign to her kindly heart.

"I am sorry indeed that little Francis is sick, but of contagion I have no fear. I desire you will bring him to my room, sister. I will help you to care for him."

"Madam, I could not risk your grace's precious health, and it is besides impossible for I will not peril my child by removing him from a warm room along the cold passages. If you should need me I can be summoned. Have I your leave to return to him?"

There was more than the hint of a sting in her white-faced, sharp-edged refusal. Mary drew herself up to her willowy height and looked down on the creature from under her lashes.

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"Go, if you will, and send me your woman. I claim her services."

"I also, madam, for my Francis is in danger. She fetches and carries for me," the small widow said doggedly. "I can not tell why you are here with my brother without maid or wife to countenance you, but my Francis shall not die. Were you in Holyrood you would have attendance."

It was the first time Mary had been insulted by any woman. She turned dangerously to Bothwell.

"Before she goes bid her send any woman in the castle—be she who she may."

The widow turned at the door and curtsied.

"There is no other. I bid your majesty farewell"

She was gone.

Food was brought, Bothwell waiting on the queen with his own hands. She ate mechanically after the one thought that food would give her strength for escape if escape offered. The woman's words had brought home to her with horror fresh perception of her evil case.

She turned suddenly on Bothwell, who stood beside her with a plate of small cakes —so violently that she dashed the plate from his hand and did not know it.

"There was no danger—no death I would not have faced sooner than this! I am a ruined woman. I will not say it was a trap—"

He interrupted her fiercely.

"A trap? You had best not, madam. I have saved your life and, God knows, may have reason to wish I had not if the lords storm the castle. I would have you remember her they urged our marriage. The next thing they will desire is my head. And you talk of traps!"

To her this could not but wear the face of rough and cruel truth. After all, what had she to gain? The word had slipped from her, but she did not believe it herself. She laid her hand lightly on his arm.

"My lord, you did not hear to the end. I said I did not think it a trap, but none the less my name is ruined. To-night I will wake and think what is best for me. It may be to ride to the nearest seaport and take boat for France, for there is no more for me in Scotland. Let some one take me to my bedchamber, for I am weary nearly to death. We will speak again to-morrow."

Bothwell made no objection. He blew his whistle.

A young page—strange attendance for the queen!—led the way, and Bothwell remained standing alone in the great gusty room, silent, his look bent on the floor. She thought him ashamed and suffering for his own cruelty of speech. Then forgetting him, she turned before the page left her to ask where the widow hid herself and her son, and he pointed to a door at the end of a long passage and vanished.

The room was a beamed chamber, the rough walls hung with tattered arras, but some attempt had been made at comfort. A large state bed was hung with somber velvet, and a *prie-dieu* stood by it. Some night-clothes—she supposed the widow's—lay on a table near the fire, and the page had left the two candles he carried with a store of others to replenish them. That was all, but enough.

SHE barred the heavy door by which he had left her, tried another which faced it, found it locked and the key absent, and, unknotting her long dark hair, put on the night-robe and sat down by the fire, stretching cold bare feet to its warmth that she might compose her mind.

Apparently it was impossible to make Bothwell understand his peril. It was as the his mind were laboring with some problem of its own which absorbed all its energies, and she could not even be certain he had heard her. Well as she had known him, this mood was new, and filled her with vague alarms of what cares he could be considering so deeply. Her own were overwhelming. Plots of the lords! Would Mary Seton rouse the land to rescue her? Would there be response? What would Herries do? —and still her brain wove the tangled web, until gradually and quietly, in the warmth of the fire, the flickering lights and shadows, sleep softened the hard outlines. They blurred and she drifted away on gliding wings to the queen's garden at Chenonceaux.

Roses—roses exhaling perfume in slumberous sunshine warm as a lover's kiss. Drowsy light, the distant sound of happy voices. Chastelard's lute; the voice of Ronsard reciting as long ago.

She smiled in dreaming. Sweeter than all memory, most dear, most desirable.

A crash. Hell breaking in on heaven in ruining despair. A man clinging about her knees. Bothwell—his face livid with brutal passion, pressing his lips upon her bare arms, her throat—the ghastly pallor of her lips and cheeks. She staggered as she stood, and he caught her in an embrace that made them one for a moment of horror. She shrieked to God wildly at his madness like the cry of a trapped dog. He stifled her cries with a brutal hand about her throat.

"No one is near—not a soul to hear—and you are mine. You would not, but you shall. You shall crawl to me for a wedding-ring to hide your shame. No queen to-night, but a woman, and I a man and a strong one. If I murder you I will have my will."

He shook her to and fro in iron hands After that not a word. She struggled like a mad woman, like a dying one in the grip of a foretaste of hell—desperately, silently, with clenched teeth that cut her lip, flinging, thrusting, with a strength that seemed to herself resistless.

How long that eternity lasted she could not tell. She caught at his throat and drove her nails into it and, maddened, saw blood follow them. He dashed his furious fist into her bare breast in a spasm of hate—brute beast and no more—and at that cruel blow her strength broke under her and was gone in a mist of agony. She swung aside and dropped on the floor. Her last prayer was "Death."

HAD it been death she had been most happy.

When dawn stole into the narrow window as if shaming to see the queen's shame it touched her eyelids with so bitter a chill that she woke shivering and dazed, unconscious for a moment of all but cruel pain in her breast and limbs stiff with cold and suffering; pain immitigable. A cloak covered her; no pillow propped her head; she lay like a weed flung out on the road to die. Slowly she drew herself up on one elbow and looked about her for an answer to her bewilderment.

Bothwell lay asleep at the bed's foot, his mouth gaping, one hairy arm flung out over the purple cover, ungainly, bestial—a world's shame. Memory rushed, flashed, broke into her brain. She sprang from the dreadful room shrieking as she ran, and so to the widow's room, beating upon it like a thing possessed. But there was none that answered nor any that regarded.

And so Bothwell found her lying, again senseless, and lifted and carried her to the bed, and laid her on it, and forced wine through her locked teeth, and then left her to herself, with men to watch the door and tell him when she spoke or moved. She must not die or his head would be the forfeit. His own brain dizzied between fear and triumph.

When she could move she crawled to the window. Would Herries, would Seton raise Scotland for her lost queen? No—men had seen her riding of her own will with the ruffian. All would believe that she had fled with Bothwell. She was ruined body and soul. No way out of it—none in heaven or hell. Held up to the world as murderess, wanton, and fool; her reign ended her life with it. Life! She looked about the room for some means to end it. None.

She could not force her body through one of the narrow windows which darkened rather than lightened the room and so crash in the courtyard.

It may be her mind wandered a little in that day and night in which no one came near her, tho hands invisible pushed food into the room that she could not touch. No help from outside. No Seton war-cry, no rush of Mary Seton's loving feet. What wonder? Who would put a creature fallen from so high an estate to the ruffian companionship of Bothwell? Now too late she saw his bluff candor and rough honesty for what they were. A trap for a trusting, believing fool, and no more.

Next day, possibly judging her tamed by pain and desolation, he came walking in like a freebooter upon his prize and sat down before her. He had resumed the rough soldier manner which had once given her confidence.

"It is needful we should have some talk, and time will wait no longer. I shall spare ceremony now you are mine and come to the point. First, of the outer world. There has been no stir made for your deliverance and there will be none. The lords will assert it was your own will to be with me and I

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...ray hair isn't "distinguished"—it's OLD

A. A red hair showing how nature distributes the color throughout the inner fibers of the hair.

B. A gray hair, colorless and drab because nature no longer implants pigment in the fibers within the hair covering.

C. A gray hair dyed with a "coating" dye. Notice the crust of dye which plasters the hair and makes it coarse, stiff and brittle.

D. A gray hair recolored with Notox. Notice that the Notox coloring is implanted throughout the inner fibers of the hair, with no thickening of the hair's transparent covering—exactly as in the natural hair (marked A).

"Never mind, dear, gray hair makes you look distinguished," women say to each other. Who wants to be pitied and comforted that way? Every woman knows that gray hairs make you look *old*. But you need not look old, need not settle down into Heartbreak Age, if you use NOTOX.

NOTOX is the modern scientific coloring for gray hair which has entirely banished all the old fashioned prejudice against hair tinting. The nicest women use NOTOX, even shy conservative ones, because NOTOX recolors the hair with such absolute naturalness that no one will ever know you use it unless you want to boast about it—as so many NOTOX users do. The little drawings at the left (cross sections of hairs as seen through a microscope) show how NOTOX works, how it deposits the color *inside* the hair, and leaves the hair surface as glossy and supple as before. It is for this reason that NOTOXED hair looks entirely natural, and may be washed and waved and dressed without affecting its color . . . *The best beauty shops use Inecto Rapid NOTOX. You can buy it for use at home at beauty shops, drug stores and department stores* . . . Mfd. by Inecto, Inc., 33 W. 46th Street, New York, and by Notox, Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Canada.

NOTOX

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shall support them. The only way of redemption for yourself is to assent to their will and mine for our marriage. You refused it, but I have had my will of you.

"With my sword and the lords' you are still Queen of Scotland. Without, a disgraced woman. Choose!" Your son will be shamed in your very name. Therefore consider. I am still willing to wed you. My wife's divorce is near finished and I am a free man. I wait your decision. Best kiss and take me for your man, for true man I will be if you behave yourself as a wise woman."

She said the one word, "True!" and was silent.

Presently, "Give me leave to consider for an hour."

He rose and went.

At the end of an hour he returned to where she sat like a dead woman, even the beauty crushed out of her for the time, pale lips tightened over her teeth like a corpse's. She spoke however clearly if low.

"I consent to yours and the lords' desire for my marriage."

His face brightened with triumph

"That is well chosen. And now to business. Lethington is here. My outposts caught him riding guy and gallant with six men, and I made him prisoner. He being state secretary will hold a Privy Council, and you shall direct your assent and that you are here of your own free will. All can then go forward merry as a marriage-bell."

She winced, and said:

"I will not see him."

"No need. He will act with me, for that is the lords' will. Praise be we caught him."

He went off laughing to Lethington to plan the Privy Council, and, told him of the queen's utter subjection.

"And well it was we planned, you and I, that you should ride by Dunbar, for this ruse of the Privy Council will satisfy all Scotland and England that she chose to visit her lord admiral and to take him for husband. It was well planned. Was it not, man of many words?"

"Indeed, yes," Lethington answered. "You are not only a great fighting man but a great lover, my lord You have outdistanced and stolen a march that history will remember. Well, I drink to your merry marriage and a bold son to inherit your honors, for honors will rain upon you. And now for the Privy Council and my letter with yours to tell Moray the joyful news."

"That letter I shall wish to see!" Bothwell said jealously.

"And why not? You are in all our counsels. Who would dare to wag a finger against the King of Scotland?"

By next day the Privy Council, held at Dunbar Castle, had declared to the world that the queen had taken up her residence there and had there held a Privy Council transacting the business of the realm in perfect freedom of will and person. Lethington's letter to Moray was submitted to Bothwell's eager eyes, and it was with triumph that he saw the armed messenger depart with his precious missive.

The lord admiral did not know that he carried another in Lethington's most secret cipher to the effect that the bull had walked into the toils and they had got him noosed, and with him all his dangerous secrets, when once the marriage should be safely made.

For Mary, her connection with him would end not only her political life, but her natural one if so they determined. For Bothwell forcible abduction of the queen and "ravishment of her most noble person," as the lords were to style it, would constitute high treason and earn him a hundred deaths On leaving, Lethington beckoned Bothwell aside.

"Hasten your divorce in both courts, Protestant and Catholic. Leave no loophole. And now that this consent of hers is made known to the world bring her swiftly to Edinburgh. You must not have the appearance of keeping her prisoner."

"For sure!" Bothwell said eagerly "But I can have it as I will. She will be as meek as any wife beside her spinning-wheel now."

Lethington made a coarse jest and rode off waving his hand as Bothwell turned back to the castle, resolving he would not risk his prisoner at Holyrood. It should be Edinburgh Castle, strong, guarded, and the castellan a partizan of his own.

SO WITH the bride's door guarded by armed men in Edinburgh Castle and the last wife newly divorced, the lords met again to sign a second bond to the effect that "This marriage between the queen and

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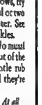

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the Earl of Bothwell is very suitable, he having as friends a great party in the Lothians and on the Border."

For still they dreaded the escape of their double prey and the failure of the marriage which was to dethrone her and place Scotland at the feet of the English queen.

They had no need for fear. Mary was broken for the time. Sick at heart and sick in body, she still lifted no hand to sign the necessary contract for the marriage; and Bothwell, in furious anxiety lest he should break his peace with the lords, commanded that the declaration of marriage should be made between them in the great Church of St. Giles, and there struck a most alarming and unexpected obstacle. For the official, Craig, refused to read it unless he should have the queen's own warrant.

"And where is the warrant? For I know if you had it you would have brought it in your hand," was his only answer to Bothwell's cousin Hepburn, who had brought him the message.

"I have none," he answered reluctantly.

"Then I will not," answered Craig. "And this I tell you plainly, for the rumor is everywhere that my lord has both ravished her and keeps her in captivity. Not a word from me, Mr. Hepburn, without the queen's handwriting."

THE next day Hepburn brought a writing signed by the queen, with her commandment that the bans should be proclaimed, and with a sore heart he proceeded to the proclamation, making at the same time solemn protest against the marriage and calling the assembly as witnesses that he was an unwilling instrument.

In the great stir this produced, Bothwell, seeing he must produce the queen at all hazard, took her to the Court of Session, where, pale and rigid, she sealed her disgrace in the eyes of all decent men and women, with black Bothwell scowling beside her—a shame to be seen.

Why? Mary Seton asked herself that question with agony not to be spoken. She had been restored to Mary's service on the return to Holyrood, which soon took place, for even in Edinburgh Castle Bothwell dared not keep women from the queen, and there were times when he could not oversee their intercourse, tho he viewed it with hatred.

He foresaw the moment when Mary Seton would fling herself at the queen's feet and implore the truth of that frightful captivity at Dunbar, and then, bearing the news to the loyal Setons, set their hearts aflame with fury. He could see Lord Seton's name withdrawn from the marriage-bond, with others of the great nobles following him. And most surely he believed she would speak her mind to Mary Seton.

But it was not so. Could Mary Seton ever forget the day when at last she flung herself at Mary's knees and implored her for the truth that she might send it out to kindle the wrath of Scotland? Had she expected the old dauntless courage? There was nothing of that now. The queen sat still and white as death. Her eyes, like those of a woman tranced, stared at some horror visible to her only. To all entreaties she answered only:

"I love you, Mary Seton. That is not changed, but all else is changed. Ask me no more. The marriage must be."

"Madam, may I speak plainly?"

"It is useless. Speak if you will."

"Then, madam, it is said you were brought to a pass worse than any death at the Castle of Dunbar—a shame not to be spoken, a horror in all men's eyes."

"It is true." Mary spoke almost indifferently.

"Then, madam" (a pause and the outburst)—"Oh, Mary Stuart, you and I have spoken of such things in happier days, and you said 'A woman's honor can not be touched by man's brutality. He could not touch you. He could not touch the queen's honor. If he murdered you, rise from the dead and call Scotland to arms to avenge you!'"

The queen stared at her dully.

"Talk is not deed. There are horrors beyond your guessing, Mary Seton. Let me be. Yet a word for you and you only. Suppose the Queen of Scotland should bear a bastard to a villain—what then? Would you still say, 'No marriage!' with all the world to see?"

Shuddering, Mary Seton hid her face in her hands, and neither at that time nor any other threw her body between the queen and the dreadful day.

Moving as one in a dream, Mary obeyed Bothwell in all things. Now that the divorce was pronounced between him and his wife his present title no longer fitted his ambition as the queen's husband. He told her his will roughly.

"If you will not come near me," she said, "you shall be what you will. What is it?"

"Duke of Orkney!" he stuttered, and she smiled a dreadful smile. Well, let him. It appeared to her that his foul success had maddened him. He swaggered about the court, talking so obscenely that seasoned men left him in disgust. And still she had not signed the contract. It appeared as tho some influence withheld her hand, tho she knew it must be done that her child might be legitimate. Not till the night before the day fixed for the marriage could he drag it from her, and then only by a base threat.

"This is your last chance. If it is not taken I will throw you to the lords. I will tell all the world that you framed and forced the abduction that you might enjoy my company in safety at Dunbar, and I will fling the marriage-ring in your face and leave Edinburgh this night for England to set it aflame against you."

That broke her, and such reason as was left her abetted him. They must wed. Silently she signed, then turned to him.

"One thing I ask, and if not granted you get no more of me. At the marriage tomorrow there shall be no priest of my own church——"

He stared at her in blank amazement. No marriage would be marriage to her without her church's blessing. His gladness passed quickly into suspicion.

"And why?"

"No matter. Remember this: It must be a minister of your own church. If there is one of mine I will not live to see another day. You do not know me—yet."

He agreed. The mass would have been an insuperable difficulty for him, tho her resolution raised all his suspicions. She relapsed into silence.

Next day, on the 15th of May, little more than three months after Darnley's murder, in the hall at Holyrood, and not in the chapel, was made the marriage between Mary Stuart and Bothwell, at four o'clock in the morning, without any such pleasures or pastimes as are used at the marriage of princes. The pale bride wore the sweeping black robes of a widow. Few were present.

The kindly Du Croc, the French ambassador, had utterly refused his presence. But the Englishman was present, and wrote the joyful news afterward to Cecil, with the addition that "the queen is the most changed woman in face that in so little time I have ever seen without extremity of sickness." It was said indeed that she went to the altar like a dead woman.

SHE sent for Du Croc next day—her last link with France. He saw her altered face with alarm. Careless of Bothwell's presence, she said:

"You must not be surprised, monsieur, if you see me sorrowful. Never again shall I rejoice. My good days are done. All I desire—and that most earnestly—is death. Pray for me for death."

She spoke in French, which Bothwell understood. She must stay in France, and in great anger he took her by the arm and led her forcibly to her cabinet, Du Croc standing in fixed alarm, stared at the door ajar.

A wild shriek from within.

"Go—go and stay myself. Oh, for a knife, a knife! And if you lock all weapons from me I will run by night and drown myself in the first six inches of water I find. Go!"

The door shut violently, and no more. Du Croc crept away to write to Catherine, the French queen mother.

They tell me that unless God aids it is feared she will become desperate. I have counseled and comforted her all I can. Her husband will not continue so long. I believe he will write to your majesty by the Bishop of Dunblane. You ought not to make him any answer.

But she, how the marriage was made, and her honor so far safeguarded, wrote passionately through her envoy at Rome to the highest authority under God, the only one from whom she could hope remission of the deadly sin of marriage she had been compelled to pronounce upon herself. Would the Pope incline his ear to the despairing petition of a royal daughter of the church Catholic?

Tell to his holiness the grief we suffered when we were made prisoner by the Earl of Bothwell

Continued on Page 118

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FUNDAMENTALS OF ELECTRICITY

By Ada Bessie Swann

(1) *What is electricity?*
We do not know exactly what it is, but we do know that *electric service* used in the daily tasks of housekeeping eliminates drudgery, gives added leisure, and makes home-making a delight.

(2) *How does electricity actually get into our house of stone or wood and then travel so unconcernedly and unseen from room to room?*
It enters on a very large cable surrounded by metal that looks like silver (so covered for safety) and passes into the entrance- or safety-box.
It is called a "safety-box" because all electricity in the house may be controlled from it. It also has a very large fuse which protects us from doing any damage with our electric current.

(3) *How is the electricity used in our homes measured?*
It is measured in a meter which has three dials that show how much current is used. The unit of measure is the kilowatt, which means "1,000 watts."
The current is measured in two ways—in *voltage* and in *amperage*. Voltage is the force or pressure driving it out from the generator; amperage is the volume of current-division. It is as tho you rated a horse for both his speed (voltage) and his muscle-power (amperage).

(4) *What is the purpose of the fuse-box?*
It is a safeguard against overloading the wires. The electric company directs plenty of current to your home, so that you may use as much as you desire. However, there is a limit to the amount of current one small wire should carry. If you were to attach too many electrical devices in any one circuit, that wire might grow too hot for safety. Therefore before current ever gets to your wire it must pass through the bridge of fuses.
A fuse is a simple safeguard. It is just a short length of metal incased in a little plug that screws into a socket, similar to a lamp-socket. When it is screwed into your fuse-box this short length of metal touches your inside wiring at one of its ends, and it touches the company's feed-wire at the other of its ends. Making contact with each one, it completes the circuit.
Each circuit in your home enters the fuse-box, passes through one fuse on its way in, goes through your walls, floors, ceilings, to each point where you tap it, then continues back to the fuse-box, where it passes through another fuse, and back to the service-wire. There may be several circuits in one house or but one circuit. For each and every circuit there are two fuses as described. Each fuse stands guard over its own circuit and prevents too much current from entering that circuit. Fuses are of different amperage. Amperage means a measurement of the volume of the current. You must use fuses of the amperage your company tells you to be proper for your circuits and for its current. If you were to substitute fuses of a higher amperage you would be destroying your safeguards.

(5) *What happens when we overload the circuit?*
The fuse melts and leaves you without current on that circuit until you have put in another fuse.

(6) *What are the important factors in wiring a home?*
Plenty of convenience outlets, so called because they let the current out from the circuit, and enough circuits to insure the enjoyment of full electric service. It is customary in modern wiring-installations, even in very small apartments, to provide at least two circuits.
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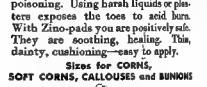

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MOTHER LETS ME COOK

By Emily Lewis

WHEN I woke up this Saturday morning, I looked out the window and saw it was raining hard. "Oh, goody, goody!" I cried. "Now I'll have lots of fun playing in the house!"

But somehow it wasn't so much fun after all. I read my books until I was tired. Then I wanted to play with my big doll, but Sister Nancy, who is three years old, cried and wanted it herself. Brother Tommy, who is five, was marking on the blackboard, but I thought I should be the one to write as I am the oldest. Just think, I am nearly nine. Pretty soon mother told us to stop our quarreling as it gave her a headache. Then I began to wish it hadn't stormed.

But all at once mother put her sewing away and called, "Cheer up, children! If the sun isn't shining outside, we'll make it shine inside by being happy. Betty, how would you like to make something for dinner? Would you like to help, Tommy?"

Tommy and I both shouted at the tops of our voices, "Oh, yes, Mother! What can we make?" Mother thought a moment, and then told us we could make corn-meal muffins. So first I got the cookbook, and we found the recipe for the muffins. This is what it looked like:

½ Cupful Corn-meal	1 Tablespoonful Melted Fat
1 Cupful Flour	½ Teaspoonful Salt
3 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder	½ Cupful Milk
½ Tablespoonful Sugar	1 Egg

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Add the milk gradually, the egg, well beaten, and the melted fat. Bake in a hot oven, in greased muffin-pans.

"Now, Betty," mother said, "You read out loud the materials you will need, and Tommy will bring them to you."

So I read out loud the names, and Tommy brought me the package of corn-meal, baking-powder, sugar-bucket, shortening, salt-box, milk-bottle, and an egg. He put them on one side of the work-table where they wouldn't be in the way Then he got out the muffin-pan, and mother said if he would be real careful he might grease it. All at once Nancy began to cry because there wasn't anything for her to do. So mother gave her a cup half full of corn-meal, and she got out her doll's baking-set and a spoon and played with them on her little table all by herself, and sang,

Away in a manger, no crib for Him bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down Him sweet head.

I measured into the flour-sifter ½ cupful of corn-meal, 1 cupful of flour, 1 tablespoonful of sugar, ½ teaspoonful of salt, and 3 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. I put the tablespoonful of fat in a tin cup on the back of the stove to melt. I sifted all the dry ingredients into the big yellow mixing-bowl. The hardest thing was to break the egg into a small bowl. I was afraid at first, but mother said to try again, and pretty soon the egg was in the bowl, and I was beating it up with the beater. I didn't spill any, either. Next I added the milk and egg to the big bowl, and stirred all together very carefully. By this time the fat was melted, so I took one of mother's holders, and took the cup and stirred the fat into the batter.

Tommy had finished greasing the pan, so I started to fill the cups. I was very careful not to spill any. I tried to fill them evenly, just half full. It took quite a while, but at last the pan was ready to go into the oven. Mother watched to see I didn't get burned. The rule said they must bake for 25 minutes. It was just eleven o'clock, so I knew I would have to take them out at 25 minutes past. So once in a while we peeked in to see they did not burn.

Wasn't I proud when I took them out! They had grown a whole lot bigger. Mother said it was the baking-powder did that, and I must be sure never to leave it out. They were the prettiest color—yellow and a golden brown on top. I put them on a plate and covered them with a fresh napkin so they wouldn't turn cold before we were ready to eat. Didn't they taste good! Mother says I did so well she won't wait for another rainy day to give me a new cooking-lesson. I wonder what I'll make next?

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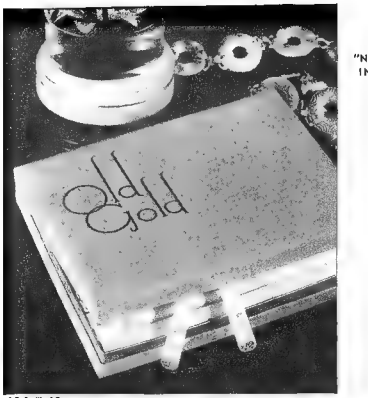

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Continued from Page 115

and led as prisoner with the nobleman, our secretary to the castle of Dunbar, and after to the castle of Edinburgh, where we were detained against our will by the said earl until such time as he had procured a pretended divorce between him and his wife, our near relative, and we were constrained to yield our consent yet not our will. Therefore your holiness is supplicated to take order on this, that we are made quit of the said indignity by means of a process at Rome and a commission sent to Scotland to the bishops and other Catholic judges.

Seeing ourselves left alone, as it were a prey to him, many things we revolved in our mind, but could never find a way out. In the end, when we saw no hope to be rid of him, never man in Scotland making any effort to procure our deliverance, for it seemed by their signatures that he had won them all, we were compelled to mitigate our displeasure and think upon what he had proposed.

She wrote secretly to the Earl of Mar, commanding him to deliver the prince to no one but herself under any pretense, knowing that Bothwell aimed at his possession also, and then, having done all in her power, resigned herself to what endurance was possible of Bothwell.

But the time was now ripe for the lords to strike. England and Elizabeth were ready also, and the first storm-signal was hoisted in the queen's own chamber at Holyrood, where Lethington, the smooth spy of Moray and England, held a conference with her.

Bothwell entered raging, some one of the Hepburns having more than hinted to him where Lethington's interests lay. Lethington could have reassured him, but in the opinion of Elizabeth the need for clever handling was now past, and Lethington drew back with a sneer that set Bothwell flaming.

"Talk no more with that fawning villain, madam," he shouted to Mary, drawn dagger in hand, "and be wary in speech, for every word goes to England, and you and I stand in that queen's danger if you tell him a thought beyond what you would publish at the market-cross."

But much to his consternation, Lethington, the man of peace, drew his dagger, too. Mary in terror stepped between them, and Lethington walked off jauntily. Next day he fled to the lords. The gage of battle was thrown down in public.

Mary was past caring. The pope made no move; France lifted no finger to help her. The world believed, or pretended to believe, her a willing associate of the arch-criminal. She did not move when he burst into her cabinet with news that a while ago would have stirred her to resistance.

"Up and away, wife! The lords design to take you from my hands. They are marching on Edinburgh to seize us and slaughter me."

"And me?" she asked listlessly, lying back in a long chair.

"Have you no care for your husband?" he asked. "What they will do with you, you know well enough. Lochleven and secret murder, and for me——"

"Let them do their will!" she interrupted. "I care nothing and care not who knows it. Leave me here and save yourself."

He laughed aloud.

"What? And leave my hostage behind me? You have called me a brute, but not a fool. Up and doing! To-day we ride for Borthwick Castle. My plate and papers and jewels are gone an hour since. And I have packed off your French servants. Honest Scots are good enough to serve you."

STILL she made no remonstrance, but sat silent and let him work his will.

Yet it was the worse for her. Though Scotland again went the word: "The queen is besotted on black Bothwell. Where he goes she goes as one so madly enamored of him that decency is nothing to her, and the madness of passion all."

And seeing this, and Bothwell fled with her to Borthwick, the lords entered Edinburgh, blazing forth their proclamation in the light of day.

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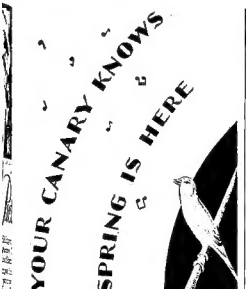

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Scotland would do likewise. And thus armed with public opinion and a useful war-cry they rode for Borthwick Castle to rescue the queen.

IT ROUSED even Mary from her languor of despair when Mary Seton dragged her to the window to see a stormy sunset glittering on lances and pennons and heard the captains shouting to their men as they deployed before the castle. She stood looking down upon them, then turning to Mary Seton, she said slowly:

"If at Dunbar these had come my soul would have cried aloud for joy. Now it is too late for hope. And, moreover, Mary Seton, there are moments when like a death's-head behind the flesh, I see a deeper meaning and reason than any I suspected a while ago. What it is I do not yet know, but time will show it. Can you who are so keen-eyed see anything, my very dear?"

"Madam, I see so much that I dare counsel you no more, tho I will follow you to death and beyond. First I thought them friends of your husband, then foes, and very hard it is to know what we should think, but I believe in my soul the lords desire to destroy him and then yourself so that Moray may be king of Scotland. Were it not for this I would say, "Go down to them and risk all, sooner than stay in this hell."

"For me there are more hells than one. Many. For I have tested them. There is the hot hell where Bothwell reigns, and the cold hell of Moray and Lethington and their smiles, and the eternal forever-and-ever hell of Elizabeth.

"Do you think it possible, Mary Seton, that if I ran until I came to Leith with my hair pulled over my face some boat of angels would take me across the cold sea to France and set me ashore by Calais, and there some old soul would say, *'Bon jour, pauvre femme! Mon Dieu, quelle tristesse!'*"

"And when I heard that kindly tongue I would fall down on the sacred soil and wet the grass with tears—not bitter like those I shed in this cruel country, but sweet, healing like April rain—and then I would rise and wander on through the blossomed land, and at every inn they would give me black bread to eat and a cup of warm goat's milk, and by-and-by to my bitter scorching, and the world should forget me—forget me forevermore."

And as she dreamed awake there came a dream also to Mary Seton in which she saw her lady winged and haloed with flame, red ruin breaking out of her in the fire that tempers men's swords and kindles cities—the flame that brought Troy down in dross and made an end of Egypt, the soothing fire of beauty unutterable that comes not often in the centuries, but when it comes blows honor and life and death before it like leaves carried on a whirlwind.

Was the lords' cruelty true instinct? Must such beauty be buried in vaulted gloom and fettered with iron lest the whole world break loose to seize it? Already the Catholic princes were stirring.

In Europe and England arming, and Bothwell—he had once been a decent enough lout as Mary Seton remembered him, but now he too had drunk of the maddening philter.

Almost she feared her mistress, looking upon that delicate beauty sweeter than honey, more amorous than songs of hidden nightingales in May, and yet above every lover in truth forever out of reach, tho possessed; the world's loveliness, not any man's.

The door burst open and startled each from his dream. Erskine, captain of the guard, announced.

"MADAM, my Lord Bothwell is fled. What are your majesty's orders?"

Fled? Bothwell? The women stared dumbly at each other. Then Mary turned royally upon him.

"This castle is so strong that ten resolute men could hold it. Hold it until further orders."

He bowed and was gone swiftly. The queen swung round on Mary Seton.

"Oh God be praised—and I that despaired of His mercy! Listen, Mary Seton. Get me a nag saddled by the postern. Get me a man's riding-clothes and I will ride to Seton House and there take counsel, and if it be for France I will go and you follow, and if otherwise God guide me!"

"Madam, it is madness!" gasped Mary Seton, "alone and in the night. At least let me ride with you!"

"My life is all madness. Stay you safe here, for none will lay a finger on you! Be wise, girl, and kiss me and be glad. Lose no time! Run!"

Therefore that night, in the moonless dark, a strange thing was done, for in the banqueting-hall stood a tall young cavalier, and about his waist and shoulders a rope cunningly secured, and beside him Mary Seton and two men of the guard. And with bated breath they lowered her near twenty feet to the ground below, where a pony, saddled and tethered, munched a bundle of hay, and, so going softly, she struck into the woods and vanished in the dark without alarm.

"If she wins to Seton House all is won—and win she will!" said Mary Seton.

But, alas, no. Beauty must wander weeping through the world's ways not knowing them, and Beauty wandered in the wild woods by Borthwick Castle that night, seeking, and never finding, and in the

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morning, a party of men riding swiftly on their way to Dunbar met her, and at their head black Bothwell.

When he seized the bridle and turned the pony's head to Dunbar there came on her such a full consciousness of the powerlessness of man in the face of fate that she went dumb and all but dead.

"So my lady and love can not live without her man and must risk life and fame to meet me once more!" he said, with his laugh echoed by his men. From that moment she awaited her fate as a thing inevitable.

THE rest of that black chapter is briefly told. The lords were drawn for battle in the queen's name. Bothwell, holding the queen with him as a hostage, marched from Dunbar against them.

But there was no fight in Bothwell's army. The forces met at Carberry Hill; and Du Croc, the kindly French ambassador, still pitying the sorrowful woman who had been Queen of France, offered to mediate, and, leaving the lords, crossed the space between and entered the queen's tent.

He found her sitting with hard, bright eyes, no sign of fear. Bowing, he spoke:

"Madam, it would sorely grieve her majesty, your mother-in-law, and the King of France to see you in such grief. I have spoken with the lords, who say they are your humble and affectionate subjects."

She looked at him proudly.

"These are the men who contradict their own signatures. They married me to him, calling him guiltless of the murder of which they now accuse him. Let them acknowledge their duty, and I will forgive them."

And as she spoke Bothwell entered.

"What will the lords be at?"

"They are her majesty's very humble subjects, but your mortal foes."

"Are not the assurances they gave me in the bond known to all the world? It is envy of my greatness, for not one of them but would be gladly in my place. Tell them that to spare Scots blood I will wager my cause on single combat with any one of them. It is so just that God will honor me with victory."

Du Croc turned to the queen. She looked up and at him, her eyes brimming with tears.

"When I consider my hard choice and how these men have used me and lied to me, marrying me to him as the best of men and now calling him murderer, I will not trust them, and will take his quarrel as my own if choose I must. There is no more to say."

And Du Croc left her in haste, not knowing in his soul whether she had chosen the most or least ruinous part. But she could not hold her resolution. Suddenly terror of Bothwell rushed over her. She called an officer and spoke hurried words.

"Stay, hold! I will see the envoy of the lords. What have they to offer? Desire Kirkcaldy of Grange to come and speak with me."

HAD she known him for her calumniator in England, would it have saved her? Who can tell? Bothwell, for once speaking truth, interposed:

"If you trust them it will be at your deadly peril. Better Dunbar, where I will hold you against them until the kingdom rallies to you."

"Dunbar!" The word was enough. She brushed him aside.

"I will go to them. Do not fear. I will make the terms for you." And turning to Kirkcaldy, she reiterated:

"I will go. Will they assure the life of the Duke of Orkney?"

Fire of hatred broke out of Kirkcaldy. He was a good hater.

"Never. They will have his head if they can get it."

For the last time in life she turned to Bothwell.

"I command you, retire to Dunbar and there await my pleasure. I will write it."

The last words were brief.

"For my part," he said, looking her in the face for the last time, "I counsel you to take a safe-conduct before you trust them and——"

But Kirkcaldy, dominating the strange scene, answered:

"Every one of us will yield her majesty obedience next to God in all she is pleased to command. For yourself, go!"

And Mary echoed the word.

She turned and rode off the field, followed by his men.

So ended their marriage. Thirty days of shame and despair, short in time, long in eternity in grief. So he left the woman he had ruined through her fatal belief in his honor. For the lords, having won their game, wasted no time on pursuing Bothwell. Better for them that he should flee Scotland and, finding no help in England, be driven to the world's end, as indeed happened. He had played his part and fallen before Moray's cunning, and it was the queen's turn now.

For Kirkcaldy took her, with Mary Seton riding behind her, into the lords' camp, and they led her as a prisoner into Edinburgh, with a banner going before her whereon was painted Darnley's corpse beneath a tree and the little prince kneeling beside his father with the words, "Judge and avenge our cause, O Lord," issuing from his infant mouth. And when she saw it she swooned, and would have fallen from her horse but that they held her up and forced her to see.

And so, with cries of the men-at-arms ringing about her and deafening the air with clamor of "Burn the witch! Burn her. Burn the murderess! Burn the whore. The shameless light o' love!" they marched her into Edinburgh to meet the yells of the women of the town and the maddened people. Once she turned to Morton.

"Take my blood if you will have it, but not this!" And still they led her onward through hell.

Onward through the yelling populace, hoping that some fresher villain than the rest would dash her to death and take the blame, leaving them the reward. And in Edinburgh they thrust her into the Black Turnpike for prison, and took her women from her, and left her there alone, with the people yelling to get at her like leaping wolves.

Six years she has reigned in Scotland, first a girl of nineteen, sweet and hopeful as May flowers, wise to rule if she had had the chance, too gentle, too trustful, for the barbarians among whom she came, born before her time in wisdom and love for her subjects could they have known it. Now a woman of five and twenty maddened with such anguish as the world has not known before or after.

All night she sat alone in the prison without a change of garments. Next day they led her on foot to Holyrood, still hoping against hope that the rabble would tear her in pieces before their eyes; and so it might have been but that behind her as a guard went two of her Marys, Mary Seton and Mary Livingstone, bearing the yells and insults of the mob with their queen, and behind them came Jane Kennedy and the French ladies Courcelles and Rallay.

WITH royal spirit she turned on the rabble.

"I am innocent. I am your true princess and sovereign. You are deceived by false traitors." And more she would have said, but they drowned her voice with paid yells and jeers. And so she went to her palace.

At Holyrood was brief respite, for the lords knew the mob was no measure of the Scots people who loved their queen well. They wrapped her in a cloak hiding-cloak that covered her from head to foot. Lindsay and Ruthven, with their men-at-arms, dragged her to ride, and so to the waterside and across it in a waiting vessel. Again they forced her to horseback, and so, going swiftly for many days, they brought her to the hills where Lochleven lies like a blue jewel.

There she beheld the lonely island, the lonely castle, where it seemed she had tragedy of her tragic life was to be acted; where her father, whose sin had borne such bitter fruit for her, was still to perpetrate it in the jailorship of his paramour, mother of Moray and his brother, a woman more bitter and jealous. Then indeed she drew back for the first time shuddering.

"I will not! I will not!"

But in vain. Lindsay and Ruthven knew well that the loyal Setons were hard on their track. No time to lose!

They dragged her struggling to the boat and across the lake to the dreary gateway.

It was done. The lords had played their game and won.

And far off in England, Elizabeth, hearing it, thanked God for a happy issue out of all her afflictions.

The fifth instalment of "The Duel of the Queens" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published May 15th. If you prefer to read this serial-novel all at one time keep those issues in which it appears and read the whole story later on.

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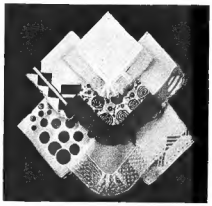

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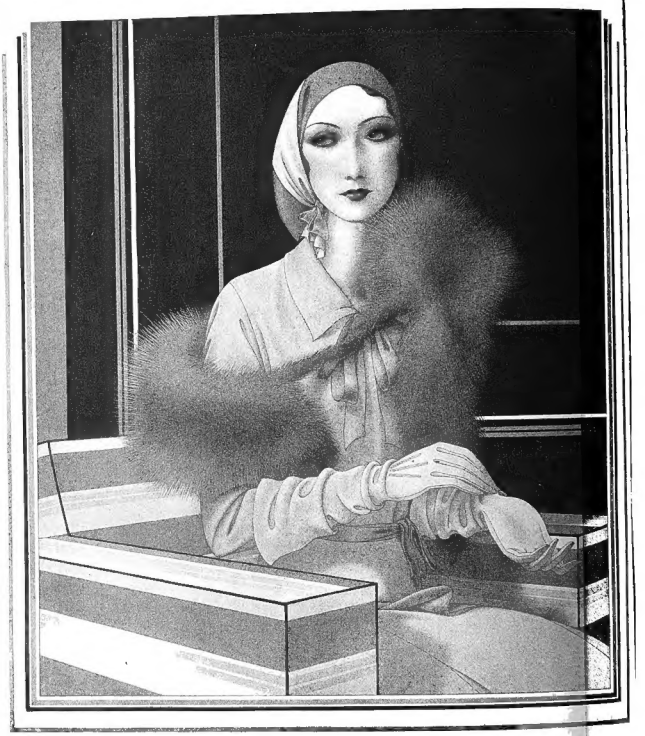

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